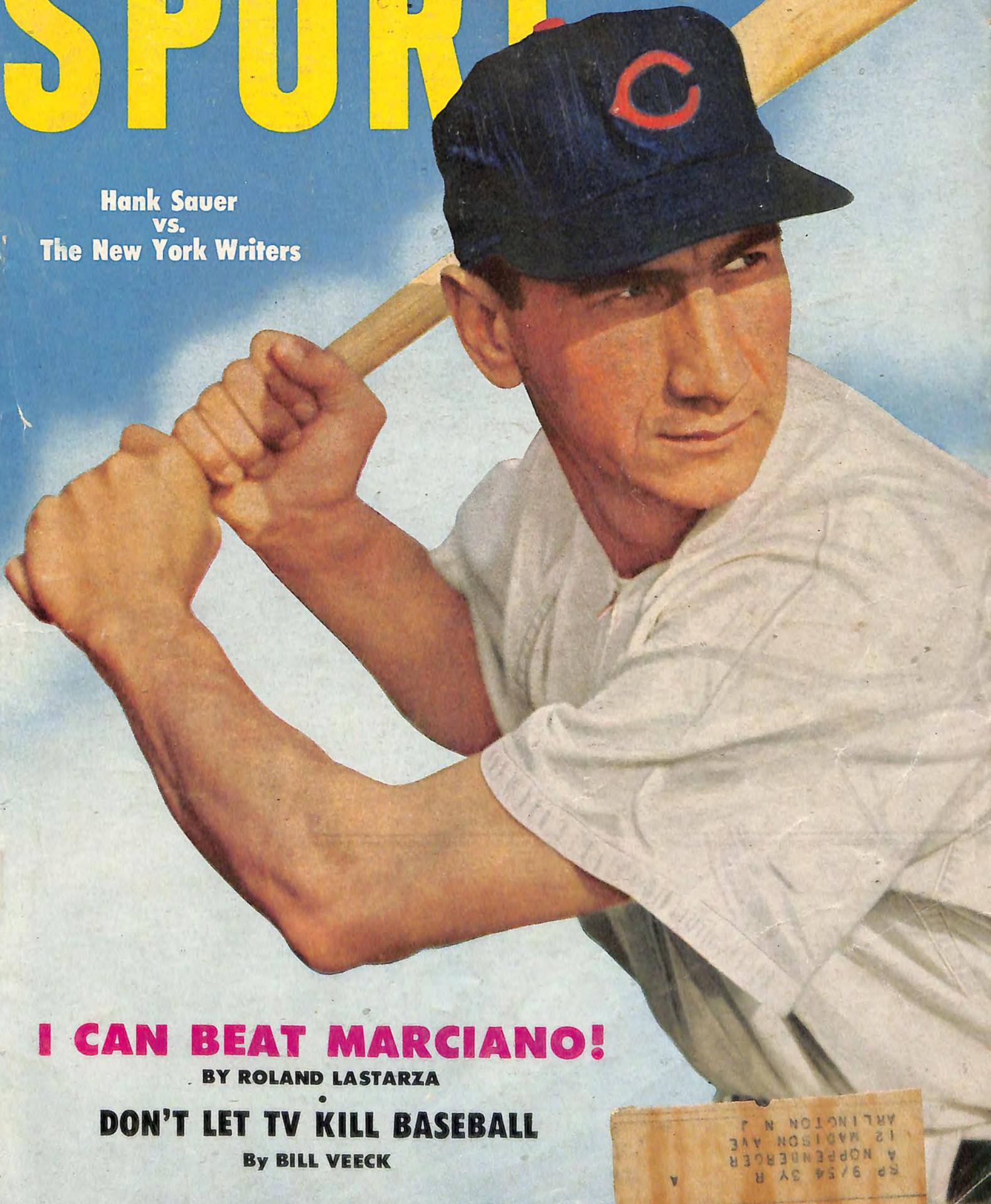


JUNE

SPORT

Hank Sauer
vs.
The New York Writers



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BY ROLAND LASTARZA

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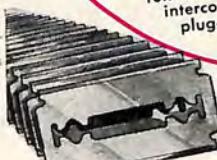
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SPORT

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JUNE, 1953

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NEXT MONTH

WILL FEARLESS FERRIS HELP
THE WHITE SOX WIN
THE PENNANT?

Ever since the White Sox traded the A's out of Ferris Fain, Chicago fans have been talking up their pennant chances. Al Stump digs right into the question of how much help the Sox are likely to get from the two-time batting champion of the American League, and while he's at it he gives you the best word portrait of the combative first-baseman you've ever read . . . Vic Wertz of the Browns, Sid Gordon of the Braves and Solly Hemus of the Cards also are profiled.



TED WILLIAMS HITS AS HARD FOR THE MARINES AS HE DID FOR SOX



You didn't have to be a Boston Red Sox fan to feel a thrill when the newspaper headlines told of the Splendid Splinter skidding home safely with a shot-up warplane in Korea. INS war correspondent Ed Hymoff, on the spot in the combat zone, has cabled SPORT an unforgettable account of Ted's life over there. You won't want to miss it . . . Another top story from our "overseas desk" is Lester Bromberg's "Turpin Wants His Title Back," for which boxing expert Bromberg flew all the way to London.

EXTRA! FIRST WINNERS IN SPORT PRIZE STORY CONTEST ANNOUNCED!

Be sure you get your copy of SPORT for July early. A feature will be the first winners of our \$2,000 prize story contest—and the copies will go even faster than usual . . . Jimmy Cannon will make his first appearance in SPORT with a selection of the wittiest and most penetrating of his trademarked "Nobody Asked Me, But . . ." observations. If you don't know what that means, you've got a real treat in store . . . Charlie Gehringer will spill the inside story of what his plans are for the rebuilding of the Tigers . . . And you'll learn how Notre Dame expects to meet the new football substitution rule!



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LETTERS

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YOUNGEST SPORT READER



We think we have the youngest reader of your magazine in our two-year-old son. His daddy really gets a quarter's worth out of SPORT. We buy your magazine at our grocery store. We usually look for it first so that Gary can sit in the cart and read it while we shop for the groceries. After we are home he gets settled in the chair with the copy... Wonder if anyone younger than Gary enjoys it as much as he does. (His mother enjoys it, too.)

Bristol, Indiana

MR. AND MRS. DON KUFELDT

Who said SPORT wasn't a family magazine?

NOT MAD ABOUT MEYER

Would you please explain the opinion most of the sportswriters have of Russ Meyer? Why is he a great pitcher as soon as he joins the Dodgers? Before the trade, he always got a left-handed glance.

All this talk about him being a great pitcher if he curbs his temper leaves me cold. The only time he ever got in a temperamental "fit" was when he thought he might lose a game. Can anyone recall when he was mad about winning a game? Long Beach, Calif. FRANK REILLY

No, but who is?

TONY MINUS 100



One hundred wins shy! That's what you were when you said Tony DeSpirito won 290 races in 1952 in the April Quiz.

Philadelphia, Pa. LARRY GOLDBERG

... I believe that Tony DeSpirito rode 390 winners in 1952. Please check the answer and let me know. Harrison, N. Y. CHARLES NORTH

... It should be 390. This is the first mistake I have found in

SPORT since I started reading it.
Cohoes, N. Y. THOMAS HIGGINS

... I believe you printed the wrong answer in the SPORT Quiz. Aren't I correct in saying Tony DeSpirito set a new record with 390 winners last year?
Corpus Christi, Texas JOE BATILLO

We've never been so wrong. And we've never been corrected by so many readers.

STOP SHOVING, EAST

I am sick and tired of the West being shoyed around by eastern sportswriters and fans. While even the staunchest eastern rooter will agree that California is the baseball, tennis and track center of the world, in my opinion California is rapidly rising as the football power of the country. Maybe you did not notice that in the recent NFL draft four of the first eight choices were from Southern California. During the past grid season, Cal, Stanford, USC and UCLA defeated the likes of TCU, Rice, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Army, Michigan, Missouri and Minnesota while losing only to Notre Dame. It is my firm belief that my state could defeat any other state in football if the college teams were combined. . . .
Los Angeles, Calif. ALAN BENSON

MIDSHIPMAN'S IDEA

First of all, I'd like to compliment you on your fine magazine. I read the first copy of SPORT way back when and have been a steady reader ever since. Here at the Naval Academy, the Midshipmen's Store usually sells out the first week the book arrives.

Now for my gripe. (Don't all letters to your magazine have to be gripes?) Why, oh why, don't you ever have a story on lacrosse? Okay, so it is a sport usually associated with Maryland. But things have changed. The two leading teams in the nation last year were the University of Virginia and RPI, both well outside Maryland. You say it's not a professional sport. Granted, but what other sport continues to promote good players after their college years—except, of course, track. The Mount Washington Club of Baltimore, Md., annually produces undefeated teams.

You run a good number of pieces on hockey, which is limited to a few northern states. Hockey is Canada's big winter sport, but lacrosse is that nation's national game.

In this part of the country, the spring weather that brings the kids out with balls and bats in other parts of the United States, sees them with sticks, a beat up pair of gloves and a nice, shiny, 75-cent lacrosse ball.

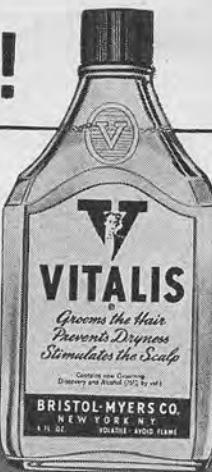
How about running a story or two on this great game? Run this in your "Letters" column and see what the rest of your readers think.
Annapolis, Md. E. H. MINI

(→ TO PAGE 87)

Outdates Messy Oils!

"V-7"

New Vitalis Grooming Agent, is Greaseless!



Indoors or out, your hair stays neat, well-groomed all day long—with new, finer Vitalis.

Keep Your Hair Neat All Day THIS NEW GREASELESS WAY!

No animal, mineral or vegetable oil in new Vitalis! If, like most men, you object to over-oily hair tonics—here's good news. Now you can keep your hair in place and easy to manage—yet avoid gummy film or "oil-slick" look.

The secret is a completely new kind of grooming agent. Called "V-7," it was developed in the laboratory especially to overcome the messiness and other disadvantages of various greasy oils.

That's why we think you'll agree—new Vitalis with "V-7" gives better-looking hair than any other hair tonic. Try it!

Kills dandruff germs on contact—feels tingling good!

New Vitalis gives you a combination of active ingredients found in no other leading tonic. Massaged onto scalp with the "60-Second Workout," it feels tingling good—far more refreshing than thick, heavy tonics! And laboratory tests prove it kills on contact germs many doctors associate with infectious dandruff...as no mere oil or cream tonic can.

New, Finer **VITALIS**® with "V-7"
HAIR TONIC

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Howie Schultz, shown here scoring, is the playing manager in West Minnesota league, spends his winters playing basketball.



Pretty 19-year-old Julia Sampson, 1952 junior tennis champ, is rated future threat to the crown of Maureen Connolly.

SPORTalk

Another baseball season . . . Armed Forces basketball stars . . . Phog Allen talking . . . Ohio lists its best . . . Notes and comments

By BIFF BENNETT

WELL, the spring training grind is over, the long and tiring trek north is behind, Opening Day ceremonies have been conducted with the usual stir and ceremony, and the 1953 baseball season is well on its way. The reams of copy banged out by sportswriters last month are forgotten, the wonderful ifs and buts of speculation don't mean a thing any more. Now it's the long pull to October and the classic of them all. But along the way there will be many things that Biff and about 40,000,000 other baseball fans will be watching for—the little stories of this season. We'll be watching little Phil Rizzuto and his troublesome ulcer . . . and sophomore Harry Byrd, who has the stuff to join the big ones of pitching fame . . . and Monte Irvin, who may be the best hitter in baseball . . . and Rogers Hornsby, who is getting another

(and maybe his last) chance to manage a baseball team . . . and Ray Boone, who has had more slurs tossed at him than anyone since Brooklyn fans booted Mel Almada out of the majors . . . and Ned Garver, who has plenty to moan about . . . and Billy Hunter, who may be the rookie of the year . . . and Billy Goodman, who finds himself the leader of the Red Sox juveniles . . . and Ferris Fain, who should be happy playing for Richards and Lane . . . and Hank Sauer, who has a lot of proving to do for his critics (and still can't win) . . . and Sam Jethroe, whom everyone seems to be forgetting . . . and Stan Musial.

* * *

THE last of the basketball All-America teams has been selected, the debates over whose selections were more representative and/or authoritative are just about withering, yet there is one All-Star team that received little of the publicity play and television appearances but which Biff considers the top quintet of the past season. It is the first world-wide Armed Forces Press Service all-star basketball team (representing top players from the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force). The starting five was headed by Paul Arizin, former NBA scoring champ and now with the Quantico Marines. Paul averaged 22 points a game and was a unanimous selection. The other members of the first team were former All-Americans Dick Schnittker (Ohio State), Paul Unruh (Bradley), Don Sunderlage (Illinois) and Ed Roman (CCNY). Offensively this team averages better than 25 points per game per man. Or, to say it another way, on a normal night this quintet should score over 125 points.

The second team had Zeke Sinicola (Niagara), Ray Ragelis (Northwestern), Carl McNulty (Purdue), Sam Ranzino (North Carolina State), and Leroy Smith (LIU). Among the honorable mentions were such famous college names as Arnold Galiffa, the great Army quarterback, and Ronnie Minson, who led Brig-

ham Young to the NIT championship a couple of years ago. Not a bad ball club.

* * *

IF Walter (Buddy) Davis, the Olympic high-jumping champion, ever leaps over the high-jumper's "ceiling"—seven feet—a ballet instructor may receive some of the credit. After his return from Helsinki and his graduation from Texas A & M, Davis began practicing certain ballet routines in the hope that it would help his jumping.

When the dancing instructor learned that Davis had suffered from polio as a child and that the disease had left the soles of his feet almost shorn of flesh and muscle, he suggested that Buddy practice walking on his toes. The exercise has strengthened both Davis' calves and the bottoms of his feet, and the Olympian believes he will be achieving greater "spring" during the outdoor season because of it.

* * *

BOB HOPE finally makes the cover of SPORT in his next picture, "Off Limits." He makes the grade not as a golfer, which he'd probably prefer, but as a fight manager—which is the movies for you. In the picture, Bob plays the part of a manager whose fighter is so successful that both of them land on the cover of SPORT. This ought to be something to see . . . Biff has reason to doubt the rumor that Jack Kramer, the tennis champion, is interested in buying the San Francisco 49ers. Jack is already knee-deep in plans for a new pro tennis venture for next year . . . Speaking of the movies, as we were a moment ago, regular readers of SPORT will be interested to know that Jack Sher, our old SPORT SPECIAList has written a new baseball movie called "The Kid From Left Field," which is now in production with Dan Dailey playing the lead . . . New York's Bob Christenberry, the most television-minded boxing commissioner in captivity, may yet have the last laugh on (→ TO PAGE 88)

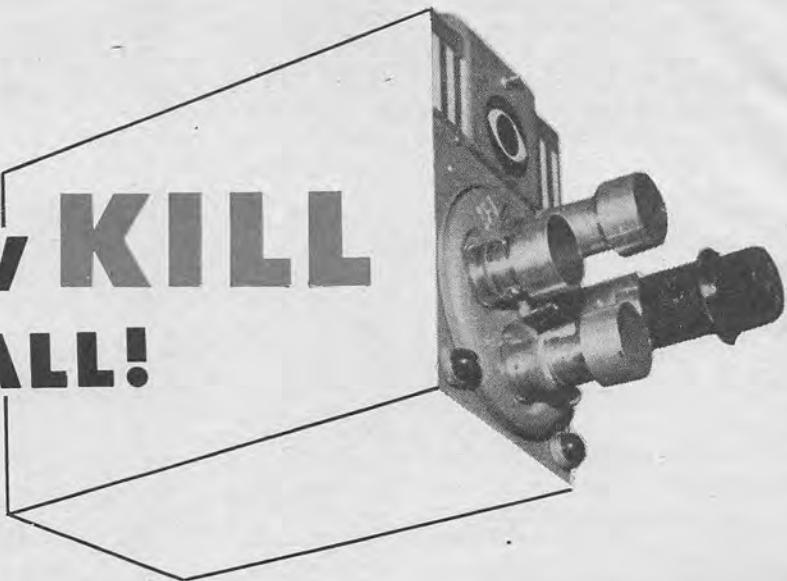


A riding school just off Central Park in New York is where sports-caster Mel Allen and actress Nina Foch find room for some riding.



Phil Rizzuto is back on the air with his 15-minute show, "Sports Caravan." Guests get free SPORT subscriptions.

DON'T LET TV KILL BASEBALL!



Unabashed by the results of his recent duel with them, baseball's stormy petrel hands out some blunt advice to the game's overlords

By **BILL VEECK**

as told to Bob Broeg

BASEBALL can't live with television—at least not until we've learned more about it.

I think my reputation as a progressive—all right, even as a "screwball"—should guarantee me a patient hearing on my point because certainly I can't be classified as a reactionary.

If, eventually, television can be proved to be beneficial to baseball, I'll say bless its mechanical soul. At the moment the game that is my business, my love and my life is playing with fire.

I say it's dangerous for baseball to lose control of its business to a television sponsor, and I say, too, that no business man can afford to give away his product. All we've got to sell are seats—more accurately, tickets to pleasure, entertainment and excitement. If our ball parks are empty, what good does a TV sponsor's fee mean? He's not giving away his beer, his blades or his cigarettes, is he?

Don't misunderstand. I have no quarrel with television as a baseball rival, which it really is. I enjoy video myself whenever I get the chance. I know what it has done for the working man, especially for the handicapped, the bed-ridden, the aged. Remember, I was laid up a long time myself before and after I lost a leg. I know that TV would have made many of those long, painful hours more enjoyable.

Not only do I have no axe to grind with television, therefore, but I must confess that I was among the first to utilize it as an instrument of baseball six years ago at Cleveland. But I've got a bigger—and, I believe, more important—confession to make. I didn't realize in those days how the other half lived. I didn't know that television would help widen the inequality that has existed for too long in baseball.

The fact is that the rich are getting richer because of television, the poor are getting poorer. And where I ask you, can baseball go except down without good, close competition?

As far back as 1901 when the American League was organized, our research shows that the difference between New York and, say, St. Louis was recognized. The population inequality was obvious to Ban Johnson and the founding American League fathers. To compensate for the obvious attendance differences anticipated, 40 per cent of receipts were earmarked for the visiting club. Today, the road team's share per admission has not increased with the ticket prices and, as a result, the visitors' overall take is now only about 20 per cent.

Through circumstances of geography alone, certain clubs not only are not giving the others as high a percentage of the gate, but they're cutting down the actual dollar amount of (→ TO PAGE 79)



Empty ball parks, such as the one above, will result if baseball's present TV policy is continued, says Veeck. "The rich clubs are getting richer, the poor are getting poorer because of television . . . The minors are going the way of circuses; there's only one big circus now."

Photos by UP



I CAN BEAT

The young heavyweight who once lost a split-decision to Rocky tells why he's sure he can get him next time

By ROLAND LASTARZA



THIS is no phony publicity gag. I'm not hollering down an empty rain barrel to hear my own voice. I'm dead on the level. I mean every word I say.

I beat Rocky Marciano in 1950 and they gave it to him. I can beat him tomorrow, next week or next September. I don't care whether we fight in New York, Philadelphia or even Brockton, Massachusetts. Just give me a chance. That's all I ask. They've been giving me the run-around for three years while I've been cooling my heels.

Talk about hungry fighters. Brother, I'm it. I quit City College because I thought I could make some money in the fight game. So far, all I've been getting is peanuts. Marciano gets more money winning belts, like that \$10,000 Hickok prize, than I get in purses. There's only one place to get the big money. That's by winning the championship. It's the only reason I'm in this business. If I ever can get Marciano in the ring again, I'll prove how wrong that decision was three years ago.

When I fought Rocky we both were unbeaten. I was the favorite because I had met tougher opposition. They all said he had been belting out nobodies. Al Weill (Rocky's manager) then was the Madison Square Garden matchmaker. He told my manager (Jimmy DeAngelo) we'd have a rematch if it was close. I guess he meant if Rocky lost and it was close. The next day Weill told Jimmy, "We don't want to go back."

He didn't want to go back! Where had he been? A split-decision loss, all even in rounds, and I'm supposed to be finished?

You've probably forgotten all about that fight. They have done their best to let it be forgotten. Now it's just a line of agate type in Nat Fleischer's record book under Marciano's name "Mar. 24, 1950, Roland La Starza, New York, W 10." Well, I'll never forget it. I've been living that fight over and over so many times that I clench my fists just thinking about it.

You would think he whipped me ten rounds to none, or something like that. Here's how close it was. One judge, Artie Aidala, had me winning, 5-4-1. The other judge, Artie Schwartz had Marciano winning, 5-4-1. And the referee, Jack Watson, scored it 5-5. But the ref gave it to Marciano on points, 9-6. How would you like to blow a chance at a million dollars on points?

Watson let Marciano hold and hit. He was always pulling us apart inside, letting Marciano hit on the

break. But the worst thing was his vote in the tenth round. Everybody in the garden, including the two judges and the sportswriters, thought I won the tenth. Watson gave it to Marciano. Otherwise, he would have had me winning, 6-4, and no matter about the points.

In the ninth and tenth, I was punching Marciano around, something like Jersey Joe Walcott did in the tenth and 11th at Philadelphia last year. He was throwing desperation punches while I was getting inside with plenty of right uppercuts. When I went back to my corner after the last round, I said to Jimmy, "If I'd started that early I'd have knocked him out." That's how I felt about it. You can imagine how I felt when I heard that Watson had given Marciano the tenth round and the fight.

Sure, he knocked me down early in the fight. I was boxing good, way out in front going into the fourth round. I didn't even see the punch that knocked me down. They tell me it was a right hand. I don't know. I had ducked down, closing my eyes—a bad habit of mine. The first thing I knew the referee was counting five. I got up at eight and was all right. In fact, I hit him some good left hooks in that round and the fifth, too.

Everybody asks me about Marciano's punch. I read in the papers where he is supposed to be the greatest one-punch knockout artist of the century. Jack Kearns, who ought to know, says he hits harder with one punch than Jack Dempsey. He said that the night Marciano knocked out Harry Matthews in the ball park.

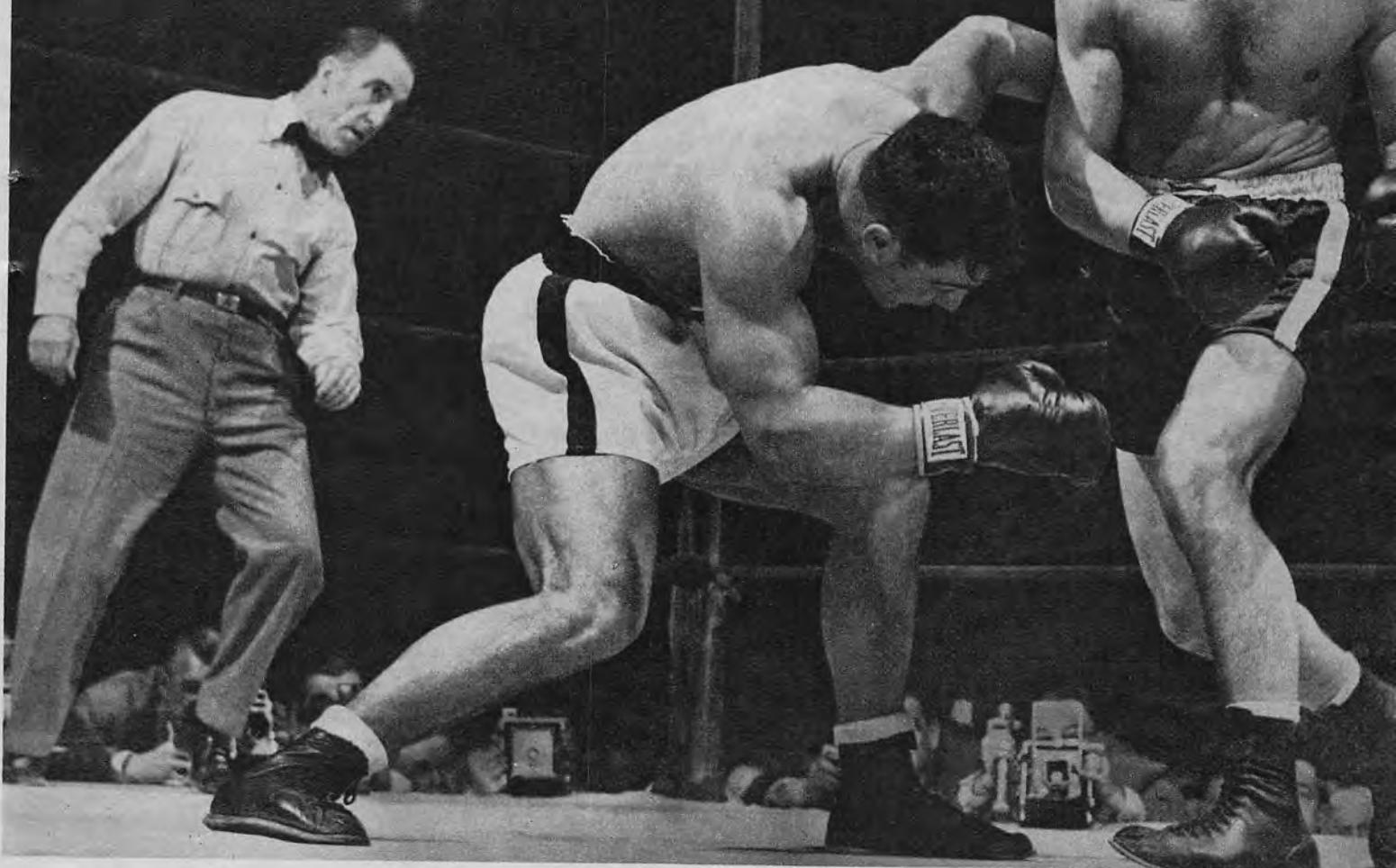
All I can say is I have been hit harder than Marciano hit me. I'm not saying he's not a great puncher. I'm just telling you what happened to me.

The hardest wallop I ever caught was by Gene Gosney, a big boy from Oklahoma. That was in 1948, two years before I fought Marciano. He hit me a right-hand punch that actually lifted me off the floor. I spun around and fell on my side. I got up and went down again in the same round. But later I knocked him out in the sixth. Mind you, now, I'm not saying he hit harder than Marciano. I'm just saying he hit me harder.

Only three fighters ever had me down—Marciano, Gosney and Walter Hafer, a pretty good puncher out of Cincinnati. I fought Hafer at St. Nicholas Arena in '49 before I ever lost a fight. A right hand dropped me but I wasn't badly hurt. I knocked him out in the ninth.

The other knockdown they had charged against me wasn't really a knockdown. I was boxing Rocky Jones, who had beaten me on a raw decision at Akron last

MARCIANO!



INP

LaStarza complains that Marciano has been avoiding him since their fight, shown here, in '50. Rocky won a close decision.

fall. This was the rematch over in Brooklyn at Eastern Parkway. He threw a right hand and I tripped over his foot, getting out of the way. Talking about Jones, I really got the business at Akron. I thought I won it easy until the referee announced his decision. I thought the rematch at Brooklyn, which I won, was the tougher fight of the two.

I don't think Marciano beat me. And I don't think Jones beat me. The only fight I really lost was my first with Dan Bucceroni. I took a shellacking. I had the virus and they had to postpone it three weeks and I guess I still had the bug when I fought him, although I don't want to alibi. When we fought again I got even, knocking him down five or six times. But I'll really hand it to him. He beat me in the first fight.

That Marciano loss seemed to do something to me. I was all hepped up, thinking I was set for a title shot if I got past him. The loss was tough to take but I thought we were going to get the rematch anyway.

Jimmy told me before the fight "You figure to lick him, but if it's a good fight, they're going to put it back again. It will be two paydays instead of one."

After the fight, Weill started to run around with excuses. He kept giving Jimmy that business about "we don't want to go back." First he said Marciano hurt his back a little and he'd let us know in a couple of days. I kept calling up Jimmy asking for the new date. He was going crazy. I said to Jimmy, "What kind of people are they? Supposing we got the decision. I'd have to fight him, wouldn't I?" After a while the thing just sort of died a natural death.

They offered Jimmy a match with Rex Layne, who was just coming in from the West. He'd just fought a preliminary in Chicago and looked bad. The man we wanted was Marciano. So Jimmy turned down Layne. After Layne made good, we couldn't get him. In fact, we didn't get him until this year.

The day after Layne whipped Walcott, Jimmy was down at the Garden at 9:30 in the morning, looking for a Layne match. Instead, they gave Layne to Cesar Brion, Bob Satterfield and finally Marciano while we twiddled our thumbs.

How do you think I felt while all this was going on? Here was Marciano, the fellow I knew I could lick,



UP

In a bid for a title bout, LaStarza (left) won an aggressive battle from heavy-hitting Rex Layne in New York last winter.

moving on undefeated, being groomed for a title shot. And I was on the outside looking in. Sure, I was discouraged when I saw the other fellow getting all the gravy. I didn't want to quit but I did lose a little interest. When I first left college to box, I made up my mind I wouldn't quit until I made some money. The best purse I ever got was for the Marciano fight, about \$13,000. When I fought Brion I got about \$9,000.

We just about gave up on another Marciano fight in 1951. I had the flying bug and my brother, Jerry, and I were talking of going into the air freight business. Every time I got a chance to skip out of the gym, I was up at Rye, New York, at the Westchester County Airport. I got a private license for land and sea and was working on the commerical rating when my brother went back into service. That halted our plans.

Jerry and I always have been close buddies. He's the reason I got into boxing. My father and mother run a little grocery store-butcher shop in the Bronx. Down in the cellar, we had a little gym. Pop bought gloves for us and all the boys in the neighborhood boxed there. Jerry was pretty good. He won the Golden Gloves and I used to box with him in the gym down on 66th Street. I was only about 15 at the time but pretty rugged at about 165 pounds. After Jerry turned pro, I went into the Golden Gloves and won the championship, too.

When I was in the Army in Italy with the 88th Division I had a few fights. I was the boxing coach of my regiment.

It's funny how you just sort of wake up one day and find yourself a fighter. Hanging around the gym, keeping in shape, first thing you know you've got a fight and you're on the way. That's the way it went with me, after I got out of the Army. I went back to City College for a semester in 1947 but I had been thinking about turning pro. After that first semester, I looked up Jimmy, who I knew through a mutual friend, and told him I wanted to fight.

My first fight? I'll never forget it. It was July 7, 1947, over at the old Queensboro Arena. I boxed a fellow named Dave Glanton and won a six-round decision. It looked pretty easy to me. I had five knockouts in a row and seven straight when they put me in the Garden in a prelim with Jimmy Evans. I learned a few facts of life that night. I ran all over him for four

rounds and then ran out of gas. I was lucky to get away with the decision.

The night Kid Gavilan fought Ray Robinson the first time at Yankee Stadium, I was "underneath," fighting a six-rounder with Don Mogard, my first appearance on a big outdoor show. Then came the Gossney fight in the Garden, my roughest night. Jimmy got me Big Bill Weinberg and then a match with Gino Buonvino, a roly-poly Italian who had been going pretty good. He was made to order for me, bouncing in while I counter punched him for a sixth-round knockout.

Cesar Brion was the next "big" one in the Garden, late in 1949. I beat him in ten but they were beginning to drag out that nickname, "Reluctant Rollie," because I wouldn't go in and slug away. After all, I had won 37 straight and thought I was going places.

I have never been afraid of any opponent. I think fans get the wrong idea about that sometimes. A professional fighter does not know fear in that sense. He has respect for the ability of an opponent. He tries to avoid getting hurt. But most of all he wants to win. If you have fear of body contact, fighting is no business for you.

That "Reluctant Rollie" name bothers me at times. I try to explain to people that I am not over-cautious but merely unwilling to take unnecessary chances. I don't think anyone who saw the Rex Layne fight will say I looked like a reluctant dragon.

You and I both know boys who fight a "war" every time they get into the ring. How long do they last? I use the best of my ability and try to force my opponent into openings and then take advantage of them. I'll still be fighting when those non-stop sluggers are all washed up.

I've been saving myself for the "big one"—Marciano. If it's blood they want, they can have it. I can be a tiger, too. When I was getting ready for my fight with Rex Layne up at Eddie McDonald's Long Pond Inn at Greenwood Lake, I felt different than I ever had in my life.

Jimmy Delenge, another Bronx kid, is a friend of mine. But when I boxed with him at Greenwood Lake last winter, I wanted to knock him down. I never worked harder for a fight. I think I showed in the ring with Layne that I can be aggressive if I want to.

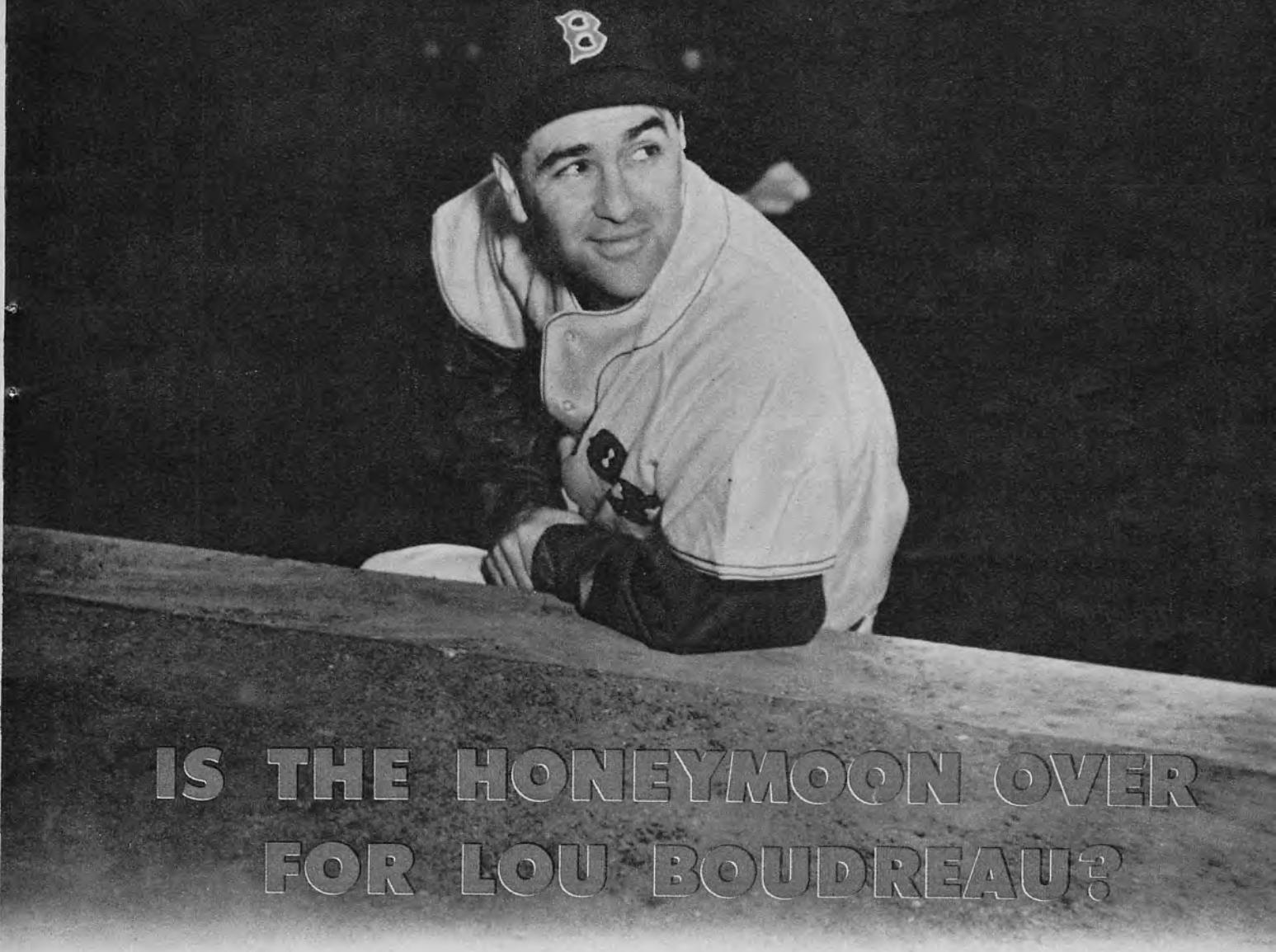
I'm only 25 years old and Marciano is 28. I know I can take his punch and come back with my own. I am positive I can outbox him. When he knocked out Joe Louis and Matthews, I was watching. He still has the same flaws in his boxing style that he had when he met me. Against Walcott, in Philadelphia, he was out-fought and outgunned up to that one-punch ending. I honestly thought he was pretty close to a knockout himself in the 12th round.

With Charlie Goldman and Weill working on him, Marciano has improved his defense. He comes in with his right hand in front of his face, so that he's hard to hit with a right hand. But he still is a target for a left hook. Walcott knocked him down with a hook. Maybe I can find the same opening.

I have great respect for Marciano's ability as a puncher. He can throw that right hand. And he has improved with his left. He never stops coming, never gives up.

I do know I have been hit by harder punches than Marciano throws. I think I beat him last time. I think I can beat him again. Just give me a chance to prove it. Is that asking too much?

They say everything comes to him who waits. I've been waiting a long time for Marciano.



IS THE HONEYMOON OVER FOR LOU BOUDREAU?

Greeted as a conquering hero when he first joined the Red Sox, Lou finds his welcome in Boston showing signs of decay. Now they say he must prove himself as a first-class manager

By **AL HIRSHBERG**

WHILE nobody is standing over him with a whip, telling him that he had better win a pennant or move on to other pastures, Lou Boudreau, the controversial young manager of the Boston Red Sox, is facing a year of decision. The black-haired, brown-eyed citizen of Harvey, Illinois, storybook hero of the 1948 season when he led the Cleveland Indians to a spectacular pennant and world championship, is no longer living on his reputation. He is now down to rock-bottom realities. This 1953 Red Sox team is his, and he must live or die with it.

Actually, nobody in the Red Sox front office expects

a pennant from Boudreau this year. Lou doesn't have to finish on top to get a renewal of his two-year contract which ends this season. But he can't finish in sixth place, where he ended up last year, and he can't look bad finishing only slightly higher. He has got to take his ball club into the first division, or the chances are he will be out of a job in Boston.

Boudreau moved into Fenway Park in much the same way as a beautiful bride moves into a honeymoon cottage. Everything was sweetness and light. Remembered as a fighting ballplayer and brilliantly bold manager, Lou has always been popular in Boston. When

Photo by Calvin Campbell



UP

The loss of such veterans as Ted Williams, recalled to active duty in the Marines, complicates Boudreau's many problems.

he was named to succeed Steve O'Neill at the end of the 1951 season, Boston fans were more than pleased. Their general reaction was this: "We've always had the ballplayers. Now we've got the manager, too. How can we miss?"

In their sudden burst of optimism they forgot three rather important details. One was that although the Red Sox always had had the players in the past, they didn't have them any more. Another was that Boudreau had enjoyed only one really successful year in Cleveland, and that was the dream season of 1948. The third was that Boudreau didn't win the 1948 pennant so much with his managerial genius as he did with his bat and glove. He batted .355 and belted 18 home runs, two of which were hit at Fenway Park in the celebrated post-season playoff game.

But they didn't forget a couple of other items that attested managerial sparks that approximated baseball genius. Boudreau invented the shift that came as close as anything ever has to stopping Ted Williams. It was one July day in 1946 when Lou, thoroughly disgusted after Williams had had a big day against Cleveland in the first game of a doubleheader, packed the right side of the field with Indians, deserting left field entirely. The Red Sox slugger, instead of trying to push hits to the open area, which would have killed the shift at the outset, accepted the challenge and tried to beat the shift with power. Not for three years did Williams finally begin hitting to left.

And Boudreau was also remembered in Boston for a second-base pick-off play which he devised and executed in the first game of the 1948 World Series. The Indians were playing the Braves in Boston and the play, while it failed, caused a tremendous rhubarb and added to Boudreau's stature as the inventor of tricky defensive maneuvers. In the eighth inning of a scoreless tie, Bob Feller, the Cleveland pitcher, turned and threw to Boudreau, covering second. Phil Masi, the Braves' base-runner there, apparently was picked off. However, umpire Bill Stewart called Masi safe, and the Braves' catcher later scored the only run of the game.

These were spectacular examples of Boudreau's inventiveness which made him almost as much a favorite



Wide World

Criticism started last year when Boudreau relied on untried rookies Jim Piersall (left), Ted Lepcio and Faye Throneberry.

in Boston as he was in Cleveland. Long before Lou donned a Red Sox uniform, Boston baseball bugs were clamoring for him, particularly after Joe McCarthy and O'Neill had failed to win pennants with favored ball clubs. Boudreau, fired in Cleveland at the end of the 1950 season, finally arrived in Boston as a player, and he has been with the Red Sox ever since.

In 1951, Boudreau hung like a sword of Damocles over the harassed head of O'Neill, who knew that Lou was in Boston for one purpose—to manage the Red Sox. Indeed, Steve was placed in an untenable position which found him carrying out Red Sox policies that he didn't believe in and going through the motions of running a ball club that wasn't really his. Everyone else, including Boudreau, stoutly insisted that Lou only wanted to be a ballplayer and that he never had the slightest desire to replace his great and good friend O'Neill as manager. Yet, with his background of nine years as manager of the Indians, his great popularity in Boston and the imminence of his retirement as an active player, Boudreau had to become manager of the Red Sox sooner or later. Only a pennant could have saved O'Neill's job.

No one will ever really know exactly what kind of a deal was made between Boudreau and the Red Sox when he first signed in the fall of 1950, after he had lost his job in Cleveland. Lou himself told this writer that it was his intention to play ball for two or three more years and then, perhaps, try to re-enter managerial ranks, and a story to that effect ran in SPORT Magazine during the summer of 1951. Boudreau was very positive in insisting that he was happy to be rid of the cares and headaches of running a ball club, and that he had all he could handle in keeping in shape himself and trying to live up to major-league standards as a player.

In all probability, Lou was sincere at the time, but it wasn't long before he showed that he couldn't play big-league ball any more. Always slow, even when he was in his prime, Lou was slowed practically to a dead stop by mid-season of 1951, and then he broke his wrist. That, to all intents and purposes, ended his playing career once and for all. If Lou could have continued to play for a year or so, it is quite possible that O'Neill would have been able to keep his job, at least during

that period. But, eventually, he couldn't help but lose it to Boudreau.

Typically enough, the Red Sox, after steadfastly denying that Boudreau would move up, fired O'Neill and named Boudreau the club's manager in October, 1951, a move that surprised nobody. Yet there was opposition within the Red Sox organization to the appointment, which was reportedly made by owner Tom Yawkey himself. The personal choice of other Red Sox executives was Mike (Pinky) Higgins, a former Red Sox third-baseman who had become a manager in the club's minor-league organization and had been promoted up through the ranks of the farm clubs. He now manages the Louisville Colonels, top unit in the farm system, and he stands as a constant threat to Boudreau, for he still has strong support for the Red Sox job.

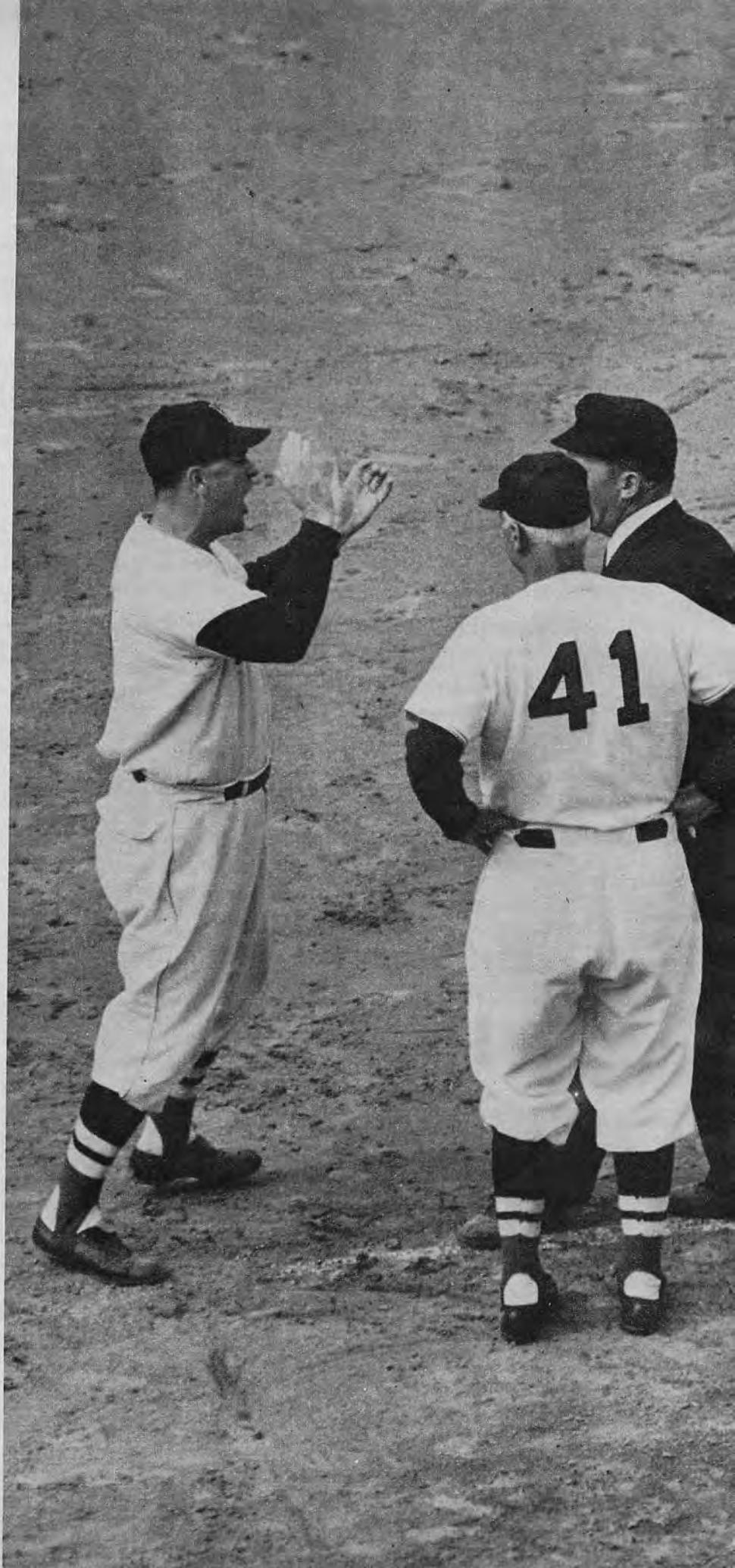
While Higgins isn't nearly the threat to Lou that Lou himself was to O'Neill, there isn't any question but that Higgins' availability puts the pressure on Boudreau this year. That is one of the principal reasons why this is such an important year for the present Red Sox manager. With someone else ready to step into his shoes, Boudreau can't afford to make many mistakes.

While that doesn't mean he is expected to take it all this year—a virtual impossibility, since the Red Sox just don't have the talent for a pennant—it does mean that Lou must make the most out of what he has. Close observers of the 35-year-old Red Sox manager don't know whether he will succeed or not. One of Boudreau's most interesting characteristics is the fact that, after a dozen years, he's still an enigma as a major-league manager. Nobody really knows whether the man is good, bad or indifferent as a manager.

In Cleveland, where he ran the Indians from 1942 through 1950, he won one pennant, finished third two times, fourth three times and was out of the first division three times. He lost his job after finishing fourth in 1950. When he left Cleveland, a bitter controversy raged behind him—and it still continues, to some extent—over his capabilities. To this day, there are some baseball men there who swear by him and others who think that, as a manager, he was a (→ TO PAGE 92)

UP

No umpire-baiter, Lou is nevertheless capable of putting up a stiff protest. Here he turns it on umpire Ed Hurley.



AMERICA'S GREATEST HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETE

A 19-year-old giant named Milt Campbell may make a couple of also-rans of Bob Mathias and Jim Thorpe. Track, football, swimming, wrestling—he has mastered them all

By Zander Hollander

JOE BLACK walked up to the youthful-looking giant in the football uniform, shook his hand and said, "Fella, you really stole the show from me this year."

Coming from the National League's Rookie of the Year for 1952, it sounded like the exaggerated compliment a star major-league ballplayer could afford to toss at a high school athlete. But directed at Milt Campbell of Plainfield (New Jersey) High it made considerable sense. Black, a Plainfield graduate, had just watched Campbell score four touchdowns to lead his team to victory on Thanksgiving Day. He, too, had previously marveled at the reports from the Olympics at Helsinki which told how the 19-year-old schoolboy had finished second to Bob Mathias in the decathlon competition. Without much question, he had established himself as America's greatest high school athlete. Give him a little time, his admirers in Plainfield say, and he will make a couple of also-rans of Jim Thorpe and Mathias.

The only thing that has limited Campbell's accomplishments as an all-around athlete is lack of time. He

has showed his remarkable skills in track and field, football, swimming and wrestling. He wishes he had time to devote to such other sports as basketball, baseball and golf. "I'd like to try them all," he said recently, "but there's simply not enough daylight."

Maybe it is just as well, for the sake of his high school competitors, that Milt has to limit his efforts. One athletic director from a rival school expressed concern about Campbell's diverse athletic activities after the Olympics last summer. In a conversation with a coach at Plainfield High, he said: "You're not going to let the boy play football this season, are you?"

"Why not?" the coach replied.

"Why, you'll ruin him for track and field," the athletic director said. "Is that fair to the boy?"

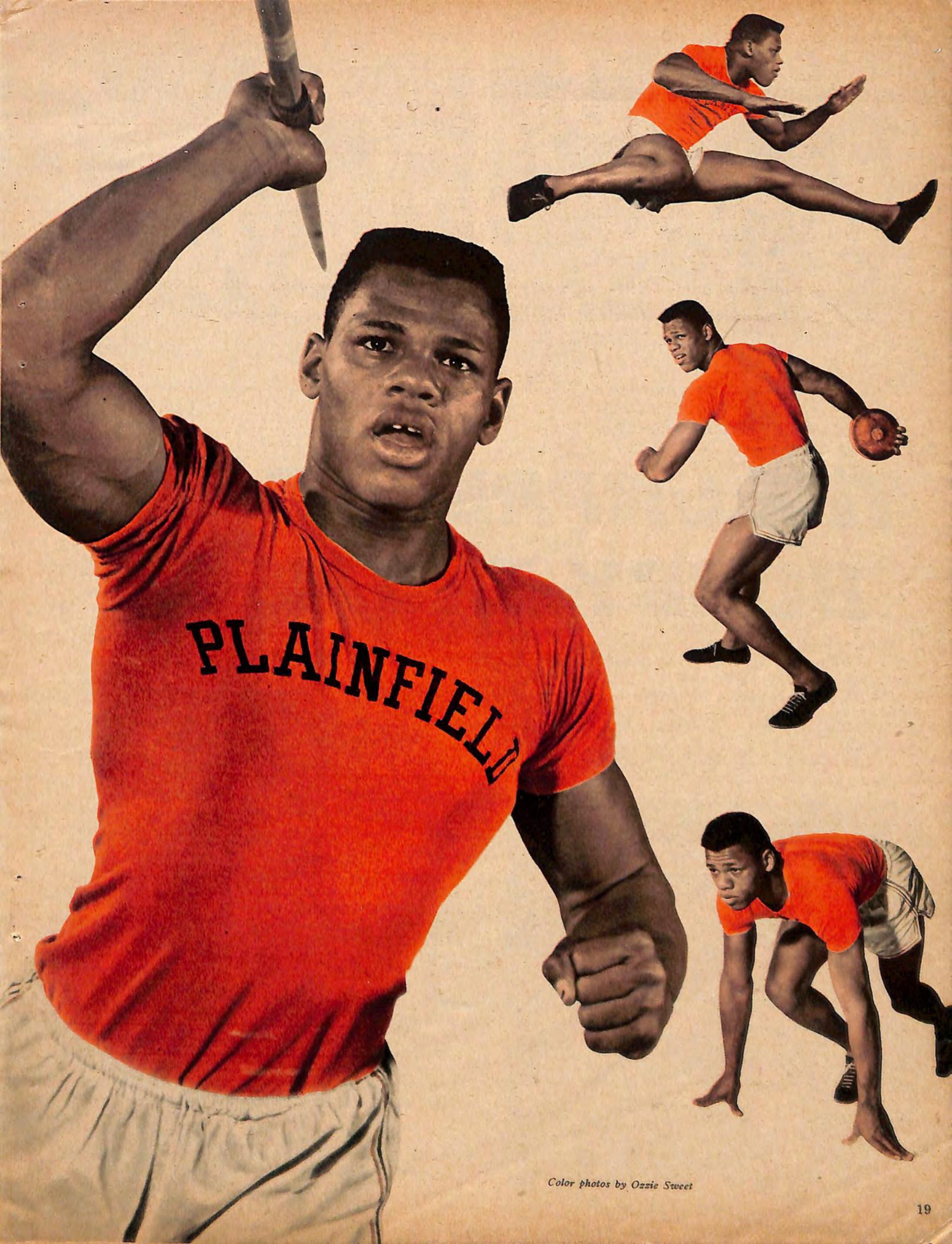
"You worry about your own boys when they tackle Milt," the coach answered. "We'll worry about Milt."

Everybody but the folks at Plainfield worried about Milt last fall. As the fullback for an all-winning football team he scored 140 points in nine games, leading all New Jersey schoolboys in scoring. He was the most popular selection on (→ TO PAGE 62)

Shown here leading Bob Mathias out of the starting blocks, Campbell was second to the champ in the Olympic decathlon.

Campbell ran wild on New Jersey high school football fields in 1952. His record at fullback: 140 points in nine games.





Color photos by Ozzie Sweet



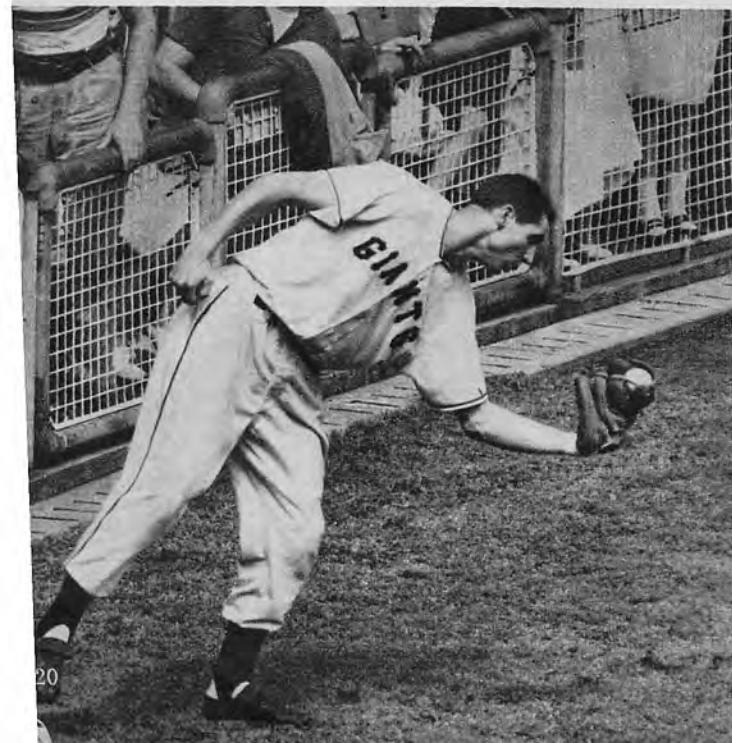
Rated one of the five or six best players in the National League, Bobby still is loudly criticized because he doesn't do better.

THE UNPREDICTABLE BOBBY THOMSON

Healthy, graceful, talented and 29, the Hero of Coogan's Bluff is still such an in-and-out player he drives baseball people to distraction. Will Thomson ever change?

By **JACK ORR**

UP



THE enigma that is Bobby Thomson has had baseball men in a tizzy for seven years now, or ever since the handsome, long-legged Giant first loped onto the big-league scene. He has been the alternate despair and inspiration of followers of Giant fortunes. Around the league—among players, managers, front-office men, umpires and fans—the subject of Thomson's persistent refusal to achieve his potential stature is always being kicked around. Usually, nobody comes up with the answer. The jam sessions wind up with people shrugging and going on to other matters, such as whether Russ Meyer *really* can control his temper.

This is not to say that Thomson has been a clunker in the majors. He has had his days of glory. He is, possibly, one of the five or six best players in his league. Three times he has driven in more than 100 runs, no mean feat these days. He has averaged better than 25 homers a year. Some days he looks like the slickest outfielder you'd want to see. There are those who say he's the fanciest third-baseman south of Billy Cox. He

Chasing foul balls as a third-baseman may have made Bobby more alert but he is much more at home as a center-fielder.



INP

When he falls into a batting slump, everyone suggests changes in his unique batting stance, shown here in these action photos.

runs about as fast as anybody in baseball, and in scoring from second on a dinky hit to right he goes like an express train. And, of course, every schoolboy knows of the day Thomson hit the most important homer in modern baseball history.

Still, baseball people sigh when they think of the Thomson that might have been. Here is their case:

Thomson, as the baseball saying goes, has everything. He is six-feet-two, weighs 190 pounds, has power, no apparent weakness, a strong arm and a menacing manner at the plate. He can play anywhere. He can run like a greyhound. He is intelligent. Yet this spring, at 29, he is almost as far away from putting on the mantle of greatness as he was in 1947 when he was 23. He has never become the .360 hitter, the flawless fielder, the Hall of Fame candidate that many of us envisioned when he first hit the big-time.

In those days, Thomson kindled a comparison with Joe DiMaggio. He had the same easy grace, the power, the nonchalant ability to make a tough play look easy. He came up from Jersey City with the stamp of approval of such hardened critics as Frank Shaughnessy, president of the International League, Carl Hubbell and Mel Ott. Scouts used to drool when they saw his power and speed. It was generally conceded that here was a coming super-star of the game.

But Bobby never really made it. The best average he ever had in the majors was .309 in 1949, hardly a passport to Cooperstown, and through the years he has been such an in-and-out performer that you never could be sure if he would drive in the big run or foul out to the catcher with the bases loaded.

What's with this enigma? Why didn't Thomson ever become the big man in his trade? Has he a chance to make it ever, now that he's pushing 30? What do his teammates and rivals think of him? What does he think himself?

One of the astute brains in the National League, a man who is responsible for his club's trades, was discussing the Thomson case recently. "It ought to be made clear," he said, "that Bobby isn't swell-headed or

a deadhead out there. But he lacks what I call the real killer quality, the kind of thing Al Dark has. He doesn't have the narrow intensity needed for a win-or-else player. He doesn't have the singleness of purpose that all great athletes have.

"This is no knock, understand. It's just his nature. Temperamentally, I think, he's not equipped to be a great one. It's because he takes (or seems to take) results too complacently. But I could be wrong. Maybe down deep it kills him to lose but you wouldn't know it to look at him. That's the attitude which has kept him from greatness."

Now this is kind of ethereal stuff to be applied in analyzing a professional ballplayer. Usually, if anybody tries to get cute and dip into psychology when discussing baseball talent, he gets laughed out of the room. Normally, all that matters is (→ TO PAGE 60)

UP



Thomson's famous home run against the Dodgers made him the Giant hero in '51. Fans think he has let them down since.

Talent

Major-league scouts comb every sandlot in the country seeking new players. Here is what one of them found on a trip to an obscure twilight league



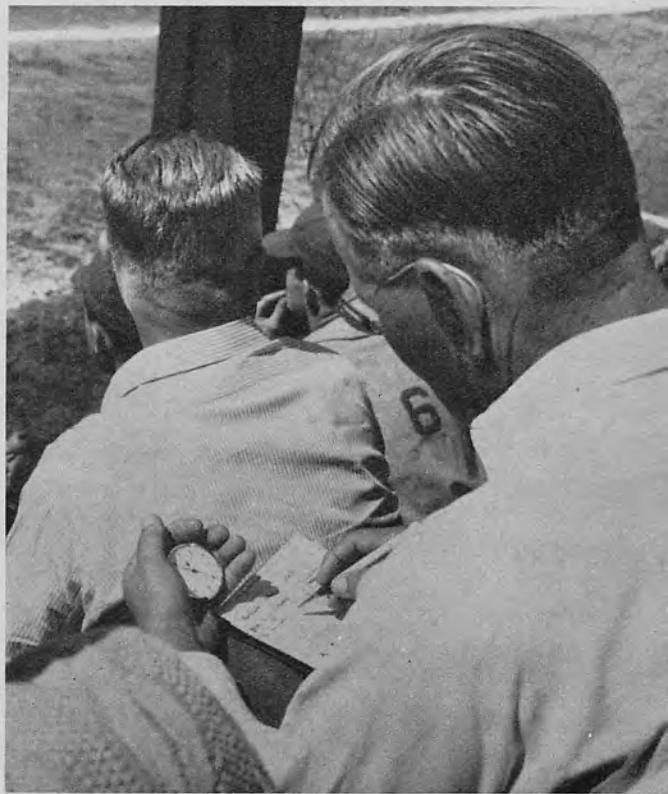
THE 16 major-league teams have such extensive talent-seeking operations that few good baseball prospects remain unobserved for very long. Scouts like Arthur Dede, shown on these pages, cover obscure leagues in small cities in their never-ending search for future stars. Occasionally, they come up with a boy with promise, like John Jepsen from Hartford, Conn. After a thorough examination, Jepsen was given a small bonus and a Class D contract, but before he could report to the Dodger farm he was called into the Army.

All photos by Curt Gunther

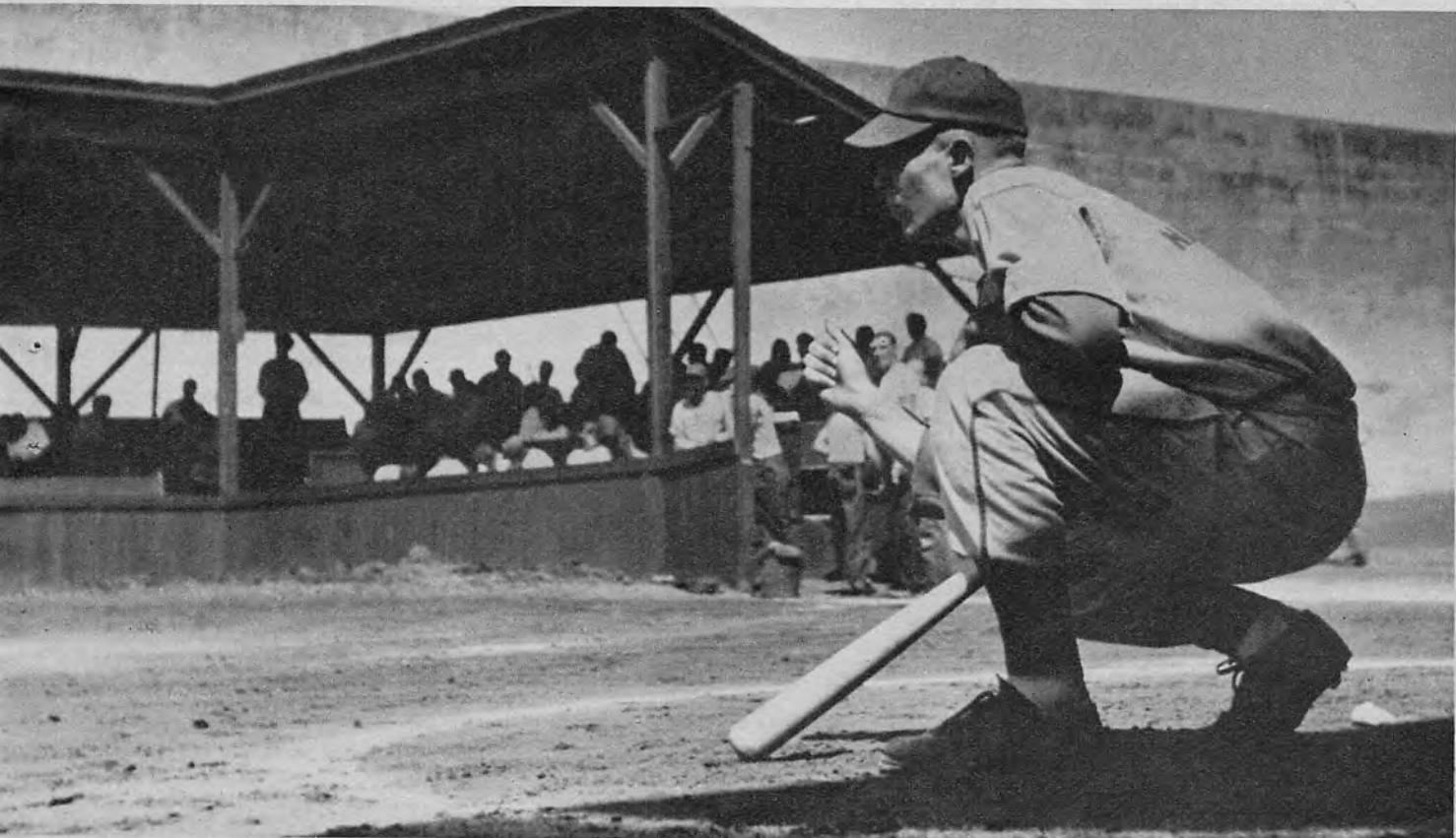
Scout Arthur Dede and his find, John Jepsen, walk across Hartford, Conn., playground at left, after Dede discussed the boy with the Dodgers' New England representative, Whitley Piurek, below left, and a local umpire, Pat Pinchero, who recommended Jepsen.



IS WHERE YOU FIND IT



Surrounded by youngsters, Dede sits in the primitive stands to watch Jepsen's team, the St. Cyril Men's Club, play the Wethersfield Gold Sox, a prison nine. At right, he records Jepsen's speed running to first base (7.1 seconds) in his notebook. The 18-year-old youngster crouches in batter's circle (below), unaware that the Dodger scout is observing him. Jepsen had one previous brief workout at Ebbets Field.





Shown batting (above) and fielding at third base (left), Jepsen gave an impressive performance for Dede, whose first report on him was "Can run, throw, field. Some question on his hitting." Like most scouts, Dede considers natural speed an important item.



Dede and Whitey Piurek, a former Holy Cross athlete, talked with Jepsen at a local park the day after game with Wethersfield team.

At left: Paper work keeps Dede up late in his hotel room. He has to turn in a detailed report on the prospect to the Dodger office.



Instruction in fielding is given young Jepsen by Piurek and Dede, who were interested to see how he would react to coaching tips.

Arthur Dede scouts hundreds of young players before he comes up with a find like John Jepsen, who got a contract

Part of a scout's job is selling baseball to the boy's family. Dede had no trouble convincing Jepsen's parents.



Contract was signed by Jepsen at the breakfast table. He got a small bonus and an assignment to the Dodger farm club at Greenwood, Miss.

THE A'S STRONG-ARMED BYRD

The Athletics boast of the surprising pitching skill of this former South Carolina sawmill hand, but not even many of them know the unusual path he took to the majors

By FURMAN BISHER

THE sun flooded the back yard of the house at 1019 Pearl Street in Darlington, South Carolina, that late winter morning. The big fellow with the shoulders of a blacksmith backed through the kitchen door on to the little porch with an outboard motor in his arms. He deposited his load in the bed of a pickup truck and returned to the house for more cargo before he noticed the stranger standing in the yard watching him.

The stranger was a sportswriter and he had come to visit Harry Byrd before he left for Florida and the spring training camp of the Philadelphia Athletics. Harry had been to training camp a number of times but this was the first occasion when a newspaperman had been interested enough to pay him a visit at his home. He had been to the A's camp in 1950, when he was farmed to Buffalo, and in 1951, when he was assigned to Savannah, Georgia, a South Atlantic League point which he had visited three times before. In '52, he had stuck with the Athletics, and what he did for them during the course of the season was the reason for the sudden attention of the press. He started the 1953 season as Harry Byrd, American League Rookie of the Year for the previous baseball campaign. Before that he had been just another pitcher on the long spring training roster of the Athletics.

Harry's honor came as a surprise to everyone, including himself. Relatively few baseball people knew where he had come from—or how he had suddenly arrived.

As far as the major leagues are concerned, the story began when the six-foot right-hander emerged from the rear echelon of A's pitchers and defeated the Boston Red Sox last May 27. But in Darlington they know that the story started many years before, and that it's plain American from beginning to climax, just as Harry Byrd and everything about him is plain American. Except his pitching, and that's plain American League.

It begins with his birth, of course, and that happened on February 3, 1925, when our hero came into the life of a modest family that lived—and still does—in the little lumbering settlement of Montclare, seven miles north and east of Darlington.

The next step was professional in a way. Byrd's father was a sawmiller. He could hardly have been anything else and lived in Montclare, which is nothing more than a large lumber mill, a big general store (with post office combined), a couple of filling stations and a few houses. At the age of nine, Harry followed his father into the trade, and today two of his brothers are still logging and sawing.

"This is the first winter since I was nine years old that I haven't been sawmilling," Byrd told me a few months ago. It wasn't just that since he had arrived as a major-leaguer he was departing the ways of his family and his neighbors. The reason why he didn't work in the mill came out of the office of the Athletics.

Byrd's shoulders are tremendous, so thick and bulky he appears to be carrying his laundry around under his shirt. While his strength is a great asset—in a period of one week last season he started, went the distance and won three games—it took on the form of a handicap each year as he reported for spring training. The off-season spent in the timberlands tightened the muscles and interfered with his natural pitching motion.

As he left for South Carolina last fall, Byrd went with one request on his ears. Manager Jimmie Dykes asked him to spend the off-season away from the sawmill. The A's had just presented him a bonus for his good season, offered him a contract with a good raise for 1953, and there would still be coming a check for a fourth-place cut of the World Series money.

Byrd accepted Dykes' invitation to take it easy. He went even further. He never returned to the lumber retreat at (→ to page 68)

Color photo by David Preston

Byrd, who has the build and durability of a blacksmith, thrives on work. He says he's not made for the bullpen.





Sauer Can't Win

No matter how many home runs he hits or how many games he wins, big Hank can't seem to sell himself as a top star. Even his MVP award last season backfired!

By AL STUMP

HANK Sauer played his first game of baseball on a skinned diamond back of a sausage factory in a Pittsburgh suburb with a gang of hooky-players and cop dodgers who called themselves the Quail Athletic Club. That was 26 years ago and the underweight, eight-year-old Hank almost didn't make it to the field. The same day he had packed a set of golf clubs almost as heavy as himself over 18 holes of the Highland Country Club to earn the sum of \$1.50.

Hank learned that work came before play early in his life. In 1928, his father, German-born Julius Sauer, fell ill and suddenly departed for the old country. Left behind were his wife, Anna, and four sons. Mrs. Sauer had a mortgage hanging over her and no steady income and, eventually, she was reduced to serving her family a diet largely consisting of beans and noodle soup. The tall, angular slugger of the Chicago Cubs vividly remembers those days. "About all we had was pride," he says. "For us kids, it was get out and hustle or go hungry."

Hank hustled. He ran errands, cut wood, caddied and packed newspapers through city streets. When he jumped into baseball at 18 in the low minors, the job meant bread on the table for the Sauers, rather than any dream of a major-league future. Out of the first \$100 paycheck he drew with the Class D Butler club of the Penn State Association, he sent home \$50 to his mother.

The long and constant struggle of his youth, you might say, set a pattern for Sauer's career in the game. Today, baseball men who appreciate the 34-year-old outfield veteran in a way that has not penetrated to the press box and to many fans are moved to wonder what makes him the player who can't win, no matter what he does. Success hasn't eluded Sauer. But the successes he has had over 17 years almost invariably turn to ashes. "He wins," as a member of the Cubs recently put it, "but in winning, he loses . . ."

Sauer is the hitter who had a .330 mark and drove in 114 runs for Birmingham, Alabama, back in 1941 and was then judged fully ready for the major leagues. Yet because of one misfortune after another, he had to struggle seven more years in the Southern Association and International League.

He is the player who delivered 35 home runs for Cincinnati in

The sad-faced Chicago slugger has hit 30 or more home runs in each of the last five seasons, something only two other players have done in National League history. His high mark is the 37 homers he hit in '52.





Although it is fashionable to think of Sauer as a slow-footed fielder of little distinction, the fact is he ranks second to Carl Furillo in assists.

1948, ranking high among the power hitters, but was traded away on a no-cash deal to Chicago with the comment by Warren Giles, then Reds' president, that "Sauer is just a journeyman—he'll never get better."

He is the six-feet-four, 200-pounder with the sinews of a blacksmith who has been cut down three times while on the verge of stardom by torn leg tendons, a hernia operation and muscle spasms in the neck.

He is the man who hit so hard in 1950 that fans gave him 1,241,094 votes for a starting All-Star game berth (only Jackie Robinson and Stan Musial outpolled him), yet was scorned by manager Burt Shotton as not good enough. Shotton insisted he would start Duke Snider instead. It took a ruling by Commissioner Happy Chandler to give Sauer what was rightfully his.

Finally, there is what happened to the big man of the Cubs last Winter. Call it an injustice. Call it a snide attitude unworthy of a presumably sportsmanlike group known as the Baseball Writers Association of America. Or call it an intraorganizational squabble of the BWA in which Sauer, who didn't ask for it, was caught in the middle. But whatever you call it, the national uproar over the selection of Hank last November as the Most Valuable Player of the National League once more demonstrates the instability of his success. With almost any other player, winning the MVP award would be a climax to be richly enjoyed. To Sauer it has brought a period of ridicule and embarrassment.

The stage for Hank's selection may have been set on the afternoon of last June 11 when the Cubs squared off with the Phillies at Wrigley Field. In the second inning, Hank

He may not be regarded as a super-star elsewhere, but in Chicago big Hank is the idol of the fans.

UP



led off against Curt Simmons and knocked the fireballer's three-and-two pitch into the left-field stands. In the sixth, with the score 1-1, Sauer repeated to the same spot. When he returned to the dugout, shortstop Roy Smalley said to him: "Remember that game in '50 when you got to Simmons for three homers? I've got a hunch you're going to do it again."

The power of suggestion and Sauer's 40-ounce bat worked, and he lofted another home run in the eighth which won the game, 3-2. Leaving the field, he was leading the league in all three major batting departments with 18 homers, 58 runs-batted-in and an average of .352. The "journeyman" had catapulted into the headlines. When he broke up the All-Star game in July with a homer off Bob Lemon, fans around the country who'd known Sauer's name only vaguely—often confusing him with Hank Bauer, of the Yankees—suddenly began talking of him in terms reserved for Kiner, Musial and Robinson.

"I was still getting good write-ups in September, best I ever had," Sauer now says wryly. "Brother, I had no idea that they were going to lower the boom."

Despite a late-season slump in 1952, Hank tied Ralph Kiner for the home-run championship of both leagues, topped all players in runs-batted-in with 121 and lifted the once-shiftless Cubs into a wholly unexpected fifth-place finish. He built up one of the biggest and most fanatical followings in local player history. The management displayed its gratitude with the first really good contract Hank Sauer has known in 17 years. Calling him into the office on September 21, personnel director Wid Matthews showed him final home attendance figures. They were up 130,411 from 1951. "We're not kidding ourselves," said Matthews. "We know why we did it—mostly because of you, Hank, and with this goes our thanks."

Matthews shoved a 1953 contract across the table which provided for a raise that startled Sauer. The exact terms aren't known. But \$35,000 wouldn't be a bad guess at the salary.

Hank signed and left in a glow. Outside, manager Phil Cavarretta was regaling newspapermen with a statistic on Sauer often overlooked. There are many who believe that slugging average, wherein a player's at-bat total is divided into his total bases, is a better measure of his stature than batting average. As Cavarretta pointed out, there are only five active big-leaguers with a lifetime slugging mark of .500 or better: Musial, Kiner, Johnny Mize, Larry Doby—and Hank Sauer.

The drums were already beating for Hank's election as Most Valuable Player.

But they echo hollowly for him now. When the ballots of the Baseball Writers Association 24-man committee were counted two months later, you'd have thought, as Red Smith remarked at length in the *New York Herald Tribune*, that Sauer was a monster caught buying votes with pennies stolen from poor boxes. The outrage over the failure of Robin Roberts, the 28-7 pitching ace of the Phillies, to win the award continued for months. Back in his Inglewood, California, home, Sauer spent the winter reading clips like these:

"... a ridiculous selection... Sauer cannot be mentioned in the same breath with Roberts, Black, Musial or Enos Slaughter." (Joe Cashman, *Boston Record*).

"It was a travesty. Roberts won 17 and lost one after the All-Star game... Sauer hit 35 homers for

the Reds in 1948 and the committee gave him exactly one tenth-place vote. Has his value improved that much?" (Harold Rosenthal, *New York Herald Tribune*)

"... a very bad choice. I had a tough time deciding between Black and Roberts. I never gave Sauer a thought." (Harold Burr, *Brooklyn Eagle*)

Discussing these and dozens of other critical blasts with Sauer now, it is plain that they have troubled him. He honestly believes he had a great season. He makes no claim to being more valuable than Roberts or Black, nor than anyone else, and didn't ask to be singled out by the BWA. Yet among the loudest voices protesting Sauer's selection are those of the same writers located on the East who took part in the voting that honored Hank. If nothing else can be said in defense of the Cubs' leader, certainly graciousness has not been served.

"That's what I don't get," Sauer says. "If almost everybody concerned seems to think that I don't rate the Judge Landis plaque, and somebody else did, why did the committee give me 226 votes to 211 for Roberts?"

No one has satisfactorily answered that yet, though in New York charges flew that the ballot box was stuffed by midwestern writers slyly allied to pool tallies in favor of Sauer. By indirection, this is another deep cut at the quiet left-fielder. An honor is empty indeed when it is won dishonorably. And even if, as Chicago BWA members hotly retort, there was no collusion, the lingering affect has been to blacken a fine, if aging, ballplayer in the eyes of millions of fans.

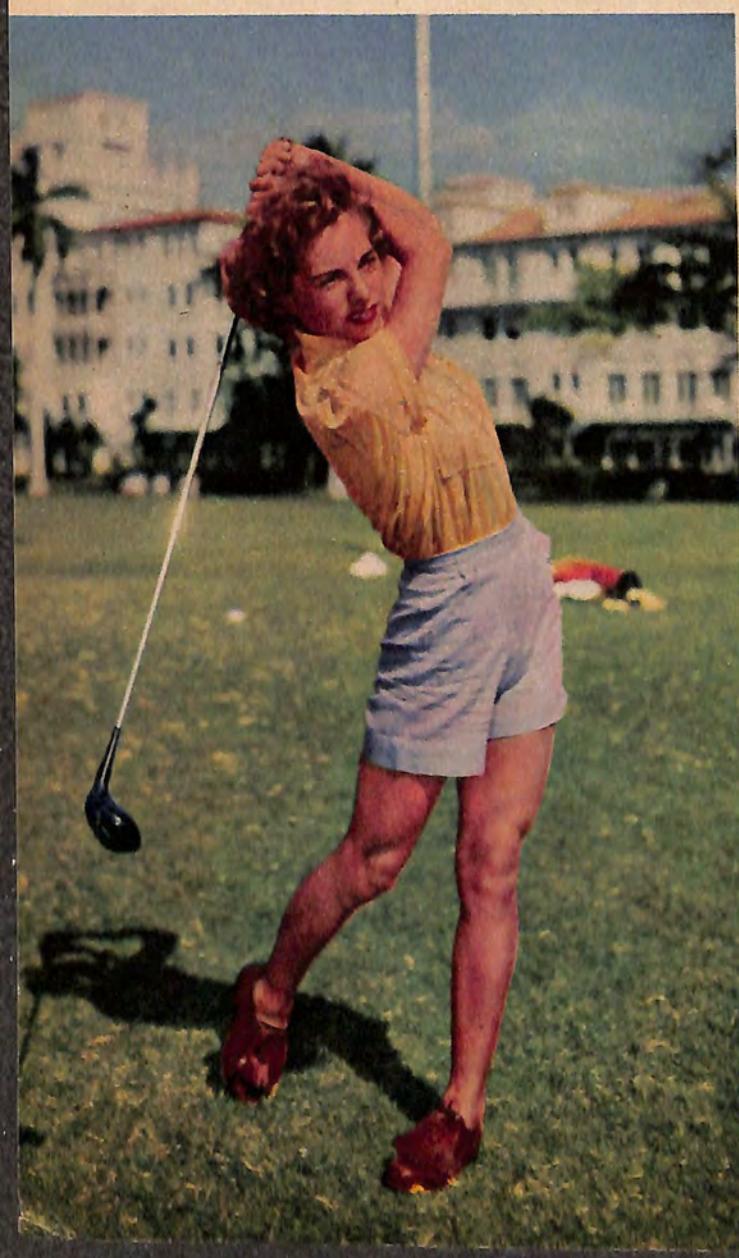
As his friends tell you, Hank, himself, is a poor witness in his defense in times of trouble. He has neither the razor wit nor rancorous disposition to snap back at his attackers. "He's a quiet guy who wants to live in peace," says Gus Zernial, of the Athletics, Hank's neighbor in Inglewood and handball-playing buddy. "Notice those deep lines in his face? That's from having bad breaks all his life. Baseball never gave him anything; he earned it. It's a damn shame the press had to climb all over him about this, because there was never a guy deserved criticism less."

All over the league you hear the same. "I've never seen a more popular player in the (→ TO PAGE 85)

UP



A quiet, humble man, Sauer asks nothing more than honest recognition of an honest job. Here he is with his family.



The Bauer Girls Grow Up

*Alice, now married, and sister Marlene
are three-year veterans of the pro
golf circuit—and are prettier than ever*

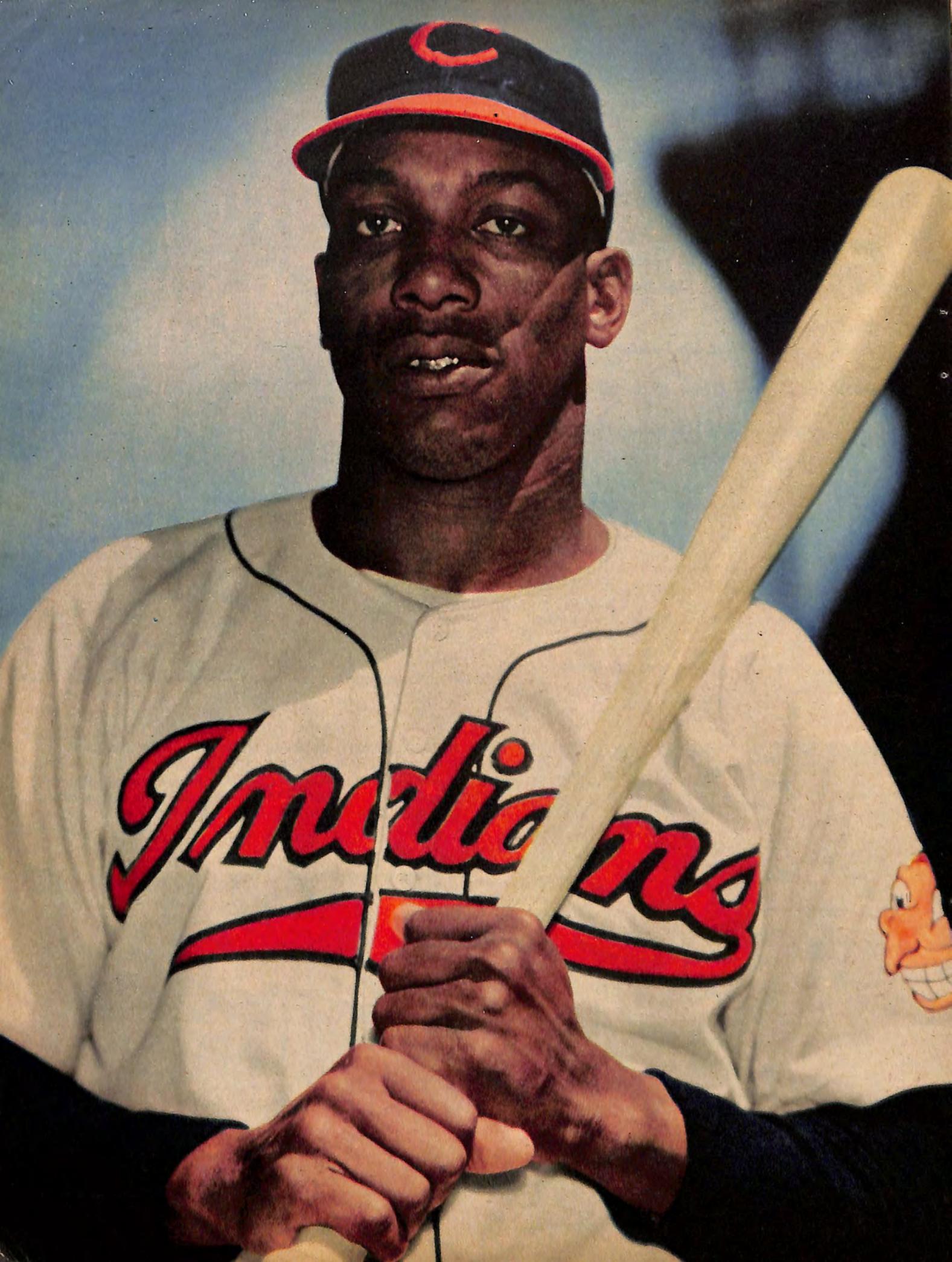
FIVE years ago this summer, SPORT "discovered" the golfing Bauer sisters in Long Beach, California. They were a pleasant discovery for us. Marlene, then 14, and Alice, 20, already showed an attractive combination of beauty and athletic skill. Tutored by their father, they had begun to win amateur tournaments on the Coast—and to get their pictures in the papers. We watched them turn pro in 1950, and we wished them well. Recently we looked them up in Florida and we found them both thriving. See photos at left (Alice above, Marlene below).

Color photos by International



In 1948 teen-age pose *above*, Marlene and Alice drink sodas in front of a juke box. **Below**, Alice balances her kid sister in a gymnastic stunt shortly before they turned pro in April, '50. **At left**, Alice, 25, is shown with her husband, Bob Hagge, whom she married last winter. Hagge is a pro golfer from Indiana.





WHAT DO THEY WANT FROM EASTER?

Half of the Cleveland fans treat Big Luke like a hero; the others say he's an unspeakable bum. Neither side has carefully examined the record—or the man himself

By Gordon Cobblewick



IT was just about three years ago that I wrote an article for SPORT under the title, "Everybody's Talking About Easter." It was of necessity a pretty cautious, non-committal essay, a collection of opinions about a rookie who, between the time of writing and publication, might have turned out to be anything from an H-bomb to a damp firecracker.

The opinions ranged from Bucky Harris' unequivocal: "Greatest prospect since Babe Ruth!" to the contemptuous "Over-rated busher!" of numerous lesser authorities, most of whom had never seen him.

This is a second look, an examination of a three-year record which is muddied and obscured by a number of factors, including injuries and the ever-present racial prejudice on the one hand and admiration and personal affection on the other. It doesn't pretend to be a final answer to the question: "How good is Luke Easter?" That will have to wait for tabulation of more complete returns.

In his own city, Cleveland, the gigantic first-base-man (he's six-four and one-half and 235 pounds) remains a controversial figure, a hero to approximately half the fans, an unspeakable bum to the rest. It's impossible to get an accurate count because when Easter shambles into the batter's box with important runs on the bases, the human ear can't separate the hopeful cries of "Lu-u-uke! Lu-u-uke!" from the derisive "Boo-o-o-o! Boo-o-o-o!" of the loyal opposition. The only certainty is that in such situations no rooter is silent. For where Luke Easter is concerned, no rooter is without an opinion. In most cases it's a violent opinion.

A poll of American League ballplayers would place the question in a different light. In the main, the professionals fear Easter as a hitter (→ TO PAGE 66)

SEGURA

They're beginning to wonder

By

ED FITZGERALD



INP

FRANK SEDGMAN and Jack Kramer have been playing the headline match on the professional tennis tour that has been criss-crossing the country ever since last January, but the suspicion is growing among those who really know the game that the best player in the four-man show is Francisco (Pancho) Segura, one of the preliminary boys.

Every night, before Kramer and Sedgman walk out on the court to blast service aces at each other, the bouncing little man from Guayaquil, Ecuador, warms up the crowd by beating the pants off Sedgman's old Davis Cup sidekick, Ken McGregor. True, McGregor wins once in a while, but not very often. Segura has the big boy on the hip; he can beat him any time he really wants to, and McGregor knows it.

The big story, the one that has the tennis people buzzing over their teacups, is the widely held theory that what Segura is doing to McGregor he could also do to either Sedgman or Kramer. The bow-legged, pigeon-toed little man who is famous for his wicked two-handed forehand—Kramer calls it the greatest single shot in tennis today—has come a long way from the days when he held third place in the national amateur ranking. He has sharpened his always delicate touch, added power to his forcing shots, and, above all, increased his cunning to the point where he has become one of the most dangerous match-play opponents the game has known in years.

As Pancho says himself, there is a strong parallel between the Segura of 1953 and the Bobby Riggs of five years ago. Like Riggs, the Ecuadorian has to give away height, reach and power to almost every opponent he meets. Like Riggs, he gives away nothing in fighting spirit or tactical shrewdness. Both little men have always had to battle tooth and nail for recognition, it being fashionable to dismiss them more or less contemptuously as "very good for their size." But the very necessity of having to fight so stubbornly has helped them achieve major-league stature. They have had to make the most of every weapon in their arsenals.

It is interesting to see how Riggs, long acknowledged

to be one of the smartest analysts in big-time tennis, sees Segura. "Pancho," he says, "has a sensational shot in his two-handed forehand. He can hit it for a winner from any part of the court. He can make any kind of a shot with it . . . I think he's best known among tennis players for his wonderfully delicate touch. He's also a master of deception and he's one of the most agile, quick-moving men in the game . . . He has an underspin backhand which he has improved steadily over the last five or six years. His main weakness is a slice off his backhand. His second service isn't too strong and he's vulnerable to a net attack . . . But Pancho isn't an easy player to analyze. You say this is wrong with his game, or this is right with it, but you don't really cover the whole subject. He'll fight you right down the line with that tremendous forehand, and he'll cover court against you like a greyhound with wings. He's a great player to play against, and a great player to watch."

Yet, despite all his gifts and despite the fact that he is far and away the most crowd-pleasing star in professional tennis, with his flashing teeth and coal-black hair, his midget size, his cocky walk and his anguished cries to the mercy of Heaven when things are going against him, Pancho always has to be satisfied with a preliminary boy's cut of the gate. The big money has been denied him persistently, even though he actually won the national professional singles championship in both 1950 and 1951, beating first Frank Kovacs and then Pancho Gonzales for the title. In 1949, Segura was hired by Bobby Riggs to play Frank Parker in the preliminary to the Kramer-Gonzales feature attraction. In 1950, he came as close to the main event as he ever has, playing Kramer in what was billed as the co-feature to the Gussie Moran-Pauline Betz fashion show. But even then, Gussie and Kramer were getting the big money; Segura and Pauline had to take what was left over—which wasn't much.

There was no big tour in '51 or '52 and Segura, like the rest of the pros, had to scrape up a living by playing exhibitions, teaching, and playing in occasional tournaments where the publicity was as scarce as the gate

IS NO PRELIMINARY BOY!

if the bow-legged fellow with the two-handed backhand might not be a main-eventer in disguise

receipts. So, when Kramer, having turned promoter himself, offered the ex-ballboy from South America \$12,500 to play second-fiddle again on the '53 tour, Pancho had no alternative but to accept. There is no real money in pro tennis except on such tours.

Segura couldn't even risk striking against promoter Kramer for more money. The other Pancho—Senor Gonzales—was being left out of the picture altogether and, squirming restlessly in his Southern California exile, he would have been glad to sign in Segura's place. As it turned out, Segura could have done worse. When it became apparent that the expedition was going to strike it pleasantly rich, Kramer agreed to give Pancho a modest bonus—enough to bring the little man's take for the American tour to \$15,000. If the boys carry their

show overseas, Segura can make even bigger sums because he will get a percentage of the overseas gross instead of just an arbitrary salary, as has been the case in the States.

Meanwhile, with a weather eye fixed on what he can expect to make next year, Pancho keeps belting McGregor around even though he no longer has any strong incentive to keep him playing his best. While he's playing McGregor, he's thinking about Sedgman and Kramer. He wants to meet the winner next year. He thinks he's ready.

"I can beat Sedgman," he tells you with emotional sincerity. "On clay, I beat him for sure. On clay, he doesn't have a Chinaman's chance. But I can beat him anywhere. I got better reflexes than (→ TO PAGE 90)

Pancho (second from right) frankly thinks he's as good as any of his barnstorming mates—l. to r., Kramer, McGregor, Sedgman.

UP



BUCKY,

*"I like to play for Bucky Harris,"
has been a familiar line in the ma-
jors for years. Often fired, but never
out of a job, the ex-Boy Wonder is
still winning friends—and ball games*

By
Shirley Povich



The Ballplayers' Manager



BUCKY HARRIS was once hired as a ballplayer by accident—a case of mistaken identity. Later, he achieved his first baseball fame by the useful but painful method of getting hit by more pitched balls than any other player in American League history. In due time, he was fired from five big-league managerial jobs. That he is still around and percolating brightly as manager of the Washington Senators is evidence that he has polished to high perfection the art of landing on his feet.

The late John McGraw was one of the first baseball men to note the resurgent qualities of Bucky Harris. In mid-season of 1919, the Buffalo team with which McGraw's Giants had a working agreement, sent second-base-man Harris to the Polo Grounds for a tryout. McGraw ignored him, later ranting at Buffalo manager George Wiltse for sending the Giants "that punk kid." The next time McGraw saw Harris, the punk kid was outmanaging him and beating his Giants in the seven-game World Series of 1924.

The ex-Boy Wonder of the Senators is now in his 26th year of managing in the majors, a longevity exceeded only by Connie Mack and McGraw. If Harris' has been a sometimes incredible career, no episode points it up as strongly perhaps as his contributions to that World Series victory of 1924. All season he was a .268 hitter, deploying himself in seventh place in the Senators' batting order. Came the World Series, and Harris who had hit only one home run all year, hit two against the Giants.

And about that business of getting hit with pitched balls. Harris tied the American League record back in 1920, his first season with the Senators, by getting whacked 21 times, sometimes by accident, sometimes by design, but always protesting his innocence to suspicious umpires.

He was trying to win another pennant late in 1925 with the Senators, and every game was fraught with disaster to that goal. Bucky was sweating out a late September game with the lowly Red Sox, who had forged a 1-1 tie behind Red Ruffing as play went into the last of the ninth. Two were out and two Senators were on base when Harris left the bench for the batter's circle, pausing, however, to tell his players: "If (Earl) McNeely gets on to fill the bases, I'm going to break up this ball game even if I have to take one in the ribs. I'll

never hit that Ruffing. He's too fast and it's getting dark anyway. But if he pitches me a little inside, we're home." It wasn't bragging. It was simply Harris, unable to contain his zest for winning.

McNeely did draw a walk to fill the bases, and Harris moved into the batter's box. One called strike, and then, sure enough, an inside pitch, just a trifle inside. It was enough for Bucky, though. The magnificent faker made a show of getting out of the way, as batters should, but with practiced know-how he got his left shoulder in the path of the pitch. The umpire waved him to first base and the ball game was over despite the justifiable screams of Ruffing and the Red Sox who knew they had been hornswoggled.

Harris was at that time wooing his wife-to-be, the winsome Elizabeth Sutherland, daughter of the Senator from West Virginia, and that evening he was to be their guest at dinner in the Sutherland home. When Harris arrived, the Senator remarked, "Elizabeth tells me we won another game today." Harris said, "It was a tough one, Senator. We won with two out in the ninth."

Elizabeth who had seen the game, explained to the Senator that the winning run scored when Bucky was hit by a pitched ball with the bases full. Then she turned to Bucky and said, "It seemed to me that you got hit with that pitch deliberately, Stanley."

The Senator, no baseball fan, was shocked. "Oh, no, Elizabeth," he said. "Stanley wouldn't do an unsportsmanlike thing like that." Harris' answer was a discreet cough at that point.

Ballplayers in the majors have been heard to say so often, "I like to play ball for Bucky Harris," that it has become something of a pat line. Two of his ball clubs actually threatened to go on strike out of their loyalty to him when they heard he was to be ousted as their manager—the Red Sox in 1934, and the Phillies in 1943. The Red Sox, led by Lefty Grove, Rick Ferrell and Wes Ferrell went to Red Sox owner Tom Yawkey in a body in mid-season to get his assurance that he had no intention of firing Harris. The Phillies declared they wouldn't go on the field without him, when rumor reached them in St. Louis, late in 1943, that owner Bill Cox was planning to give Bucky his release.

Why and how does Harris command such loyalty from his athletes? Perhaps because he was capable of the kind of action he took that night in

St. Louis after being convinced that Cox intended to fire him. First, he talked the players into calling off their strike, then he reached for paper and pen and wrote out a half-dozen memorandums for certain players. They were the ones who had oral contracts with Harris and Cox guaranteeing them bonuses running up to \$20,000 if they won so many games or batted in so many runs, and Harris said to each of them, "I want you to have this on paper so you can collect from Cox after I leave."

Certainly they're not fond of Harris because he keeps a loose rein and abides their shortcomings. They need only to catch the glint of his eye and observe his cold, clinical detachment under pressure to know that he could be the toughest guy on the bench if the occasion arose. He told me once why he didn't tear the hide off some of his athletes who were deficient in skill. "I don't get mad at bad ballplayers," he said. "I get mad only with good players who play bad baseball."

He has the faculty of impressing a whole ball club with a single sentence, like the day up in North Philadelphia after a losing game with the Athletics, when the Senators were congregated on the station platform awaiting a train. It was 1935, and an error by Cecil Travis had lost the game, his second misplay of the afternoon. Earl Whitehill was the losing pitcher, and that was bad. Whitehill had jumped Travis before for his bungling, and the kid who could play a lot of third base otherwise, was jittery when Whitehill was pitching.

On this day, Whitehill was standing apart from the others, moping over his defeat, when Harris addressed Travis. "Cece," he said, "you could do yourself and this whole ball club a favor by walking over there and punching Whitehill in the nose. I'll back you up." He couldn't sell Nice Guy Travis on such direct action, but it did serve to take the pressure off.

The suspicion is, of course, that there must be something wrong with a manager who has been fired five times by big-league clubs. And how come he always winds up with another good job? Mostly, the things that have been bad with Harris' managing have been bad ball clubs, although along the way he had the misfortune to collide with some not altogether understanding or intelligent bosses.

As for his talent for landing on his feet and grabbing off one more good job, that's indisputable. Three times, of course, his first manager and favor-



ite man in baseball, 83-year-old Clark Griffith, beckoned Bucky to manage his ball teams, but at various other times the Tigers, the Red Sox, the Phillies and the Yankees were sufficiently impressed with him to hire Harris to boss their teams. Cleveland wanted him a couple of times, and the Tigers even wanted him to be their general manager.

Apparently, the guy has something going for him and to those charms you can add a favorable press. In fact, so charmed has the baseball-writing press become with Harris that in every city throughout either league when there was a managerial vacancy during Harris' brief periods of unemployment in the majors, a Harris boom was always launched by his friends on the newspapers.

How come all those friends in the press boxes? Probably because Harris is that refreshing type of manager who comes out with it when he is asked a baseball question, in contrast to the hunted and furtive reaction of others. Probably because he always took the raps nicely, infrequent as they were, and because he started out long ago on the assumption that baseball writers were all right, that they were guys with a job to do, and that if the rap was in for him it wasn't anything personal.

That's why, perhaps when Paul Mickelson wrote his farewell to sports for the Associated Press, he reviewed the baseball scene of his experience and typed—"My favorite manager—Bucky Harris"—and at that time Harris hadn't won a pennant in more than a decade.

The boy who was born, prophetically enough, on Ball Street, Port Jervis, New York, 56 years ago and later grew up to be Stanley Raymond Harris, manager of three pennant-winning teams, to marry the daughter of a Senator and note the presence of President Calvin Coolidge at his wedding, came out of the pits at the Pittston, Pennsylvania, coal mines to play his first baseball during the miners' lunch hour.

In his time, Bucky Harris has taken some hefty salary cuts. He left the Senators in 1928 as a \$30,000-a-year manager, came back to them in 1935 after a cut to \$13,000. But back in 1910, 14-year-old Bucky Harris took a salary cut of \$1.08 a week that shaped a career. He'd been earning ten cents an hour, \$5.40 a week, as breaker boy in the anthracite mines at Pittston. The company took him off the coal chutes, cut his pay two cents an hour, and gave him a job in the weighmaster's office. It was comparatively white-collar work. But more important, it gave him more time to get out on the lots and play baseball.

It was natural enough that Harris had landed in the coal mines. He was only one generation removed from Wales, where his forebears worked that country's mines, and quickly enough Grandfather Harris gravitated to the Pennsylvania anthracite region to take a job as "Fire Boss," who would sally forth at 2 a.m. each morn-

ing to test the safety of the chambers against the possibility of gas and fire hazards. On his reports depended the operation of the mine that day. Miners worked or idled, according to the knowing sniffs of Grandfather Harris.

It was natural, too, that little Bucky would go into the mines at 14. All the kids in Pittston did. They were mostly Polish or Italian kids following the careers of their daddies. At 14, they could go on the breakers. There was apt to be as many as 100 kids sitting at the chutes when the mines were operating. Their job was to make a funnel with their hobnailed shoes and to pick out the chunks of dull slate that had sifted through the screens along with the shiny coals. Some day, they'd be full-fledged miners, making \$20 a week. At the end of their day's work their only visible features were the whites of their eyes and their teeth. Otherwise they were animated bits of faceless coal dust.

The lunch hour was given over to baseball after the food packed by their mothers was hastily eaten. It was natural that Pittston kids played baseball. They were living in a mining sector of Pennsylvania rich in baseball tradition. It gave to the big leagues an illustrious list of stars. From Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Shamokin and Pittston they paraded into the majors—Hughey Jennings, and the O'Neills, Steve, Jim, Mike, and John; Christy Mathewson and Mike McNally and Ed Walsh, Chick Shorten, and the Coveleskies—Harry and Stanley. Sometimes they came back to work in the mines, and the Pittston kids watched them in those lunch hour and twilight battles and tried like kids do to mimic their big-league actions.

One-hundred-pound Bucky Harris fancied himself as an infielder. He always wanted to play shortstop. To him, it seemed to offer the most action. Tossing the slate and clinkers at the breakers had beefed-up his throwing arm. And at 14, he was playing alongside grown men in the fierce little games at the mines.

Little Bucky's chief problem was the big Sunday games. They were scheduled to start an hour before his Sunday School class was dismissed, and Sunday School was a must in the Harris household. Woe to the Harris child who didn't attend. But young Bucky had been solving his own problems. He had been reporting to class punctually and stealthily making a quick exit. Unnoticed—he thought.

Came the most important Sunday in Harris' life, and it was important that he play baseball this day. For the first time, he was on the payroll of the "big" team. This day he was promised two dollars for playing ball. He began to fancy himself a pro. But a suspicious Sunday School teacher was on to Bucky's little game. This day he waited for Harris to steal toward the door, then planted himself across the threshold. But alas, he was standing with his legs spread entirely too far apart, and there was nothing the matter with young Harris' reflexes. In a flash, Bucky darted between the teacher's legs and scurried to freedom—and the ball game.

One exclusive boast belongs to Bucky Harris. He is the first baseball man on record who was ever scouted

UP

Bucky broke in as a second-baseman at Washington after the first World War. He was a superb fielder, light hitter.

as a basketball player and signed to a big-league baseball contract. It happened in Pittston in 1916. Wintering there, Hughey Jennings, manager of the Detroit Tigers, watched 20-year-old Harris, playing basketball for Pittston in the pro Penn State League. He admired the sharp shooting of the wavy-haired kid and marveled at the 120-pounder's appetite for the rough stuff on the floor.

Jennings first expressed only an idle curiosity about the Harris kid as a basketball player, then learned that he was the star shortstop of a team representing the Hughestown mines. On a morning in March, 1916, Bucky Harris, en route to the mines with dinner bucket in hand, was hailed by a telegraph messenger. The first telegram he ever received in his life was from Hughey Jennings. He was asking Harris to report for a tryout at the Tigers' training camp in Waxahachie, Texas.

Harris' head swam. He had never met Jennings, couldn't understand how he chose him. Certainly this was a joke, he figured. He dashed to the telegraph office and learned that the wire had come indeed from Waxahachie. Bucky ran three miles to his home to tell his mother of the news. Together, they got out the atlas to find Texas and Waxahachie.

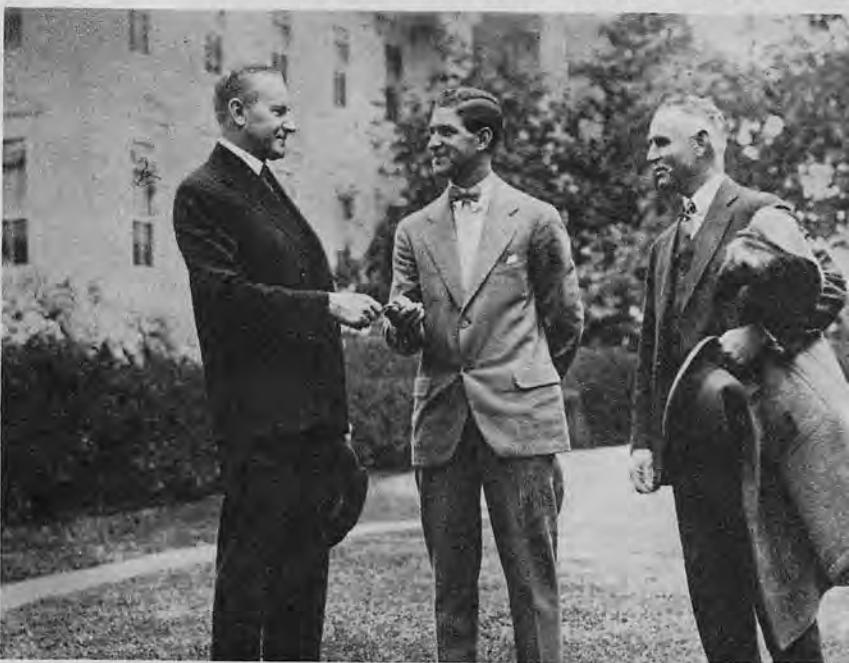
Over-awed by being in the same town with such baseball greats as Ty Cobb, Harry Heilmann, Sam Crawford and Donie Bush, to say nothing of being in their company, Harris received his first jolt when he reported to the club's hotel. Jennings, his great benefactor, was not even in camp. An attack of blood poisoning had taken him into an Oklahoma City hospital. Coach Jimmy Burke, nominally in charge, had never heard of Bucky Harris. He gave the lad a uniform only after Bucky displayed Jennings' wire.

It would be nice to say that our hero soon set about to establish himself as a sensation in the Tigers' camp. But that did not happen. In his first two weeks at camp, he didn't even get a chance to swing a bat. Cobb and the others shouldered him out of the way each time he started for the batter's box. They let him field some grounders, but the boy was pathetic. He was performing on a grass infield for the first time. All of his baseball had been done on skinned diamonds dotted with coal clinkers. En route north, the team was rejoined by Jennings at Oklahoma City, and the coaches' report to Jennings on Harris was a dreary one. The day the season opened at Chicago, Bucky got his outright release—with two tickets to the game the only thing he had to show for his big-league tryout.

Back to Pittston and to the mines went the lad who little more than ten years later was to sign a five-year contract to manage the Detroit Tigers. Jennings had said he would bear Bucky in mind if he knew a team that could use him. But weeks passed, and then—a wire from Jennings telling him to report to the Muskegon, Michigan, team of the (→ TO PAGE 70)



Between managerial jobs with the Yankees and Senators, Bucky spent a season in San Diego in 1949, where he became a big booster of homer king Luke Easter.



After winning pennants in his first two seasons with the Senators, Harris was the toast of Washington. Here he poses with President Coolidge and Clark Griffith.



INP

Bucky got a warm embrace from Larry MacPhail at Yanks' '47 victory party. When Larry left, he was promptly fired.

PRO GOLF OUGHT TO

There's plenty wrong with the pro game, says this colorful veteran of the links. He levels his blast at greedy fellow-pros, slow-motion artists and the boys who go out of their way to beat the rules

I'M not going to knock golf either as a game or a profession. How could I when I think it is the greatest game in the world? Golf has been mighty good to me. As a playing pro I've met the best people and traveled throughout the world in the finest of style. I've done all right for an ex-caddy from Texas. But this doesn't blind me to the fact that something is happening to the game. Things are wrong with pro golf that had better be corrected before it is too late. Otherwise, the kids who are starting out today will be the ones to suffer. I wouldn't want to see that

happen. That's why I am willing to speak out even though it may bring criticism from certain people.

I'll never forget what a fine man told me when I was a kid in Houston. "Jimmy," he said, "there is a lot more to golf than just hitting the ball. You'll find as you go along you get as much out of the game as you put in it. Try not to forget that." The man was Jack Burke, Sr., father of young Jackie Burke who is doing so well today in tournament golf. I've tried not to forget what Jackie's father told me when I was helping him around his golf shop.

Spectators show impatience at slow, deliberate players. "They used to check the grass on the greens, now they check the roots."



GET SMART

By JIMMY DEMARET

As told to Bob Brumby

Spectacular clothes are Demaret's trademark. He thinks all pro golfers should dress "neatly and with pride," although he doesn't suggest they copy his big, flamboyant wardrobe.



Photos by UP

When you get right down to it, what has caused trouble in golf causes trouble everywhere. Selfishness and greed have crept into the game to an alarming degree. No one person is to blame. Maybe it is because the game has become so big and prize money so large that it has gotten out of hand. Golf isn't the only sport to suffer from greedy, selfish people. Baseball and football and boxing face the same problems. But I am concerned with golf because it is my life.

What can be done to correct the situation? I think I know the answer in a very few words.

Let's get back to playing the game according to the rules.

Tournaments used to be played on the finest private courses in the country. Now, with the exception of a few rigidly controlled events like the Masters, the National Open and Bing Crosby's annual affair, they are played on public links. We have been driven from the private courses. There is an obvious reason for this. Greedy players showed no respect for club-members and the members, in turn, said why be bothered with these pros?

Let me give you an example. Before a big tournament starts and the pros get down to the business of playing for their bread and butter, it is customary to hold pro-amateur tournaments. These are one-day affairs and permit the club-members, who pay the freight, to mingle with the top stars of the game. In theory, they should create good will. But far too often the results are just the opposite.

A greedy pro who happens to draw as a partner some amateur whose game comes apart at the seams under pressure, shows his displeasure in distasteful manner. The poor amateur, only out for a day's golf with a big-name star and paying a pretty stiff entry fee for the privilege, is embarrassed and probably embittered by the experience. The next time a tournament comes to his town he decides to stick to his role as

a successful doctor or lawyer and leave his game for weekends with other amateurs. This charge does not apply to the majority of playing pros, who are fine and affable sportsmen, but the few greedy ones have succeeded in giving the whole troupe of tournament golfers a bad name.

The next day the club-member comes out early to watch the pros play under tournament conditions. He gets to the course before play starts and what he sees isn't exactly encouraging to a man who has a heavy investment in club property. The players are swarming over the course, taking practice shots and eating it up like termites. This wouldn't be too out of the ordinary provided the players kept within practice areas. Too often they don't. They sneak away for practice shots where they can measure distance to greens. If no one is looking, some of them tap practice putts on regular greens.

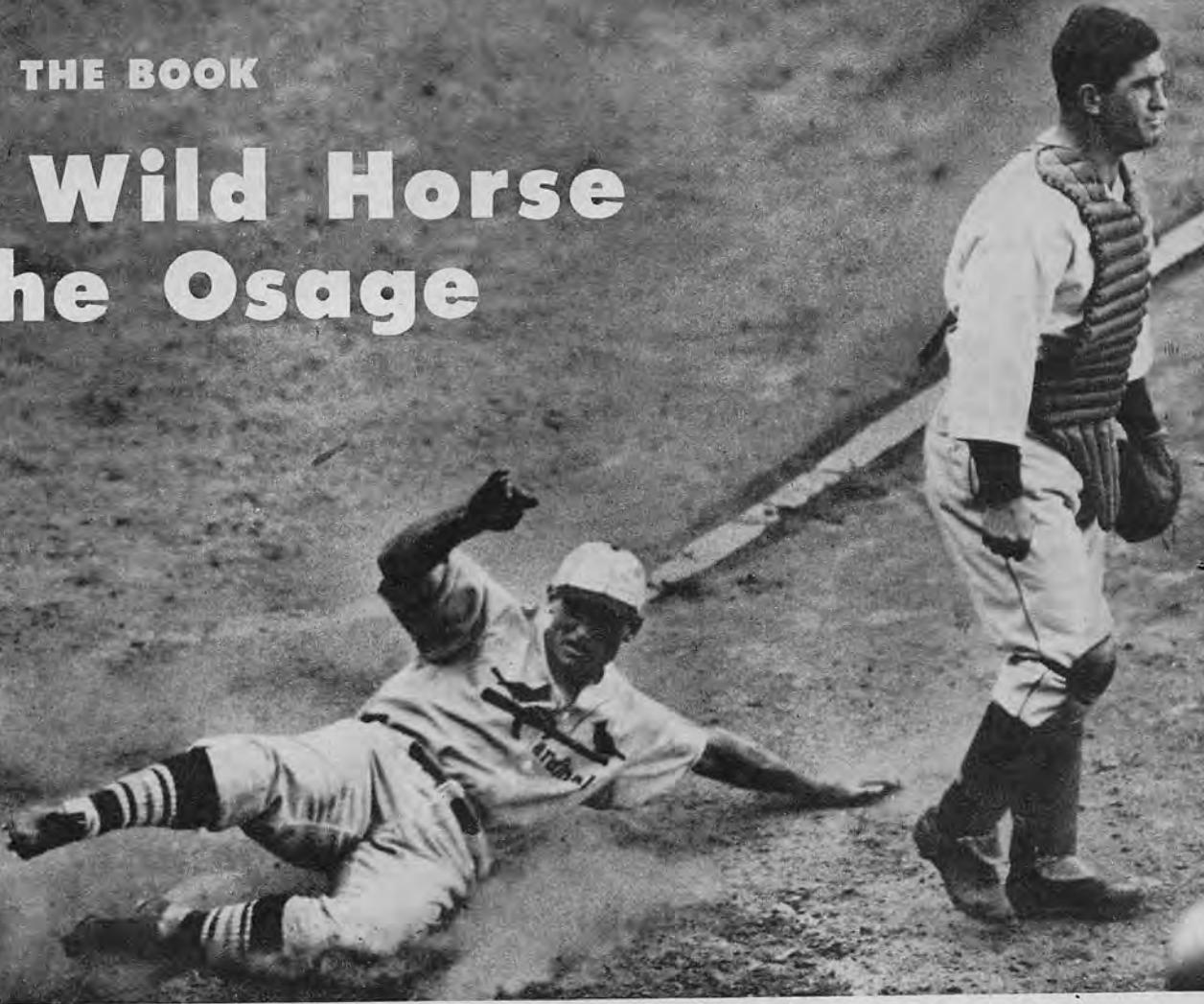
All of which shows the players' utter lack of respect for club-members. Upkeep on golf courses runs high and the members foot the bill while the touring pros move on to dig-up other fairways. No wonder tournament after tournament has been driven from private courses to public links, where tax money can repair damages.

Now practice rounds are over and the tournament gets under way—usually at a gait that would shame a Missouri mule. This slowness of play, another evidence of the players' disregard for the feelings of the public, has done as much as anything else to discourage large galleries. Often players take from four to five hours to finish a tournament round. That's a long time for galleries to push their way under a broiling sun, or through drizzling rain.

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby can't hold audiences for five hours. Why should certain tournament golfers think they can? Either they don't care what the public thinks, or worse, how much they (→ TO PAGE 81)

ONE FOR THE BOOK

The Wild Horse of the Osage



Pepper Martin hit and threw a baseball as if his life depended upon it; he ran as though the devil himself were at his heels

By Frank Graham

THE 1931 World Series between the Athletics and the Cardinals got under way—and, suddenly, there was Pepper Martin. No other ballplayer ever hit the public consciousness with a greater impact. One day he was a nobody, the next, a national hero. H. I. Phillips, famed columnist of the old New York *Sun*, wrote from Philadelphia: "I have come down here to see a Series in which, it seems, the Athletics are playing one John Leonard Martin, of Temple, Oklahoma."

It seemed that way to everybody. No one cared who else wore a Cardinal uniform. The crowd, the newspapermen, the broadcasters, had eyes only for Martin as he hammered the ball against the fences, tore up the paths, hurled himself headlong at the bags or the plate, made incredible catches in the outfield and stole bases with impunity. They called him the Wild Horse of the Osage, after the section of Oklahoma from which he came.

Although he was humiliating the Athletics, Phila-

delphians paid noisy homage to his achievements. When the teams were leaving for St. Louis to continue the Series, the car in which he rode from the Benjamin Franklin Hotel to the station snarled traffic on Market Street. At the station, thousands milled about him, so that, but for a heavy police guard that quickly encircled him, he would have been mauled. Kenesaw Mountain Landis, caught in the rush of the mob as it swirled about him, smiled happily at him and said:

"Young man, I'd like to be in your shoes!"

Pepper laughed. "Sixty-five hundred, sixty-five thousand—Judge, you got a deal!"

Just before the opening game, a reporter had asked him in the dugout how he felt about being in the World Series in his first full year with the Cardinals.

"Like a kid with a little red wagon," he said. Then, soberly, he added: "I'm lucky and I know it. Better ballplayers than me have been in the league for years and never got into a Series."

Now, lucky or not, he was riding his little red wagon to glory.

That night, on the Cardinals' special train, some of the reporters were in the club car, having a spot of this or that, and talking about him when he came in for a coke.

"I need something to put me to sleep," he said, with a grin.

"Have a beer," one of them suggested.

"No, thanks," he said. "I never touch the hard stuff."

One of them said to another: "Close-up of the guy



INP



UP

Diving head-first into second, Martin is shown as he ran wild against the Athletics in the '31 World Series. Even Philadelphia fans loudly cheered his performance.

INP
At left, Martin slides across home plate with one of the runs that helped the famous Gas House Gang beat the Tigers in '34. Pepper played aggressively at third.

As manager of the Miami Sun Sox in 1949, Martin made headlines by attacking an umpire. He's now the field leader for the Ft. Lauderdale team in the same league.



who has turned the country upside down: tousled hair, stubble of beard, rumpled white shirt open at the throat, baggy pants. Not exactly an heroic figure as he stands there, is he?"

"No," the other said, "but my God, how he can play ball!"

So he could.

"Get me," Branch Rickey had told his chief scout, Charlie Barrett, "young men who can hit hard, run hard and throw hard."

Charlie, beating through the high grass leagues, came back with a lot of them but none met Branch's specifications more closely than Martin. Bull-necked, wide-shouldered, deep-chested and flat-bellied, he had long, powerful arms, great, gnarled hands, and legs as sturdy and tough as knotted pine. He swung on a ball as though he had a personal grievance against it. He ran as though the devil himself were at his heels and he would let no obstacle, human or otherwise, stand in his way. He threw as though he were trying to split planks.

As a growing boy, he worked on farms, dug post holes for an electric power company, pulled stumps and wrangled horses and cattle. He enjoyed manual labor but he enjoyed baseball more. Discovered by Barrett in Greenwood, Oklahoma, he had come up through the Cardinals' farm system. Now he was up to stay. He never again would reach the breathtaking heights he scaled in the 1931 Series but he would touch the edge of greatness through the years and be one of the key figures on a club as colorful and

exciting as any baseball ever knew—the Gas House Gang that rocked and rolled to the pennant and the World Series in 1934.

The singleness of purpose with which he played ball, the unawareness on his part of anything or anybody about him as he charged for a line drive or raced to get under a long fly ball is illustrated by a story that Jimmy (Ripper) Collins tells. Ripper eventually became the Gang's first-baseman, but he came up as an outfielder.

"They warned me," he says, "to watch out for Martin. They told me never to try for a ball on the fringe of his territory and to keep out of his way if he came into mine, because I might be knocked down and trampled. They said it wouldn't do any good for me to yell for a ball if there was any doubt as to who should take it because he wouldn't hear me. They told me just to keep out of his way when I saw him—or heard him—coming.

"I had played next to him for four days, being careful to keep from under his feet, and this day after he had run from center field, into left, which was my territory, and caught a ball, he discovered his shoe was untied. He threw the ball back to the infield, called for time and then knelt to tie his shoe. I stood there, looking at him and he looked up and smiled and said:

"Hello, son. What's your name?"

"Collins," I said.

"And he said: 'Collins, eh? When did you join us today?'"

Nobody ever had more fun (→ TO PAGE 91)

WELCOME TO
DE IMMORTAL RANKS
OF THEM BUMS
WOT HAS GRACED
EBBETS FIELD
WID DERE
BUFFOONERY!



LOES ON THE LOOSE

Nervous, erratic and heir to a lot of unfavorable publicity, the kid who got an all-time Dodger bonus is a character in the great Brooklyn tradition

BY HAROLD ROSENTHAL

THE big blue and silver Greyhound bus sped along the desolate Miami-Tampa highway, shimmering in the hot noon sun of a late March day. Pee Wee Reese looked out at the monotonous sand-and-palmetto landscape and strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of Lake Okeechobee glistening in the distance. "Time to eat, I guess, Scotty," he called.

Lee Scott, the Dodgers' road secretary, glanced at his watch, nodded, and said, "Next good town we see, Pee Wee."

The bus hummed on. The players and the newspapermen on their way to an afternoon exhibition contest on Florida's West Coast, dozed, read the papers, or carried on desultory conversations. Suddenly Lee Scott was alert. "Looks like we're coming to a town. Keep your eye open for a place to eat," he told Pee Wee.

"Clewiston," the sign, a little further down the road, read. Moments later the bus had slowed down on the town's main artery. "Looks like a place over there," called Scotty. Then to the driver, "Okay, bussy, we'll try it here."

The big vehicle pulled up neatly in front of a roadside restaurant and the occupants piled out. A second bus stopped in back of them. The Dodgers of 1952—past, present and future—along with a full comple-

ment of newspapermen, radio announcers and friends of the management, trooped into the small restaurant—all except a tall, dark-haired, sallow-complexioned youth who stood indecisively on the sidewalk.

"C'mon, Billy," yelled a teammate, "you coming in?"

Billy Loes, the rookie right-handed pitcher, grinned feebly, "No, I ain't hungry."

"Aw, c'mon," returned the other player, "it's time to eat, and the club picks up the tab here just like back at the hotel or in camp."

"I ain't hungry, I tell you," answered Loes. "I think I'll take a walk."

"If you want to take a walk in Clewiston, Florida," said the teammate, "it's okay with me. I'm going in and eat."

Three-quarters of an hour later, lunch over, the players straggled out of the restaurant, and made their way toward the bus. Then, someone spotted a familiar figure, seated on the curb nearby.

"Hey, look-it that Loes," he blurted.

There sat the most expensive bonus pitcher in Dodger history, having his lunch like some ditch digger. He held a paper bag full of cake in one hand, a quart of milk in the other, alternating his attention between the two. He looked up, caught the startled gazes of his teammates.

"I took a walk," he explained sheepishly, "and I got hungry."

The other players, too startled to say a word, watched while \$100,000 worth of major-league pitcher finished his curbside repast. When everyone was back in his seat in the bus, the Dodger manager Charlie Dressen sidled up to the youth and advised, "Do me a favor, Billy. Eat with the ball club in the future."

Dressen spent a good portion of the 1952 campaign advising Billy Loes on his behavior—mound and otherwise. But Dressen doubts if anything he said ever got through to Loes. "I go out there to talk to him on the mound and I don't even think he hears me," complained Charlie. "Finally I got to say to him, 'Look at me, Billy, I'm talking to you.' I know he ain't deaf or anything like that. Maybe he's concentrating."

If Loes can concentrate in 1953 the way he did in 1952, Dressen and

Illustrated by John Gallagher



the rest of the Dodger brass won't care much if the lad from Astoria, L. I., shows up for future mound duty wearing ear muffs. And if he does they won't be surprised.

The 23-year-old Loes, who won 13 games in his initial year of first-string varsity performance with the Dodgers (a peculiarly appropriate number, incidentally), is well on his way to becoming an important part of the Brooklyn legend; it has documented incidents of a pitcher being whisked out of Havana one step ahead of the local police, of three men attempting to achieve possession of third base, of an outfielder showing up in spring training with a horse to help in shagging flies, and of at least one player abusing and cursing his friends because the gifts they gave him on his "Day" at Ebbets Field didn't begin to match his own exalted opinion of himself.

To begin with, Loes is a Dodger only because the Giants made a bad guess about his ability. A schoolboy star, he was picked as the outstanding player from among the top representatives of more than 50 schools in the metropolitan New York area, in the annual survey and poll conducted by the New York *World-Telegram* in 1948. With that honor went a trip with any major-league club the boy selected. Loes promptly singled out the Giants with a "That Leo Durocher is my kind of a manager." "That Leo Durocher," who had just made the switch from the Dodgers, had never even heard of the kid.

Loes made a Western trip with the Giants but when it came time to meet his financial demands the Giants withdrew. 1948 will be remembered as quite a year for bonuses. Clubs like the Phillies, Braves, Indians and Red Sox were handing out the folding stuff as if it wasn't going to be worth anything the following morning. So why not gladden some young man's heart—especially if he had a good fast ball.

Loes, only child of a middle-class family living in the Ditmars section of Long Island City, a section of the borough of Queens in New York, wanted some of it. He had a pretty good reason for wanting heavy money. His father, suffering from the effects of an injury incurred in the Merchant Marine during World War I, was unable to work. (Loes received a dependency discharge from the Army in 1951 because of his father's condition.)

But if the Johnny Antonellis and the Curt Simmonses and the rest were banking the heavy green

stuff, no one was knocking down Loes' door that summer of 1948 despite his amazing schoolboy record of five no-hitters in league competition plus a half-dozen more in outside ball. He turned to a newspaper friend in his trouble.

Lou O'Neill, sports editor of the Long Island *Star-Journal*, came up with an idea. "We'll put on a tryout game for you," he said. "We'll invite every club to send a scout to see you pitch." He smiled slyly. "We'll charge admission to the rest of the public. No sense in letting any of that dough get away."

There used to be a pretty fast semi-pro league known as the Metropolitan Baseball Association operating in and around New York. It was equivalent to perhaps Double-A competition in organized ball. Television wrecked it, but when it operated teams like the Springfield Greys, the Hoboken Clowns, Barton's Nighthawks and the Bushwicks it used to draw some pretty good crowds. O'Neill got the owner of the Queens Baseball Club, a member of this now-defunct loop, to put on a Sunday double-header and to pitch Loes in the first game.

For the occasion Queens Park in Woodside, L. I., where Loes had pitched most of his schoolboy victories for Bryant High School, was really bedecked. There was such a mob to see Loes that part of it had to stand in roped-off areas on the field. Behind home plate O'Neill had sectioned off a portion of the primitive grandstand for the visiting scouts. He had them there, too.

Fourteen of the 16 clubs had responded to his invitation. Only the Dodgers and the Yankees weren't represented by a higher-echelon talent-evaluator. In addition there were another couple of dozen local "bird-dogs" lapping up the free beer and soft drinks provided by the astute O'Neill.

Loes looked great that day, beating the Springfield Greys, 3-1, with a five-hitter. Immediately after the game, Rabbit Maranville brought Bill Killefer over to talk with Loes and the Cleveland scout told him the Indians would match any offer.

He wanted Loes to come out to Cleveland immediately when Loes said he'd sign for \$18,000, but Loes told him he had promised to work out for the Dodgers the following Tuesday. "Well," replied the Cleveland representative, "fly out to Cleveland Wednesday and we'll sign you."

On Tuesday morning Loes, never much of an eater, merely glanced at his breakfast and then hopped into a car to be driven over to Ebbets Field by a couple of his close friends. The lanky kid was sitting on the back seat when the car halted rather suddenly for a red light. A truck behind it didn't stop quite as fast and rammed into the back of the car. Loes wound up in the front seat, luckily unhurt. This was the start of what was to become one of the more hectic days in his life.

First he got to Ebbets Field to learn that Branch Rickey had just left his Montague Street office and would be there in a few minutes. That was 10 a.m. Loes began warming up even though it was raining. At 11:30 the rain had stopped but still there was no Rickey.

Loes dressed and went out to have some lunch. Returning, he put his uniform on again and began warming up. At 3 p.m. the Dodger front office called to advise that Rickey was on his way. At 4 p.m. there was

Acme



Loes was inducted into the Army in 1951, but less than a year later he was released on a dependency discharge.



The big three of the Brooklyn mound staff get some tips from manager Dressen. L. to r., Carl Erskine, Billy Loes and Joe Black. UP

another call that the Mahatma was definitely coming. At 5 p.m. Loes put on his clothes for what he thought was the last time. And at 5:45, after dallying around the park, he was walking out of Ebbets Field, presumably forever, when he bumped into a bustling Branch Rickey with the rest of the Dodger high brass strewn in his wake.

"Where are you going, son?" demanded Rickey blandly.

"Home," replied Loes.

Rickey turned him around and 15 minutes later Clyde Sukeforth, former Dodger coach, was warming him up.

Rickey watched for a while and squirmed. There was something evidently bothering him. Finally he popped out of his box seat, strode out to the mound and advised Loes, "You're not throwing your change-up correctly. Throw it this way." And Rickey's beat-up and gnarled old catcher's fingers gripped the ball instructively.

Loes threw it "that way" and has been throwing it "that way" since—effectively, too.

After the workout Rickey refused to name a bonus figure, and Loes and his advisers, with the trip to Cleveland in mind, weren't impressed by the Dodger boss's vague rhetoric. Finally Rickey said, "Come to my office tomorrow." Loes's answer was, "I won't come unless you make me a definite offer. I'm leaving for Cleveland tomorrow, anyway."

If Loes expected to get any sleep the following morning he was disappointed. At 6 a.m. his phone rang. It was a couple of Rickey's hired hands telling

him to hold up on his trip to Cleveland. Two hours later Honey Russell, scouting the area for the Boston Braves, also phoned with a "don't-do-it" plea. An hour later Rickey's men were on the phone again. "Grab a cab and bring your father with you down to the Dodger offices."

Loes did. Rickey's persuasiveness brought Loes into the Dodger fold for a total of \$22,500, then an all-time Dodger bonus high. It wasn't until some time afterward that Loes learned the Indians had been prepared to offer him \$40,000.

As Loes shook hands over the deal, after affixing his signature to a Class B contract (he played with Nashua in the New England League in his first year) he felt obliged to say something appropriate. "Don't worry, Mr. Rickey," he proclaimed. "You'll get your money back the first time I pitch."

Rickey had reason to remember that remark two years later. A bonus player, Loes, under the then-current rules, had to remain with the Dodgers all through the 1950 season, unless they wanted to send him down to a minor-league club and run the risk of losing him through the unrestricted draft. Burt Shotton, then the Dodger manager, took a dim view of Loes and regarded him as just so much excess baggage; a category in which he had also pigeon-holed Paul Minner, a left-hander who was later to prove effective with the Cubs.

Loes sat around for a solid month without seeing so much as an inning of action. Then with the Dodgers trailing the Cardinals, 6 to 0 one (→ TO PAGE 57)



those terrific trojans

Perennial champions in college track and field,

they apparently hold an invincible power over all rivals. Crack runners, jumpers, weight-men, have brought USC 15 national titles in 20 years **by chuck sexauer**



LAST June in Berkeley, California, the University of Southern California Trojans won the NCAA track and field meet, emblematic of the national championship, with a total of 66 7/12 points. This was more than twice as many points as the 24 1/3 scored by second-place San Jose State. Furthermore, the men who scored nearly all of USC's points are in action again this season, which means that the Trojans virtually have cinched another NCAA championship.

But this NCAA victory stirred up no unusual excitement on the highly-congested Los Angeles campus of USC. As a matter of fact, eyebrows are raised only when a USC track team does *not* bring home the national championship. This is understandable inasmuch as statistics show that since 1930 the Trojans have entered 20 NCAA meets, and have finished first 15 times and second the other five times. USC has won every Pacific Coast Conference meet in which it has competed since 1929. The Trojans won the last seven IC4-A meets they entered until they resigned from that affiliation after the 1939 season. Since 1930, they have lost only two dual meets.

But in the early 1920's it was quite a different situation. There is an anecdote concerning the obscurity of the USC track team in 1924, the first year the Trojans entered the IC4-A meet.

The event was held in Boston, and a number of the teams, including USC and Johns Hopkins, were housed in the historic Lenox Hotel. A Southern member of the Johns Hopkins team met a member of the USC team in the hotel lobby, and as they exchanged greetings, the Johns Hopkins athlete noticed the initials "USC" on the belt buckle of the Trojan athlete, and asked with honest surprise, "How did you all get in the IC4-A when you're from the United States Cavalry?"

The very next year the Trojans won the IC4-A meet. The following year they repeated.

Today, USC is the natural outlet for what has become the nation's most fertile track and field feeding ground of Southern California. The Southern California climate is ideal for outdoor track events and nowhere else in the country do participants and fans show such an avid interest in them. There is an abundance of capable coaching material to lay a sound foundation in track fundamentals. Elementary and secondary schools of California stress track and field activities in their physical education programs, thus insuring, perennially, high-caliber competition.

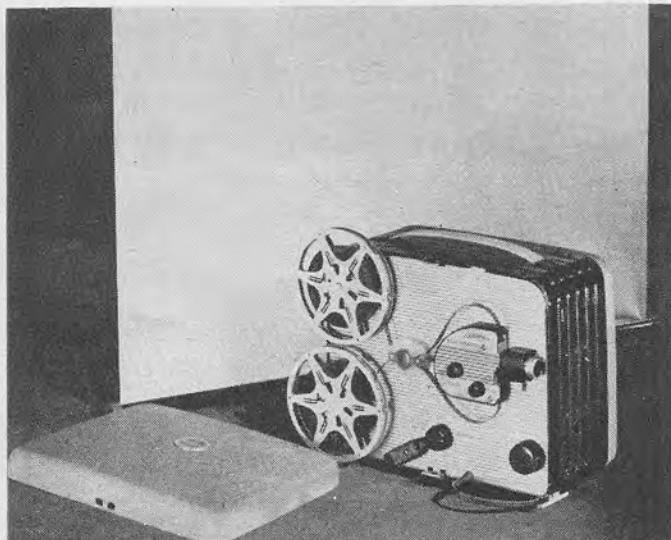
USC thoroughly capitalizes on these geographical and political advantages. Noted for its school of physical education—which annually produces a crop of well-trained coaches who assume positions in high schools and junior colleges and, in turn, act as able ambassadors, referring their promising (→ TO PAGE 76)

Illustration by Carol Johnson

Collection of champions on Southern Cal's 1953 team includes hurdle stars Jack Davis (upper left) and Willard Wright (upper right), Olympic title-holders Parry O'Brien, shot put, Sim Iness, discus, 440-yard sprinter Jim Lea.

WHAT'S NEW IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

For your convenience, here is a selection of the most interesting items SPORT found on its special springtime shopping tour of the nation's top sporting goods and department stores. There's something for all here



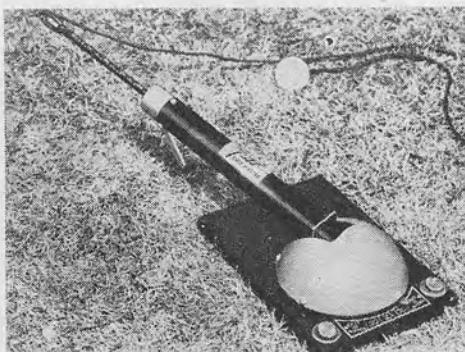
A Kodak package: single knob control Brownie projector and beaded screen. Easy to operate. Both for about \$71.50. Available at all camera shops.



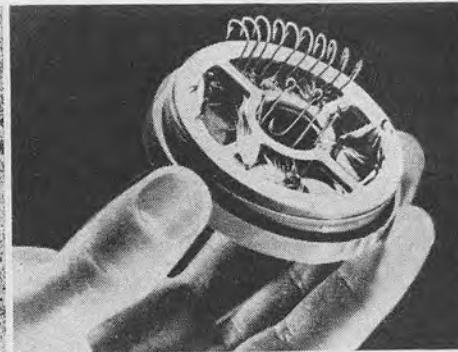
Especially designed for Little Leaguers—new series of Louisville Slugger autographed bats. Prices range from 50c to \$2.70 for all oil-tempered bats.



Mediterranean briar is featured from bowl to mouth-piece in this meerschaum-lined pipe. \$12.50. Kaywoodie Pipe Co., 6400 Broadway, West New York, New Jersey.



Improve your game at home with Golf Master. Machine registers yards, loft, direction. Has golf instruction book. \$18.95. Voit Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif.



Magnetic fly bin holds over 70 flies and hooks. Built-in hone. Safe, secure to use. \$1.95. Newmeyer Prod., Dept 92T, 506 Washington Av., Allentown, Pa.



Chris-Craft's 10' utility racing pram has many uses—as duck boat, for fishing, boating, speed racing. Can do over 40 m.p.h. with 10 h.p. engine attached. Comes in kit form, can be assembled at home. \$96, from Chris-Craft, Algonac, Mich.



Hi-Lo camping unit: four lightweight folding stools made of canvas and steel. Convenient for hunting, fishing trips. It's \$7.95 a set. Available at all stores.



An electric shaver that uses ordinary flashlight batteries. Ideal for camping trips. \$29.95. From Merit Home Products, 107 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



A sturdy carry-all for golfers. It only weighs 4 ounces, holds up to 8 clubs. \$4.75. From Del-Mel Co., Dept. Sp., 237 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, New York.



Compact, easy-to-handle, this picnic kit is of value to sportsmen. Complete service for 4. \$11.95. From Walco Products, 2300 W. 49 Street, Chicago 9, Illinois.



Synchro-dyned golf clubs introduced by Spalding. All have identical contact feel and ease. Four Bobby Jones woods (shown above) cost \$75 at all shops.

STATISTICS TELL THE STORY

It's no surprise that Stan Musial leads today's batters in lifetime totals, or that Bob Feller holds most pitching records. But look at Bobo Newsom's marks

By ALLAN ROTH

ONLY two pitchers in modern major-league history have struck out more than 2,500 batters, but a third may be added before this season is over. Bob Feller started the present campaign with a lifetime total of 2,419. If he can duplicate his 1952 figure of 81, he'll hit the 2,500 mark right on the nose. The two who exceed that total are Walter Johnson (3,497) and Christy Mathewson (2,505). Per innings pitched, Feller has the top strikeout record, though: 6.46 per nine-inning game. Rapid Robert is also only 11 games away from 250 victories. Bobo Newsom, now in his 26th year of pro ball, has pitched the most innings of any active player, 3,719. He ranks second to Feller in games won and leads, with 221, in games lost. He is the only pitcher ever to lead the league in losses four times (for four different clubs, too). Dutch Leonard leads active pitchers in number of games appeared in, 595.

In the batting section, the prominent figure is Stan Musial. Although he is not near the leaders in games played (his total is 1,524 prior to this season), Stan has compiled exceptional totals in most departments. He

leads in runs scored, lifetime (1,149), hits (2,023), doubles (415), triples (133) and batting percentage (.3462). He is fourth in RBI's (1,014) and fifth in homers (227). If Ted Williams were still active, however, Musial would not have such dominant lifetime totals. Ted's average is .3467, a fraction higher than Musial's. Ted also would be the leader in runs scored with 1,275, and would be well ahead of Stan in homers and runs-batted-in. The active pace-setter in the slugging department is Johnny Mize. He leads in homers (355) and RBI's (1,310), is second in games, runs, hits and doubles. Big Jawn's homer total is the sixth highest in the all-time records. He needs only five more to tie Joe DiMaggio for fifth. Musial is the only active player with over 2,000 hits, but he may have company before the current season closes. Mize needs only 15 to reach 2,000 and Enos Slaughter needs 79. Chances are, though, that Country will get there first since he plays regularly. Cub manager Phil Cavarretta started this season with the same total hits as Slaughter, but his chances are slim, as he sees limited action these days.

The Tables Below Show the Leaders in Lifetime Major League Totals Prior to the 1953 Season (Active Major-Leaguers only)

	FIRST		SECOND		THIRD		FOURTH		FIFTH	
PITCHING										
GAMES	Leonard	595	Newsom	583	Feller	482	Newhouser	453	Dobson	389
Innings pitched	Newsom	3719	Feller	3371	Leonard	3157	Newhouser	2922	Wynn	2206
Strikeouts	Feller	2419	Newsom	2066	Newhouser	1764	Reynolds	1237	Leonard	1143
Walks	Newsom	1708	Feller	1611	Newhouser	1219	Reynolds	1134	Wynn	857
Won	Feller	239	Newsom	209	Newhouser	200	Leonard	189	Reynolds	156
Lost	Newsom	221	Leonard	178	Newhouser	147	Feller	144	Hudson	139
Percentage*	Maglie	.744	Raschi	.709	Wilks	.663	Erskine	.646	Parnell	.638
ERA**	Maglie	2.81	Garcia	2.88	Brecheen	2.91	Lanier	2.94	Newhouser	3.037
									Spahn	3.041
BATTING										
GAMES	Cavarretta	1926	Mize	1803	Slaughter	1677	Nicholson	1639	Marion	1569
At Bat	Cavarretta	6571	Mize	6339	Slaughter	6283	Vernon	5861	Musial	5844
Runs	Musial	1149	Mize	1112	DiMaggio	1046	Slaughter	1007	Cavarretta	965
Hits	Musial	2023	Mize	1985	Cavarretta	1921	Slaughter	1921	DiMaggio	1679
Doubles	Musial	415	Mize	364	Cavarretta	338	Slaughter	332	Vernon	319
Triples	Musial	133	Slaughter	126	Cavarretta	99	Mize	83	Vernon	79
Home runs	Mize	355	Kiner	294	Nicholson	233	Stephens	231	Musial	227
Runs batted in	Mize	1310	Stephens	1090	Slaughter	1059	Musial	1014	Nicholson	932
Stolen Bases	Reese	175	J. Robinson	149	Rizzuto	132	Vernon	130	Ashburn	100
Percentage	Musial	.3462	J. Robinson	.318	Mitchell	.317	Mize	.313	DiMaggio	100
									McCosky	.3124
									Kell	.3119

Ted Williams, on the National Defense Service List of the Boston Red Sox, ranks with the leaders in the following departments: Runs—1275 (1st), Hits—1767 (5th), 2B—366 (2nd), HR—324 (2nd), RBI—1264 (2nd), Pct.—.3467 (1st)

* Only pitchers with at least 50 victories considered

** Only pitchers who have worked at least 750 innings considered

WE MURDER THE COACH IN Seattle

The University of Washington is the victim of a strange malady—Rose Bowl fever. Win, lose or draw, they always fire the coach

By JOE MILLER

Seattle, Washington is a great place to live in. We have mountains, magnificent lakes and ocean bays right at the city limits. We win awards for being the cleanest, healthiest, most beautiful city in all America. Senator Kefauver put his stamp of approval on our town. But we do have one little quirk. We like to make life miserable for the football coaches at the University of Washington. We boo them publicly, write them anonymous letters, cut them dead on the street, and finally when they are fired—as they all are eventually—we cut another notch in our belts and howl with wolfish glee.

Howie Odell can tell you about us. We've just fired the personable, intelligent coach who came to Washington from Yale five years ago, after he had compiled a won-seven, lost-three record and piloted a mediocre team, riddled with injuries, to third place in the Pacific Coast Conference last year. Odell's fine effort had earned him the job as head coach for the West in the annual San Francisco Shrine classic. But that wasn't good enough for Seattle. We've fired every coach who's ever been at Washington, even "Gloomy Gil" Dobie, who in nine years (1908-16) never lost a game! Jim Phelan called it when he said, "Seattle is the worst town in America for a football coach." Irish Jim spent 12 perilous years at Washington's helm, longest life span of any Husky coach, and he should know. Maybe you're wondering what makes us that way in Seattle? If you put us on a psychiatrist's couch, we'd probably start muttering about roses. "We never get any roses!" We simply want to go to the Rose Bowl. In 40 years, we've gone only four times.

USC has received the Pasadena bid 11 times, Stanford eight, and California seven in the same period. Smaller Oregon and Washington State, whom we consider, "second class opponents," have gone twice, and so has UCLA, a conference come-lately. The reason our failure to win the Rose Bowl hurts so bad is because we've tried so hard. Lord knows, we've tried everything but importing the Cleveland Browns en masse to get a championship at Washington. Our alums have scoured the nation for gridiron talent; we've been fined record amounts by the Coast conference "purity coders" for our enthusiastic scouting methods, and have been accused by national



UP



UP



INP

"Irish" Jim Phelan (right) got the axe after 12 years of coaching the Huskies. Howie Odell (left) was the most recent victim. "Cowboy" John Cherberg (center) is now on the spot as Washington's head coach.

magazines of running a "football factory" at Washington. We've wasted all kinds of time and money in the frantic search for a winner. But so far we're still in the class of the ugly duckling, "always a bridesmaid, never a bride."

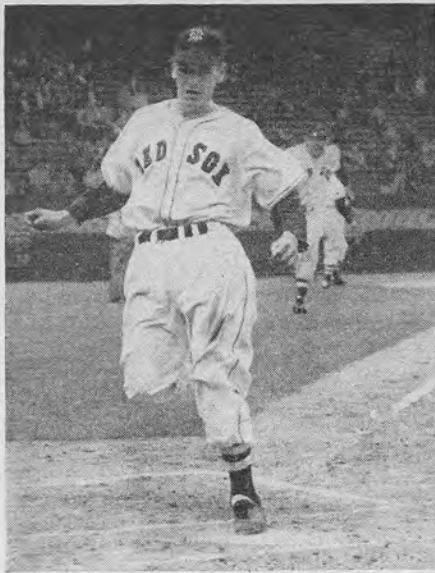
We had a "perfect coach" once, a man by the name of Gilmour Dobie. But we even fired him. Our university president didn't like the morose Scot, so "Gloomy Gil" went to Cornell where he turned out those Big Red powerhouses for so many seasons.

In 1948, Howard Odell left behind a fine six-year record at Yale to take over the Huskies, then floundering deep in the conference second division, because he said he wanted to be in the toughest possible spot in the profession. Five years later he says, "Now I know I was."

In 1948, Odell's bad luck began. He was taken seriously ill and the rudderless Huskies lost seven games. In 1949, they won three and lost seven. Despite the poor season, Washington fans were excited by the spectacular brand of offensive football exhibited by the Odell teams. Long used to stodgy, plunge-punt stuff, Howie's T-formation, Harry the Hipster passes, and quick openers rocked them out of their seats. So many attendance records were smashed that the U enlarged the stadium.

Next year it looked as if Howie was out of the woods. Washington won eight and narrowly lost to powerful Illinois and California. They came within six feet of reaching the Rose Bowl when Cal stopped a TD on the two-yard line. Had they scored, Washington would have received the long awaited call to Pasadena. In 1951 the team had a bad time of it after Don Heinrich, their big star, suffered a shoulder separation that benched him for the duration. They won three, dropped six, including a 20-20 tie with powerful UCLA. Odell never alibied. He merely commented, "It's all in the game" when Heinrich was hurt. In 1952 when the Huskies achieved a 7-3 record with a mediocre team, it looked as if Howie was a cinch to finish out his contract, but on December 16, Odell broke the news that he had gotten the axe because of personal differences with Athletic Director Harvey Cassill.

Freshman coach John Cherberg is Odell's successor. He is ready, willing and able for the job but he, too, must compete with Seattle's hungry wolves.



Calvin Campbell

1. Ex-batting champ Billy Goodman was a full-time regular for Red Sox for the first time in 1952. At what position?



UP

2. True or false: Bobby Shantz, the man with thin blond hair (above), led A's to the first division in '52.



INP

3. *Above:* I am a Pittsburgh boy who was almost heavyweight champ. I once held the light-heavyweight title. Who am I?

THE SPORT QUIZ



GUEST CONDUCTOR: Jim Leaming, who broadcasts from Philadelphia, is MC of Mutual's coast-to-coast "Sports Parade"

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 68

UP



4. The way a baseball diamond is laid out, all of home plate is in fair territory. What about first and third? Are these bases in fair or foul ground?

5. In a tennis contest there is a set, a match and a game. Can you unscramble them into their proper order, from the smallest to final phase of a contest?

6. Connie Mack served the most years as a manager, 50, and Bucky Harris has the third longest tenure, 26 years. Who is second? He managed for 31 years.

7. True or false: Young Al Mengert won an upset victory in last year's National Amateur golf championship, beating veteran Jack Westland.

8. Which of the following first-basemen are left-handed fielders? (A) Ferris Fain, (B) Whitey Lockman, (C) Luke Easter, (D) Ted Kluszewski.

9. What does the "500" in the Indianapolis auto racing classic stand for? Is it the number of laps, number of miles or number of competitors in the race?

10. What is the present world record for the javelin throw (pictured at left)? (A) 186 feet, (B) 258, (C) 327, (D) 303 feet, nine inches.

Loes on the Loose

(Continued from page 49)

afternoon, before a chilled Ladies' Day crowd of 14,000 in Ebbets Field, Shotton decided to let Loes prove his crack about re-paying Rickey the first time he got to pitch.

Joe Hatten and Erv Palica had been slammed around pretty badly when Loes came in to face the Cardinals. It was as though some hasheesh devotee had written the script for this one. Whom would you name as the worst possible batter for a rookie to face the first time he threw a ball in the major leagues? Right! And whom did Loes face? Right again! At least Loes had enough sense to walk Stan Musial rather than give him anything good to swing at.

He wasn't so smart, however, with Johnny Lindell, the next batter. Lindell hit one into the seats. Loes now had a perfect major-league record going—two batters, two runs.

Enos Slaughter flied out to Duke Snider and then came a couple of walks to Marty Marion and Red Schoendienst. Del Rice provided Loes with his first major-league strikeout, but while pitching to the Cards' catcher Loes committed a balk. Then Howie Pollet, the Cards' starting pitcher grounded out and Loes' first inning in the majors was now an unpleasant memory. The balk was to be recalled rather vividly on the same mound, under slightly different circumstances, two and one-half years later.

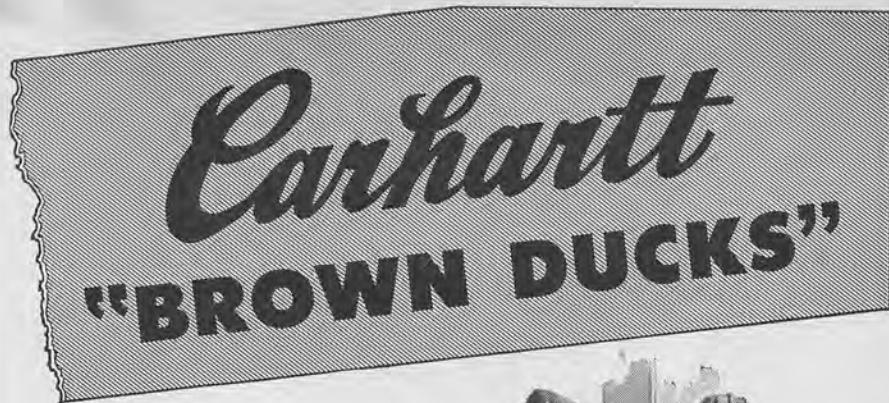
The next inning Loes pitched wasn't much better. He gave up two more walks but a double play got him off the hook. Musial got the second walk but Loes threw out Lindell to end the inning. The following inning Tommy Brown pinch-hit for Loes and Billy's major-league debut was over.

If anyone remembered Loes's remark about, "getting your money back, etc." no one mentioned it to Rickey. It was a weird day, all right. In the last two innings the Dodgers came up with four- and five-run innings to win the game, 9 to 8, with Tommy Glaviano obliging with three errors in the ninth frame!

By the time Loes got around to repaying some of that bonus money Rickey was gone. He had sold out at the end of the 1950 season, although disappointment in Loes wasn't the reason for his doing so. Discussing Loes at a much later date, Rickey declared, "I always figured that a good part of that bonus money I gave Loes was for publicity and advertising. I figured I was taking a chance on an average \$10,000 ballplayer."

The "\$10,000 ballplayer," after a year in the Army in a Quartermaster unit at Fort Devens, suddenly blossomed into a \$100,000 player, although he still retained most of the characteristics of the bus-riding kid from Astoria. When he reported to Vero Beach for the opening of the 1952 spring training campaign he had filled out, presumably on Army chow, but he was still the same ice-in-his-veins performer on the diamond, the same nervous high-strung, juke-box jitterbug off the field.

Roy Campanella was the first to no-



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THE BIGGEST INNING IN BASEBALL

THE season of 1951 was an unhappy one for the baseball fans of Tarboro, North Carolina. Having just had two bad seasons in a row, the Tarboro club—a Coastal Plain League farm club (Class D) of the Philadelphia Athletics—had enjoyed a wonderfully successful spring training exhibition schedule, only to sink right back into the cellar when the regular season began. The A's decided it was time for them to get out—and they announced they were giving up Tarboro. Aroused fans, promising to buy up a given number of season-tickets, prevailed upon the A's to keep the team going—but it was too late. The league directors, eager to have an even number of teams, voted Tarboro out. But before the club disbanded, the fans were treated—exposed, is a better word—to a sight that made the 1951 baseball season permanently imprinted on their minds.

It happened the night of June 2, with Tarboro playing a home game against Wilson. Joe Antolick, the visiting team's manager, had previously managed Tarboro, and there was a friendly but hot rivalry between the clubs. Tarboro fans always cherished a win over Antolick.

The two clubs played on fairly even terms until the fifth inning, when Tarboro came to bat. Bill Carr, the first man up, lined a double. Milburn Felton reached first on an error and Carr went to third. Manager Joe Rullo came through with a single; Carr scored the first Tarboro run. Manager Antolick of Wilson brought in a new pitcher but Johnny Wolfe of Tarboro hit a grounder which the second-baseman booted, and Felton scored, with Rullo going to third. Jim Stevens walked and the hitting vendetta continued when Ray Shiffner doubled. Again, Antolick produced a new pitcher. By this time, with four runs in and nobody out, the local fans could smell blood. The league doormat was getting some sweet revenge and the home folks were enjoying every bit of it.

The new pitcher walked the first man to face him, Bob Brown. Russ Hand, Tarboro's catcher, also walked. There were only 400 fans in the stands but when Tom Davis, the Tarboro pitcher, smacked a solid single to score runs six and seven, they could be heard for miles. Bill Carr, who had started it all off, loaded the bases by walking. Antolick waved in another pitcher, his fourth. By this time, the Tarboro fans were really having themselves a ball, but what had gone before was nothing compared with what was to come. Felton slammed a base-clearing double to make the score 10-0 and manager Rullo scored run No. 11 with another double. Johnny Wolfe, swinging from his heels, blasted a home run to make it 13-0. And still nobody out! But at least, manager Antolick reflected as he surveyed the carnage, nobody was on base. However, that condition was soon remedied. Stevens tripled, Shiffner singled and Brown walked. Antolick, desperate, put himself in to pitch. The hapless manager couldn't find the plate at first and when he did, Bill Carr knocked his pitch over the fence for a grand-slam homer. Moments later, run 21 scored and not an out had been recorded. In fact, 25 batters came to the plate before Wilson retired a man. The inning dragged on and so did Wilson's agony. Before the third out, 24 runs were scored by Tarboro, seven pitchers were used by Wilson and the fans were all dizzy. A number of records for organized baseball were set. Among them were the run total for one inning, number of batters in one inning (29), number of batters before an out was made (25). Bill Carr set three records by scoring four runs himself, getting three hits and driving in seven runs. The final score of that unforgettable evening of baseball (?) was 31-4.

LEWIS HEILBRONER

tice something different. "This kid has the liveliest ball in camp," chuckled Roy. "He's going to help us this year."

The "help" started the first couple of days after the opening of the season. He pitched against the Giants and beat them in five innings of sparkling relief. Then he had two more victories in relief. Then he shut out Pittsburgh. In his first three starts he gave up only one run. After five straight victories the Giants finally beat him on May 28. The \$2,500 had been repaid.

At the beginning of this winning streak Loes was the subject of what was undoubtedly the most unusual interview in the history of the Dodgers. With Ralph Branca and Clem Labine faltering, Dressen announced that Loes would make his first major-league start May 15 in a night game with the Pirates at Ebbets Field. A reporter approached Loes and asked for his comment on his promotion.

"So?" was Billy's rejoinder.

The Dodgers might have won without Loes last year but it would have been mighty tough going. He had nine victories before July ended and he wound up with as many shutouts as anyone on the club.

On the same mound where Rickey had showed him how to throw the change-up, Loes got his first taste of World Series competition, oddly enough relieving Carl Erskine, who has just about the best change-up in the business. Erskine didn't have much of anything that gray day, in the second game of the 1952 World Series in Ebbets Field, a fact which can be traced partly to a freak pre-game accident. Carl waiting to warm up had fallen off a rickety ladder in the Dodger clubhouse while climbing up to look out of a window to see whether it was still raining.

Loes' World Series baptism was almost as rough as his major-league debut against the Cards two years earlier. Bases were loaded when Billy relieved Erskine. Joe Collins, the Yankee first baseman, got on safely when Gil Hodges dropped Jackie Robinson's throw trying for a double play.

Then to add to Hodges' woes, and Loes', Gil McDougald beat out a bunt down the first-base line. Two runs were home and there were still two runners on. Billy Martin took care of that by bashing a homer into the left-field seats. That irritated Loes to the point where he fanned Vic Raschi and Hank Bauer to retire the side.

Loes' real Series tribulations were still to come. He was the starter and loser in the sixth game, the one enabling the Yankees to tie it up and go on to win the world championship the following day.

Loes gave up nine hits and three runs in 8 1/3 innings. He got a hit himself and got into the act further by stealing second base on his own with two out in the seventh inning. He also committed a monstrous balk during the Yankees' two-run seventh, a balk that sent a belly-laugh roaring from Brooklyn to the furthest reaches of the coaxial cable. A balk may not seem like a laughing matter but this particular balk, only the ninth in 50 years of World Series competition, was funny. At least it LOOKED funny.

After Yogi Berra slammed a lead-off homer to break the ice for the Yankees at the start of the seventh, Gene Woodling banged a ground-hugger right back at the mound. The ball went skidding into the outfield for a single. With Irv Noren at bat, Loes wound up for the one-an'-one pitch.

As his arm reached its highest point in the wind-up the ball squirted out of his hand like a sliver of wet soap, fluttered in the air, and then plopped foolishly on the red dirt of the mound. It was the balkiest balk ever seen in Ebbets Field and it led to a run, because two outs later, when Vic Raschi singled off Loes' knee Woodling scored from second.

"I lost the ball in the sun," Loes explained the hit. "I put up my hand to protect my face and the next thing I knew the ball was bouncing off my knee."

That was the game that wound up as a homer duel. Duke Snider hit a couple, but they weren't enough. Mickey Mantle belted the deciding one off Billy in the eighth inning.

The record book doesn't go in for such esoteric information as World Series balks but a student, combing through all the box scores of the fall classics, uncovered the information that Billy's was the first since those committed by Bob Lemon and Satchel Paige in 1948. Loes is in some pretty good company, though—pitchers like Tex Carleton, Herman Bell, Vic Aldrige and Slim Sallee, to name some of them.

Apart from his full slice of the World Series melon, October, 1952, was a month that Loes, and the Dodgers would just as soon forget. Loes got off on the wrong foot by picking the Yankees to win the Series in six games. He wasn't speaking for publication, and undoubtedly it was in jest, but he certainly knew the fellows to whom he was talking were reporters. One of them, having a coke with Dressen later, advised Charley he'd better straighten out the young man. This time Dressen made certain his remarks got through to Billy. Then came the Series and two weeks later the unpleasant non-sports headlines when Loes was named in a paternity suit.

Some major-league performers are destined to live out their careers practically as hermits, almost totally hidden in the small print of the daily box scores. They get their hits or pick up their victories in sufficient number to stay in the majors for any number of years but they're slim material for headlines. Most of them don't mind the anonymity.

Others are slated to attract the big black type if they do nothing more than clear their throats at the wrong time. The attention Billy Loes has attracted never sprang from anything as mild as this, needless to say. But in time he may mellow. He's only 23.

— ■ —

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The Unpredictable Bobby Thomson

(Continued from page 21)

how a guy hits the ball. But the surprising thing is that almost everybody brings up the subject of temperament when the talk gets around to Thomson.

Mel Ott said it first. On a Western trip in Thomson's first full summer with the Giants (1947), Ott sat around gabbing with newsmen in a train roomette one night. Somebody asked him what he thought of the rookie, Thomson.

"Seems to have it all, doesn't he?" Ott said. "But you watch him. He doesn't concentrate enough. The game starts and he's in it. First guy gets out. The kid relaxes a little. Then the pitcher throws a couple of balls to the next hitter. Thomson relaxes some more. I don't know what he thinks of, maybe what he's going to have for dinner or maybe the movie he saw last week. But, anyway, by the third inning he's dead asleep out there. If a ball's hit his way, he gets a bad break on it. He's daydreaming. Sometimes I think he's really, literally asleep."

Ott worked on Thomson that year and half of the next. Then when Leo Durocher took over the club in July of 1948, he continued to build a fire under Bobby's complacency. Leo's theory is that things came a little too easy for the Staten Island, New York, Scot, who, by turns, has made life exasperating and rosy for his skipper.

Leo now is very high on Thomson and you can almost always get a rave quote from the manager on Thomson's courage, Thomson's speed, Thomson's teamwork or Thomson's arm. It hasn't always been thus.

In the middle of the 1950 season, another one of Thomson's bad years (.252 in 149 games) Durocher spent some time roasting his outfielder. "I can't understand him," Leo once said with a sigh. "There's no explaining the guy. There are times when you're willing to swear that he's the best ballplayer in the world. Next minute you're grumbling about the guy who lets you down."

On more than one occasion Leo has become so exasperated that he's benched the big guy. In that same year, 1950, Durocher asked Thomson to sit it out for a couple of days. Later Leo told newsmen that he was boiling mad. This time it was the matter of Bobby's stance at the plate. "He won't listen to advice," he said. "He won't make an effort to correct his hitting. You can't do a thing with him. He has a one-track mind. Everyone has tried to help him, but it's no use. Herman Franks has him out in the morning working with him. But his timing is off. He hasn't made an effort to change. He hasn't tried to move around to overcome the cause of his slump. He won't listen to anybody on this club."

Thomson didn't change that year. From the time he came into the big league he had been hitting in a straight-up, open-legged stance, similar to DiMaggio's, though Bobby says it was only a coincidence that they were alike. Durocher insisted that the stance was incorrect for him. Thomson continued to stand up. After all, he argued, he once hit .309 that way.

In 1951, the year of the Cinderella team, Thomson was still in there with the straight up-and-down stance. After a while, Leo simply got tired of talking about it. In June he benched Thomson again, quite a slap in the face for a

long-ball hitter.

The Giants were in Chicago and they were due to take the long train ride to Boston, where they were to play an exhibition game with the Red Sox for the benefit of the Hearst papers' hospitalized veterans fund. Thomson wasn't in a gay mood when he reached the compartment he was to share aboard the Lake Shore Limited with his roommate, Whitey Lockman. The Chicago sportswriters had been pretty rough in their stories, all of them wanting to know what was the matter with him.

Lockman had fortified himself for the long trip to Boston with the Chicago newspapers and a couple of magazines. He threw them all aside except one which he opened to the sporting section.

"Did you read this?" he asked Bobby. "I'm not reading papers these days," Thomson said.

"It's about you," said Lockman. "Let me read it to you."

"Don't bother," Thomson said, looking out the train window.

Lockman read it aloud anyway. It was old stuff for Thomson, old stuff for Lockman, too. It said that if Thomson changed his stance, bent over a little, perhaps he'd come out of the slump. It was argued that his strike zone would be shortened and he'd get better balls to hit.

Thomson said nothing. Lockman sat for a minute and then said, "Might not be a bad idea for you to try it."

"There's nothing wrong with the way I stand," snapped Bobby. "Leave me alone."

Fortunately for Thomson, Lockman didn't leave him alone. He "got on him," as they say in the trade, and their conversation for the rest of the 24-hour trip consisted of monologue by Lockman on the benefits of the crouch.

By the time the team detrained at the Back Bay Station in Boston, Lockman was hoarse and Thomson was convinced, well, almost convinced. At any rate, in the exhibition game that night, Bobby bent a little in the middle. He got two hits. And he hasn't stood straight at the plate since then. By the end of the season, when he powdered the homer which blew up the Dodgers in the ninth inning of the third playoff

game, he was crouching in such marked fashion that he looked like Stan Musial hitting from the right side.

Possibly because of the crouch, Thomson started to hit, late in 1951, the way Giant fans once dreamed he would. He hit .399 down the stretch and pounded the Giants to the pennant. It looked as if at long last the star had arrived.

Frank Conniff, the columnist, a Giant diehard, summed it up this way: "Something happened to Bobby over the last half of the insane season of 1951. He suddenly took fire and, moved to a strange position in the infield, started to make the big plays and apply wood to ball when faced by a crucial situation at bat . . . Thomson finally has come awake and grasped the facts of competitive baseball life. . . . I doubt if he'll ever again fall asleep, literally and figuratively, now that he's tasted the fruits of success."

Thomson himself recalls that hot stretch as very pleasant indeed. "I can't explain it," he said recently, "but that was my best stretch. I didn't think of concentrating, but boy, was I concentrating all the time! It just came naturally. When I would get up there, I didn't think of the stands or the other players. It was just two of us in the park, me and the pitcher."

"And I don't think, particularly, that the new stance I picked up had anything to do with it. Hitting is a matter of the mind, anyway. Once you get that confidence you get your hits no matter how you're standing."

Another theory advanced to explain Bobby's waking up that year points to his switch to third base in mid-season. Not that he is a particularly dazzling third-baseman. He hasn't the natural equipment for that. He doesn't have the flow or the rhythm of the real good ones. He is stiff-armed and stiff-legged. While his remarkable reflexes have enabled him to make some breathtaking plays at third, as Bobby himself says, his legs are built for playing center field where he can go and get them.

"But what happened really," one of his teammates said the following spring, "was that Bobby couldn't let his attention wander in the infield. It's as much a matter of self-preservation as anything. If you're not paying attention at third, you better have a pretty big insurance policy. Bobby was in on every play and made himself alert. His fielding helped his hitting and his hitting helped his fielding. He was real alert. He became a real holler guy after making that switch."

Last year Thomson picked up where he left off at the tail end of 1951. But somewhere along the line, he says, his confidence left him and he wound up with a .270 hitting mark and he had several long sessions of slumping. Once Leo benched him. The fans began to boo him. This raised the ire of some of the writers, most of whom pull for the big guy. They thought this was a bad shake.

"Here is a guy," wrote one of the reporters, "who is the best third-baseman on the club and also the best center-fielder. He will drive in more than 100. He has supported the club when it needed him. Should he close the season as he opened, another pennant is no mirage. But Thomson is booed. He is learning he can't be a hero part of the time. The role is permanent."

Thomson, who is shy and often deprecates his own role, has never complained. He has taken the good days with the bad, the hot seasons with the cold. Over the winter he married Elaine



"He loaded with class—Class D!"

Coley and the young couple, after a honeymoon in Bermuda, set up house-keeping in a rented house in Staten Island. Thomson was puttering around there recently when the reporter called. Thomson was asked if there were anything to the rumble that he didn't concentrate on his game.

"There may be something to it," he said, and he indicated that he had given the matter a good deal of thought. "Maybe my concentration hasn't always been 100 per cent. But I wonder if anybody's is 100 per cent. Naturally, the guy who concentrates is a better hitter than the la-de-la guy. But I've worked hard. I've been conscientious. Nobody can say that I haven't put out.

"In hitting, it's not the question of how you look, but how you feel. Sometimes a guy can over-study. Hitting is a matter of timing. Those times when I was reluctant to change my stance, I was trying to work myself out of it. I had been brought up to work out of a slump. I think slumps are as much mental as they are physical."

Thomson tapped the side of his head. "Hitting is all up here, anyway. If I can get it into my mind to hit, I'll be okay no matter how I stand. I'm not stubborn or anything. What am I supposed to do? Listen to any joker who comes along with advice? If I did I'd have 18,000 advisers."

Bobby also has a theory that the reputation that's followed him as a sleep-walker has been built up by repetition. One guy writes it in the newspaper, somebody else picks it up and soon all the fans believe it, he claims. "I sometimes don't understand you writers," he said. "One writes that a shortstop can't go to his right. Pretty soon all the papers have it. Then you hear it around the league. In reality, the guy probably can go to his right as well as anybody. We ballplayers laugh at this kind of stuff. Sometimes we sit in the clubhouse reading these learned articles and just laugh our heads off."

Thomson admitted that he might spend too much time analyzing himself. This leads to worrying about what he's doing wrong and he finds himself slumping again.

What does the future hold for him? "I don't see why I can't bust out, say this year. I feel fine. I think I have the old confidence. And I got a wonderful bride. She's wonderful. And you know the old baseball saying that marriage adds 50 points to a guy's hitting average. That wouldn't be bad," he said with a wink.

Giant followers agree that this wouldn't be bad at all. They are very high on Thomson most of the time and they have enshrined him for the homer that gave them their first pennant in 14 years. But they would love to see him become the All-American super-star, the Joe DiMaggio, the Stan Musial, the Ty Cobb of their dreams.

They must feel as his mother, a delightful, rosy-cheeked little lady, who calls her Glasgow burr a "Scotch tongue," did once. This was in spring training at Phoenix, Arizona, last year and Thomson was having a little trouble, early in the exhibition grind, hitting the long ball. The Giants had played six games and Thomson had yet to hit a homer. Then against the Cubs he blasted a beauty.

Back at the hotel, somebody went up to Mrs. Thomson and told her of Bobby's clout.

"Well," she said, looking up casually, "it's about time."



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RING MEASURING STRIP — CUT OUT

America's Greatest High School Athlete

(Continued from page 19)

the all-state squad. No one could ignore him.

"He runs like a wild horse," says his coach, Abe Smith. "The only way to bring him to earth is to gang-tackle him."

In football Milt draws on the tremendous speed that has made him the swiftest schoolboy hurdler in the country. He first caught the eye of non-Jersey residents last year when his track coach, Hal Bruguere, decided to enter him in the National AAU Interscholastics at Madison Square Garden.

"Milt wasn't satisfied merely to be entered in the running high jump and 60-yard hurdles in the high school meet in the afternoon," Bruguere said. "He asked me whether he could compete in the senior hurdles at night as well. It was okay with me. In the afternoon, Milt won both the high jump at six-two and the hurdles with a record-tying 7.6. He wasn't exactly fresh that night, but he went on to take third in the senior hurdles which were won by Harrison Dillard."

On February 14 of this year, Campbell virtually dwarfed his previous marks in the AAU Interscholastics in defense of his two titles. Milt brought cheers from the Garden crowd as he clipped four-tenths of a second off his time in the 60-yard hurdles with a record-breaking 7.2. In the high jump he leaped six feet, three inches, just a half-inch short of the meet record.

What made Campbell's performances even more impressive was the fact that most of his training indoors was done in the corridors of Plainfield High. With the library doors open, there is a 100-yard straightaway down one corridor. Of course, there's no guarantee that a slow-stopping runner won't land in a row of Shakespeare or even the librarian's lap. Milt has avoided going into the library at all times. His teachers wish he would drop in once in a while between track meets. Although he's not a good student, Milt has never flunked a subject and definitely plans to attend college. Coach Smith, who keeps a record of such things, said representatives

of 57 colleges had contacted Campbell or the coaches at Plainfield before he started his final semester. Right now it looks like Indiana University is No. 1 on Milt's preference list.

Abe Smith coaches wrestling in addition to football and though Milt has never been a regular member of the squad the young giant already is a legendary wrestler at Plainfield. Smith tells how a couple of winters ago his best heavyweight became ill on the day of a match. Milt, who is six feet three inches and weighs about 210, heard about it and decided he might be a worthy substitute. He went to his swimming coach and said he wasn't feeling well, in order to get the afternoon off. The coach excused him. Then Milt offered his services to the unknowing Smith. Smith agreed to the idea, although he warned him that his foe was unbeaten and was one of the toughest schoolboy wrestlers in the state. Milt then went out and pinned his opponent in a minute and a half. The loser later became state champion in his division.

That was Campbell's first and last official fling at wrestling. Vic Liske, the swimming coach, promptly hauled him back into the pool.

"If Milt concentrated on swimming alone, he could be an Olympic sprinter," observed Liske. "As a freshman and sophomore, he swam on the 200-yard freestyle relay team that won the state championship. As a junior, he was anchor man on the 500-yard medley relay that was named to the All-American High School squad. You never saw anyone work as hard as Milt. When he gets his big hands and feet thrashing through the water, you can't stop him."

Last winter, Milt decided to give up swimming in order to devote full time to track. But one afternoon Plainfield had an important swimming meet with Westfield High and Liske asked Milt if he would lend his strokes to further Plainfield's cause. Milt hadn't been in a pool in nearly a year but he won the 40-yard freestyle and in the process tied a 17-year-old pool record of 19.6. Later, he came through with a stunning anchor leg to spark Plainfield's winning

relay team.

If Milt hadn't gone to high school, Abe Smith believes he would have become a fighter. "We had the gloves on him a few times and he's not only terrifically coordinated and explosive with his power, but he's also fearless. You could stick him in the ring with Marciano and he wouldn't be afraid of him and I'd bet he'd give a good account of himself, too."

Jack Liddy, a former minor-leaguer who is the baseball coach at Plainfield High, feels Campbell would be a top-grade pitching prospect. "With those tremendous hands of his and that powerful body, I'd stick him in the pitcher's box," Liddy said. "I know I wouldn't want to be facing him."

Campbell has never played high school baseball or basketball because of his other sports. But Bill Brann, Plainfield basketball coach, has no doubt about his potential. Brann commented last February: "I have a six-foot seven-inch kid named Tom Young and if it weren't for Milt, Tom wouldn't be of much help to us. Milt taught him how to leap off the ground. He'd say, 'Look, you're four inches taller than I am. Watch how I get off.' Then Milt would actually dunk the ball in the basket. He convinced Young that he could do it, too. Milt's positively amazing. He'll drop by during practice, pick up the ball at midcourt and fling it with one hand right into the basket. It's hard to believe, but it seems to go in every time."

The story of how Milt got to Helsinki last summer comes under the heading of Olympic oddities. In a way, it was an accident. Track coach Bruguere was thumbing through the pages of a magazine one day last spring when he came across a story comparing Bob Mathias and Jim Thorpe. It was complete with statistics on the best performances of each. Bruguere studied them and then turned to Abe Smith, his assistant in track. "Milton can lick both those guys. Let's train him for the decathlon," he said.

Campbell jumped at the opportunity and then there began the enormous task of teaching the youngster the events about which he knew little or nothing. Milt had previously competed in the high jump, sprints, hurdles and shotput, but knew nothing about the pole vault, broad jump, discus, javelin, 400- and 1,500-meter runs, also included in the decathlon. Several college athletes and coaches from Eastern universities joined with Bruguere and Smith in tutoring Plainfield's prodigy in the various specialties. Of necessity, it was a hurry-up job.

This was no secret operation, either. It couldn't be because it was up to the town to send Campbell and Bruguere to the West Coast for the tryouts. The citizens responded even though most of them had never heard of the decathlon. Spurred by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the community raised \$1,500 to cover expenses.

Meantime, the Amateur Athletic Union was becoming more aware of the New Jersey schoolboy. Six weeks before the Olympic tryouts, Campbell was picked along with four other Americans to go to London for a series of races during Decoration Day weekend. There, at White City Stadium before a crowd of 35,000, Milt won the high hurdles and 100-meter dash.

"I guess nobody was happier than I was after Milt's victories," Bruguere said. "You see, before he took off for the London meet I'd clocked him and Milt had some wonderful times. But

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By Frank C. True

QUESTION

In a tennis match, the score stands at 15-all when the server, by mistake, serves from the left-hand court and wins the point. He then serves from the right-hand court and delivers a fault. At this point, the mistake is discovered. Is he entitled to the previous point? And from which court should he then serve?

ANSWER ON PAGE 74



when I told some of the track people about them, they scoffed and said, 'Wait until he gets up against some of the top Britishers.' Milt showed them."

After Campbell came home he competed in the New Jersey high school championships, tying a national scholastic mark of 14 seconds for the 120-yard high hurdles and setting state records of 19.2 for the 180-yard low hurdles and 6-4½ for the high jump.

When Campbell took off for the Olympic tryouts in California he was in superb condition. Few figured, though, that the eager 18-year-old had enough experience and versatility to make the Olympic team. Milt amazed the skeptics. Besides the decathlon, he actually reached the Olympic final tryouts in the hurdles and the 100-meter dash. He made the Olympic squad in the decathlon competition at Tulare, California, with a total of 7,055 points which placed him second only to Bob Mathias, whose 7,825 points constituted a record.

Brutus Hamilton, the Olympic track and field coach, was amazed by Campbell. "I had a few glimpses of that boy in the National AAU meet in the final Olympic trials, in which he made a good showing," Hamilton said at the time. "But how good he is didn't hit home until I was told what he did in the first five decathlon events. I could hardly wait to get the results of the final events. I knew what Floyd Simmons (he took third) could do, but had no idea how this youngster would hold up. By beating seven of ten performances Mathias made to win the Olympic title in London as a 17-year-old, Campbell stamped himself as a super athlete for his age."

Since he was the youngest member and only high school boy on the Olympic track and field team, it would seem only natural that Milt would be treated as a kid brother at Helsinki. He was big enough to take care of himself, but in track and field competition he still had much to learn. Before the two-day decathlon competition began, Campbell was reasonably apprehensive. "I asked Mathias how he thought I'd do and he said, 'If you don't beat me, you'll be second.' That really gave me the boost I needed."

Campbell didn't beat Bob and he did take second. "I'm convinced that the more Mathias is pushed, the better he does. There's no greater competition in the world," said Campbell.

Milt did well against America's great track and field champion. It took a record-smashing performance by Mathias to beat him. Milt's high school coach had proved an accurate prognosticator. Compared with Thorpe in the 1912 Olympics and Mathias in '52, Campbell had demonstrated his right to a place with these two all-time decathlon stars. Among other things, the Plainfield schoolboy had bettered seven of ten of Thorpe's 1912 marks. Here is a chart on their performances:

Event	Thorpe (1912)	Mathias (1952)	Campbell (1952)
100 Meters	11.2	10.9	10.7
400 Meters	52.2	50.2	50.9
1,500 Meters	4:40.1	4:50.8	5:07.2
110-Meter Hurdles	15.6	14.7	14.5
High Jump	6'1.6"	6'2.81"	6'0.84"
Broad Jump	22'2.3"	22'10.8"	22'1.35"
Pole Vault	10'7.95"	13'1.47"	10'9.94"
Shot Put	42'5.45"	50'2.37"	45'8.64"
Discus	121'3.9"	153'10.06"	132'10.52"
Javelin	149'11.2"	194'3.15"	178'11.3"

When Campbell returned from abroad, following successful post-Olympic tours of Scandinavia and England,



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SOAP BOX HOTRODS

INP

A big crowd gathers at the finish line of the special course in Akron.

LAKE this summer some 150 or so boys, ranging in age from 11 to 15, will converge upon the rubber city of Akron, Ohio, to participate in the 16th running of the All-American Soap Box Derby. These youngsters will come from all over the country, and some may even come from outside the United States. Each will be a local champion come to compete for the national championship and for a prize that cannot be measured in dollars and cents—a four-year college scholarship award. For those finishing near the top, there are other valuable prizes, among them a brand-new automobile.

The idea of the Soap Box Derby originated quite by accident in the mind of a Dayton, Ohio, newspaper photographer named Myron Scott. One day in 1933, Scott, with camera in hand, took a walk around town in search of a scene or incident that would make a good human-interest picture for his paper. He noticed several boys racing small, makeshift cars, and decided that this would make a good picture if only there were a few more boys and a few more cars. Calling the youngsters over, he told them that if they would get a few more of their friends and hold a race on the following Saturday, he would award a prize to the winner. On the day scheduled for the event, 17 boys showed up and a fair-sized turnout of the local citizenry was on hand to witness the proceedings. Scott was so enthused over the success of the event that he got his newspaper to sponsor a race on a city-wide scale. Local merchants joined in the act by offering prizes, and 330 entries were received. Police estimated the number of spectators to be about 40,000. Scott, himself, had trouble finding parking space for his own car.

This first running of the derby was an unqualified success despite a few relatively minor incidents. Shrubbery along the route was trampled by some of the spectators and a few enthusiastic onlookers fell through a skylight without incurring any major damage.

The following year 32 other newspapers joined forces with the Dayton News, and they were further backed by the Chevrolet division of the General Motors Company in the sponsorship of the Soap Box Derby. In 1935 the race was moved from Dayton to Akron, where, in 1936, a specially-built course was laid out just on the outskirts of the city. By this time as many as 116 papers were sponsoring local events and sending the winners on to Akron. Except for the war years, the Soap Box Derby has been run every year with more newspapers from more cities joining in all the time.

Local races are divided into two sections. Boys who are in the 13-15 year old group are put in Class A, while the 11-12 years olds are placed in Class B. The winners of each class then race against each other for the right to compete in the National Finals at Akron.

The races are usually so close that ingenuity and mechanical skill plus manipulation are very important. A few years ago one youngster used graphite powder on his wheels and also rubbed some on his face in order to cover up his pores and reduce wind resistance. He won the race, and the following year some of the other boys used the same tactics. The graphite powder, however, made the cars difficult to handle and the officials banned its further use. Another youngster painted his car black, his theory being that the color black absorbs the heat of the sun better than any other color and the extra bit of sun gives added energy—or, in this case, more pick-up. And so this year there will be another race. There will be new models and new and novel ideas to aid in winning the race. The winner of the Soap Box Derby is not merely the victor in a sports contest. Across the finish line is a prize that could pay dividends for the rest of his life.

—NORMAN KRONSTADT

Plainfield arranged a welcome-home program that would have done justice to any conquering hero. They had a parade, banquets, speeches; they laid the carpet out for Milt, his father, mother and five-year-old sister. An older brother, Tom, is in the Air Force in Okinawa and could not attend.

For Milt's parents it was a day for celebrating—and for reflecting on the past when Milt was a small boy who collected snakes and lizards. "I'll never forget the time he brought home a water moccasin, tied it to a kitchen door and frightened his grandmother half to death," his mother said.

Milt's father, once an athlete himself, a husky six-footer, used to make Milt and his brother run around the house every night for ten minutes before dinner. When Milt was an 11-year-old in elementary school he played with boys six or seven years older than he. "They were plenty tough," Milt said, "but they taught you how to take care of yourself." Milt loved free-for-alls. He'd take on three or four boys at a time; in fact, to this day he enjoys this sort of informal roughhouse.

The biggest single influence on Milt's athletic career has been his 22-year-old brother, who set all sorts of records in track and field and was one of Plainfield's best athletes. Tom set the pace for Milt and when the two were in school together they'd always run one-two in whatever event they entered. As a sophomore, Milt played end in football and his brother played fullback. Even today some of the colleges are offering dual scholarships to Milt and Tom, when he gets out of the Army.

Youngsters in Plainfield idolize Milt. There was one boy, the son of a minister, who rushed home excitedly from the Plainfield High practice field one day. "What's the matter?" his mother asked.

"I was watching the high school practice," the boy said, "and Milt Campbell turned and looked at me. And I ran up next to him and touched him!"

When Plainfield had a football game at Atlantic City last fall more than 100 boys and girls of grammar school age and younger waited around the clubhouse just to get a glimpse of Milt.

His sudden fame hasn't affected Milt's friendly, boyish nature. He's confident, but not cocky. He still wears an old jacket and jeans to school and is regarded as one of the class gagsters. They're never quite sure what he'll do next. After the National Interscholastics, for example, he was called on in the school assembly to tell how he won his two titles. Milt proceeded to go into an hilarious description of a visit he made to a dance hall in New York City, where the band leader gave him a magic potion which enabled him to win. The unexpected explanation had the entire assembly in an uproar. As one teacher put it, "Some of us were sitting on pins and needles. We didn't know what he was going to say next."

In order to ready himself for college, Milt has been receiving special tutoring in English twice a week. One day after he'd finished a book on Glenn Cunningham, the teacher, scanning through the pages, asked, "What is the meaning of the word willpower?" Replied Milt, "Willpower, mam, is what gets me here every Tuesday and Friday."

Campbell is an enormous eater. At the Heisman Trophy Dinner, which honored Oklahoma's Billy Vessels in New York, Campbell was a guest. He ate his dinner, then realized that someone had failed to show up at his table.

"Yes, Milt, go on, you can have the other dinner," said his understanding coach, Abe Smith, and Milt promptly demolished a second meal, from soup to mints.

His devotion to his stomach has never resulted in overweight. Abe Smith says Milt was "born strong," but Milt feels he himself had a lot to do with building his body. For years he did push-ups every night, increasing the number by one until he reached 45.

One of the many remarkable things about Milt is his resistance to injury. In three years of varsity football, during which Plainfield won 25 games and lost two, he missed only one practice—and that to go to a special luncheon. Opposing teams made him a prime target, but invariably the boys tackling him got the bumps and bruises. Plainfield's quarterback, Dave Walker, estimates Milt carried the ball on nearly 50 per cent of his team's plays last year. "Whenever we got inside somebody's 15-yard line we gave it to Milt and he kept carrying until he got it over," Walker said. "The rest of the backs didn't mind the fact that Milt carried so much. We know we wouldn't have been anything without him."

Milt isn't a pugnacious type. He likes a playful scrap, but makes sure to keep his temper in a game. However, he will admit he had a little tussle with Jim Fuchs, the mammoth Olympic shotputter, in of all places, a transatlantic airplane.

"We were heading home from England after the Olympics," related Milt. "I was fooling around with one of the guys when Fuchs suddenly grabbed me and pulled me out of the seat. He let go fast. He needed a new shirt when we got through. I guess he thought I was just a kid he could push around."

Because of his past achievements, Milt can expect to be sent by the AAU on numerous trips to foreign lands. He toured Jamaica, B.W.I., during the last Christmas vacation and for the first time defeated Harrison Dillard in a hurdles race. Modestly shunning credit for the triumph, Campbell said, "He had an off day. Besides, he beat me the next day."

Campbell will be graduated in June and he plans to go to college this coming September. His decision to go to Indiana is based on the Hoosiers' interest in him for the past couple of years. "They wanted me before I became an Olympian," Milt explained. "Now that I'm in the spotlight everybody's interested, but I don't forget Indiana was there all along." Milt isn't certain over his future. He'll definitely compete in track and field and football in college. He wants to study physical education or public and personnel relations.

Meanwhile, he'll continue to assemble medals and trophies in the Campbell's stucco home in the east end of Plainfield. Milt has set the national decathlon championship as his goal. That'll take place this summer in Plainfield, and it probably won't have Mathias as an entry. Bob says he's finished with this grueling competition. Then, in 1956, Milt will be shooting for the Olympic decathlon crown in Melbourne, or wherever the games are held.

Actually, the public doesn't know about half the things Milt can do. For instance, he drives a golf ball 250 to 300 yards. And just to prove there's no end to his championship versatility, Milt took first place last winter in a jitterbugging contest!

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What Do They Want From Easter?

(Continued from page 35)

who is capable of breaking up a ball game with a single swish of his bat, respect him as an uncommonly courageous competitor in the face of disheartening handicaps, and, generally, like him as a thoroughly human guy with a delicious sense of humor. It has even been suggested that the desire of opponents to reach first base safely for a couple of minutes' badinage with Large Luke provides an added incentive which reacts as a distinct liability to the Indians.

Ask the Cleveland players what they think of Easter and you get a response which can be distilled fairly into "We're glad he's on our side. But man, how'd you like to have had him ten years ago?"

That thought is a reflection of a commonly-held opinion that Luke's age, as recorded in the official baseball records, is a bit of highly imaginative fiction. Hank Greenberg, general manager of the Indians and Easter's No. 1 booster, has voiced the suspicion that in reporting his 31 years he arbitrarily disregarded all those in which he didn't wear shoes. Physicians and orthopedic specialists who have undertaken to keep his vast body in a passable state of repair have observed that his various infirmities are characteristic of advanced middle age.

Early last summer, when he was struggling to get out of a monumental batting slump, the Indians' management sent him to an eminent ophthalmologist, who reported in shocked accent that what Luke needed was powerful bifocals. "This man is in danger every time he goes to bat," he warned. "He can't even see a baseball ten feet away."

A few weeks later, when Easter was hitting home runs as fast as scorers could tabulate them, the same specialist, a solid baseball fan, shook his head in wonder. "All it proves," he said, "is that they're going to have to revise that part of the book where it says you can't hit what you can't see."

But if the record suggests that Easter's vision is somewhat better than scientific tests indicate, there is no

doubt as to the authenticity of another ailment. He has suffered since his first season in organized baseball from a knee injury severe enough to send any but a dead-game competitor into voluntary retirement. The damage was inflicted in a base-line collision with the Indians' Larry Doby in an exhibition game at San Diego in the spring of 1949. A series of operations was performed, but as late as 1951 it was necessary to hospitalize him at intervals to have the fluid removed from the volleyball-sized joint. ("Gettin' my oil drained," was his way of describing the repeated process.)

When the time came to negotiate a 1952 contract, Greenberg pointed out a decline in Luke's batting average between '50 and '51.

"Yeah, but I hit in 103 runs on one leg," Easter argued. "No tellin' what I'll do when I get that thing fixed."

The annual hope that he has got it fixed accounts in large measure for the yearly upsurge of springtime optimism in the camp of the Indians and among the Indians' followers. For Luke is recognized as the team's "big man," the potential difference between a pennant and an also-ran position.

"If Easter's knee's okay—look out for us!" is a standard statement to the inquisitive press by Cleveland players in spring training.

Last year produced encouraging evidence that he had got "that thing" fixed. Winter surgery, followed by assiduous devotion to a prescribed program of bicycle riding, followed by a period of mountain-climbing at Hot Springs, seemed to have given him the soundest underpinning he had enjoyed since his earliest days in the Pacific Coast League.

But the effect was not what had been hoped for and expected. He had become so accustomed to "hitting on one leg" that he found it impossible last spring to adjust to the luxury of two sound members.

By early July he was batting only .205 and had driven in just 31 runs when the newspapers announced in startling, black, front-page headlines:

"EASTER SENT TO INDIANAPOLIS."

Some fans commented, "And high time, too." Others said, "Indianapolis ain't far enough." Still others, "Well, we've seen the last o' that big clown." Only a few said, without conviction, "Too bad. But maybe he'll come back."

He came back sooner than anyone expected. The excuse given by the Indians' front office that the Indianapolis sojourn was meant only to restore Luke's confidence and to allow him to regain his normal batting swing was generally greeted with derisive laughter in Cleveland. It was silenced when, in his first four games against American Association pitching, he hit four home runs, including two that were talked about for weeks.

In Easter's absence the Indians floundered, and he was hastily recalled. From the day of his return to the batting order until another brief slump pinned him in the final week of the season, he was a terror to American League pitchers.

Floundering during Luke's absence was no new experience for the Indians. They had grown accustomed to it in previous brief periods when his ailing knee forced him into drydock. In 1951, the year in which his physical troubles were at their worst, he missed 27 games. For those games the Indians played approximately .400 ball. For those in which Luke played they rolled along at a .600-plus clip.

This rather convincing evidence of his importance to the team left large numbers of fans singularly unimpressed. Demands that Easter be given a one-way ticket to Alaska and other remote places continued to inundate Greenberg's desk and those of the sports editors of the three Cleveland dailies.

So far as a painstaking analysis could determine, the bill of particulars against him boiled down to one charge: he wasn't breaking Babe Ruth's home-run records. Therefore he was a dismal flop and must go forthwith.

The promise that he would make the world and all its pitchers forget Ruth seemed to be implicit in the frantic buildup which followed his debut in organized baseball, at San Diego in 1949. He had then had something less than three full seasons of Negro league baseball behind him, which means that if common guesses as to his true age are near reality he didn't begin to play baseball in a formal way until a fairly advanced age.

If he is, as many contend and as the doctors slyly hint, on the shady side of 40, then he was in his middle 30's before he ever played a game of ball under league conditions. It was in 1946 that he signed his first contract with the Cincinnati club of the Negro National League. Until then he had been strictly a softball player in a St. Louis industrial league.

Bill Veeck, then president of the Indians, bought Easter's contract from the Homestead Grays in 1948 and assigned him to San Diego the following spring. Bucky Harris, the Padres' manager, was politely skeptical, but not for long. Within a week of his arrival at the spring training camp, Luke had convinced him. Harris became the big fellow's first and most enthusiastic press agent, and to this day admits he fears Luke above any other batsman his Washington pitchers face.

Reports of his ability to drive a baseball incredible distances spread up and down the Pacific Coast. By the time the season opened, crowds stormed the gates of every park in which the San



Diego club played.

Luke played 80 games for the Padres and, though he limped painfully from the knee injury suffered in that pre-season collision with his future teammate, Doby, he hit 25 homers and batted in 92 runs. For the record, that was at the rate of 48 home runs and 177 RBI's for a standard 154-game season. Was it any wonder that the fans in Cleveland expected a super-human performance from one of the most publicized minor-league sluggers in history?

Easter has delivered nothing super-human, but he has been a prodigious clouter, nevertheless. In an era when .300 hitters have become scarce and 150-RBI men extinct, he is one of five American Leaguers who have batted in 300 runs in the last three years. Except for teammate Al Rosen and the A's Gus Zernial (if you discount the season he was injured), he is the only man now active in the league who has averaged better than 100 RBI's a season for his career.

The reluctance of the fans to accept him as an authentic candidate for immortality can be traced, probably, to the unfortunate circumstances surrounding his big-league bow.

In mid-1949, with only a half season of minor-league play behind him, it became apparent that repairs on his damaged knee were imperative. Bill Veeck brought him to Cleveland in July for surgery. Six weeks later, without having had a bat in his hands since he had left the Coast, he was thrown into action as the Indians struggled frantically to repeat their 1948 pennant victory.

He was hopelessly unready for a test which everyone who had a hand in it now admits was ill-advised. In 45 times

at bat for the Indians, he made only ten hits, seven of them singles. He showed no sign of the fabulous power that had made him the scourge of the Pacific slope, and he struck out with disturbing frequency. The customers, exercising their age-old prerogative, booed his ears off. In those sad days there were no cries of "Lu-u-uke! Lu-u-uke!" mingled with the inverted cheers.

Easter was philosophical and outwardly unaffected.

"When I hit they'll like me," he predicted confidently. "People always like me when I hit."

People had their first chance to like him in 1950. With Veeck gone, Greenberg, as general manager, made an important decision early that season. He had an established first-baseman in Mickey Vernon and he was frankly fearful that, rather than give Easter a full and fair chance, manager Lou Boudreau would fall back on the man he knew he could depend on. To obviate that possibility, he traded Vernon to Washington for a wild rookie pitcher, Dick Weik, thus awarding the first-base job to Easter by default.

That year, his first full season in the big time, Luke played 141 games, hit 28 homers, batted .280 and knocked in 107 runs. He didn't entirely quiet the boozing, but now the familiar "Lu-u-uke!" began to be heard. He was hitting and, true to his prediction, people liked him. Not all the people, but a sizeable proportion of them.

The same proportion continued to like him through '51 when, despite an aggravated recurrence of the old knee trouble, he rapped 27 homers and drove in 103 runs.

But last year all but a few of his

warmest rooters quit when, though apparently in sound physical condition, he fell into a tragic slump at the beginning of the season and stayed in it until the Indianapolis interlude in July. Greenberg probably was the most notable member of a small group of stubborn die-hards who believed Luke would come back, but perhaps not even Greenberg, a qualified authority on slugging, was prepared for the resounding quality of the comeback.

The Indians had 73 games left to play when Easter rejoined them in New York after two weeks in the American Association. He belted a home run with one on into the Yankee Stadium bleachers by way of serving notice that this was a different Easter, and from there to the final week he set an amazing pace.

In those 73 games, a little less than half a normal season, he batted .306, hit 21 homers and drove in 66 runs. He had got "that thing" fixed, had learned all over again to hit on two sound legs. This was the result—A 135-RBI pace for half a season.

Is that Luke Easter's normal speed? Greenberg doesn't think so.

"Luke has just found himself," Hank said confidently a short time ago. "One of these years, and it could be this one, he's going to hit 50 home runs."

Meanwhile, Easter has made his permanent home in Cleveland and the people are learning to like him—whether he hits or not. He was in great demand as a banquet speaker during the winter and captivated hundreds by his evident sincerity and wit.

And in Cleveland this still goes as surely as it did three years ago: "Everybody's Talking About Easter."

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The A's Strong-Armed Byrd

(Continued from page 26)

Montclare. He reserved the plain little house at 1019 Pearl St., and he and wife Mary Lee and daughter Pamela, aged three, became townspeople for the winter. Byrd himself became primarily a fisherman and a hunter, and was found frequently beating up and down the waters or the woods of the neighboring Pee Dee River or the more distant Santee-Cooper Lake. The winter of idling has probably cost the South Carolina lumber industry a good man. "I hunted anything that got in my way and fished for anything that would bite my line," Byrd said, "and look at me now. I've never been in better shape."

Byrd had shown up at the A's West Palm Beach, Florida, camp the year before looking considerably like the county fair balloon. He weighed in at 234 pounds, and when Dykes threw up his hands at the sight, Byrd explained, "I worked hard, so I had to eat hard, too."

This year he returned weighing 215 and in no time at all he was down to his pitching trim of 208. His legs and shoulders were never in better shape, he claimed, and for the first time since he started in pro baseball, Byrd arrived at spring training camp on even terms with everybody else. Thus, Montclare has lost a citizen and the lumber industry a good man, at least until Byrd has made his last pitch.

It was on the "broom-sage" patches of Montclare when the logging was done for the day that Byrd made his first acquaintance with baseball, encouraged by an understanding father. As he grew up he played for the town team, but the major influence on his development was dealt by school-enforced circumstances. There is no high school in Montclare, and it became necessary for young Harry to catch the yellow county bus into Darlington each day. There, at St. John's High School, this strong young man began to attract attention as an athlete.

He played end on the football team. When the American Legion Post organized its junior baseball team, he was invited to try out. He didn't have the stage to himself by any means. Fact is, he was somewhat overshadowed by a left-hander who was just a year or so older than he. The scouts flocked to watch the left-hander, a boy named Jack Clifton. Clifton got his chance early, a contract with the Boston Red Sox. But somewhere along the line his ambition ran out, and today, while Byrd lives the big-league life, Clifton, a giant fellow of some 265 pounds, walks a beat on the Darlington police force.

There was an old pitcher in Darlington named Johnny Stokes who had a rather loose connection with the Ath-

letics and did some "bird-dog" scouting for them when he wasn't selling insurance. As Byrd pitched his St. John's team to the state high school championship in 1941, "bird-dog" Stokes, who's now the sheriff of Darlington County, called the A's attention to the strong right-hander.

But the Army beat the Mackmen to him. One May day in 1942 he was a high school senior, and the next day he was a soldier. While the high school waited for him with his diploma, his draft board waited for him with greetings. After duty at Camp Polk in Louisiana, where he pitched a bit for the base team, he went to Europe. The rest of his service was spent in France and Germany with an anti-aircraft group collecting battle stars.

But the Athletics and Johnny Stokes hadn't forgotten. When Byrd got his discharge in February of 1946, Ira Thomas, the A's chief scout, was in Darlington to meet him.

"A bunch of scouts had been to see me before the war," Byrd says, "but the Athletics were there first after I got out. I wanted to get started, so I signed with them. Bonus? No, I never thought about a bonus. I just wanted to start playing. I'd wasted enough time already."

This bonusless baby made the jump to class B that first season. The A's personnel office stationed him at Martinsville, Virginia, in the Carolina League for the '46 campaign. He won 15 and lost 12 and earned himself a promotion to Savannah, but this class A point was to become an almost insurmountable hump to Byrd. He was to win 51 games in a Savannah uniform before he finally broke the shackles that bound him to the class A Sally League.

His first season went well enough—16 victories and 13 defeats. He was back in Savannah again in '48 for a 15-15 record, after which the A's asked him to report to their Buffalo affiliate, then under the guidance of Paul Richards. The hatchet-faced Richards had congregated his Buffalo squad in his own hometown of Waxahachie, Texas, and it was there that Byrd faced a crisis that almost wrecked his career.

He got word from home that his father had come down seriously ill and would be indisposed for at least a couple of years. Byrd asked to be placed on the voluntary retired list so that he might go back to Montclare and help the family care for the sawmilling affairs. He was denied, and so he jumped the Buffalo club. For his AWOL act, he was suspended. He further complicated matters when he joined the neighboring Hartsville club of the outlaw Palmetto League and took his regular pitching turn.

One day in June, Arthur Ehlers, then farm director for the A's, showed up in Darlington and appealed to Byrd to go legitimate again. By this time family affairs were pretty well in line, and when Ehlers promised him an invitation to join the parent Athletics next spring training, Byrd packed up and left for Martinsville, where he posted a 4-0 record before transfer to Savannah and a 2-8 finish there.

His call to the A's netted him six American League appearances without a decision before he was sent down to Buffalo where he compiled an unspectacular 4-9 mark with the International Leaguers. He still hadn't recovered what he lost that one season out of organized ball and it wasn't until he again was dispatched to Savannah in 1951 that he was able to build up a new head of steam.

At Savannah he won 18, lost 14, struck out 180 and was called back for his third audition with the Athletics last year. Came May, 1952, and Harry was impressing no one. Byrd was getting calls now and then to mop up the mess left by some blundering starter. He wasn't doing too well at such duty, but he did manage to keep his own record clear of blame.

And then one day he got his break. It cost the A's one good, healthy starter and it cost Morris Martin the rest of the season, but out of it all came the discovery of Byrd and the "Rookie of the Year." The left-handed Martin, who'd been the A's rookie hit the season before, stopped a line drive with the index finger of his pitching hand. It finished him for the season, and in casting about for a successor to join Bobby Shantz, Alex Kellner and Bob Hooper on the starting line, Dykes called out Byrd to face the Red Sox on that day last May 27. The Sox clubbed him for 11 hits, but with men on base Byrd was unyielding. He won his game, 7-3, and his diploma from the bullpen.

"That's why I became a big-league pitcher all of a sudden," he says. "I got a chance to pitch, and regularly. I know I'm big and strong, but I'm just not cut out for relief pitching. Some pitchers are and some pitchers aren't. I'm not. Sitting on the bench my control gets off, and that's 75 per cent of pitching. No, it's 100 per cent, for if you haven't got control you can't pitch."

When the season was done and the harvest was in, Byrd's record squared off at 15-15, all 30 decisions rendered after a month and a half of the season was gone. He worked 15 complete games, struck out 116 and ranked 12th with his earned-run average of 3.32. That rated him second on Dykes' staff behind Shantz, who is his closest friend among the A's.

"If I'd had the luck against the rest of them I had against the Red Sox," he says with a contented chuckle. "I'd have really had a season."

Byrd beat the youth-bent Red Sox five times and lost to them three times last year, one of his setbacks being a 13-inning marathon that was finally broken up by a Dick Gernert home run. There is a paradox in his romance with the Red Sox, for among the Fenway Park tenants is the man he considers the toughest hitter in the majors, Billy Goodman.

"He's left-handed for one thing, and he's liable to hit anything you throw at him. He doesn't look like a ball-player, but he's always tough, and he hits me like a champion."

Byrd rates the White Sox the club he'd most rather not face. Paul Rich-

THE SPORT QUIZ

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 56

1 Second Base. 2 True. 3 Billy Conn. 4 All of first and third bases are in fair territory. 5 Game, set, match. Points give you a game, games give you a set and sets give you the match. 6 John McGraw. 7 False. Westland won it. 8 Only (A) Fain and (D) Kluszewski field left-handed. 9 The "500" stands for the number of miles. 10 (B) 258 feet.

ards' lineup is stocked with a quantity of left-handers, and an abundance of them are punch or slap hitters, types that give Byrd his most trouble. He'll often get out of a jam against a dangerous long-ball hitter and then get back in it again when some lightweight backs him against the wall.

His record would have been considerably improved if he had brought in three 1-0 decisions that he lost, one each to Mike Garcia, Allie Reynolds and Art Houtteman. The A's were able to present him only two hits against Garcia, three against Reynolds and five against Houtteman. And it was one of those slap hitters, Bobby Avila, who broke up his match with Garcia on one of the seven home runs Bobby hit in 150 games.

Byrd reserved for the New York Yankees his choicest performance of the season. It came on September 3, with two days' rest. It was the last in his endurance string, the week he started and won three times.

Dykes threw him at the world champs in Shibe Park (now Connie Mack Stadium) as a sort of sacrificial offering. Byrd had never faced the Yankees before, and on this day he drew for an opponent Vic Raschi, whom the A's had not beaten since August 13, 1950. This was to be Byrd's day, though. He choked the Yankees, 3-0, on one hit, that a crippled-pigeon double by Irv Noren down the left-field line.

After it was done and Byrd had become firmly imprinted on the Yankee memory, wild tales popped out of the vivid imagination about his feats of the past. One was the story of a 19-inning one-hitter he supposedly pitched in high school. "I kept trying to straighten out the sportswriters about that one in the dressing room," Byrd says, "but they weren't listening. I guess it made too good a story."

Byrd was trying to tell them the story of a doubleheader he pitched in the Sally League in 1948. He went ten innings to a 2-1 decision over Columbus, Georgia, in the first game. He went in with nobody out and four runs across in the first inning of the second game, gave up only one hit the rest of the way, and won a scheduled seven-inning game from the Cardinal farmhands in nine innings, 5-4.

From the very start, in his rawest rookie days, Byrd gave notice that the A's had found something special. In that first spring training with Martinsville, he threw an exhibition no-hitter at the Lexington club of the class D North Carolina State League. While the promotion to Savannah came painlessly that first season, and while he made the leap from class A to the majors with the greatest of ease last season, there was much room for great discouragement in between.

"There was a time," he says, "when I began to believe I'd never get out of the Sally League. That's a bus league, you know, and sometimes we had to make that jump from Savannah, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama. The longer I stayed in the league the longer those trips got. I tell you, when you get a chance to pitch your way out of that kind of life it makes you throw just a little bit harder."

Outside of Byrd's own immediate court of admirers, no baseball authority grew more enthusiastic about the new A's find than Billy Evans, a man who has seen big-leaguers rise, shine, and fade as a sportswriter, umpire, and club official for nearly 40 years.



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"Harry Byrd is the best young pitcher to come into the American League in 20 years," Evans said after he'd watched him at work a few times. "If I were in the business again and bidding in an open market, I'd go as high as \$250,000 for him."

As Byrd and Shantz of the A's, and Robin Roberts and Curt Simmons of the Phillies sat side by side at the annual Philadelphia sportswriters' banquet last January, the garrulous Leo Durocher gazed lustfully at the collection of pitching talent and said: "Hell, if I had you four guys on my side, I'd have been able to sleep this winter."

All of which must have caused Byrd to think many times about his haste in getting his name on that contract last fall. His explanation of the quick signing was one that would cause a panic at a convention of bonus babies. "I might have got more money on another ball club," he said, "but I got about all I could expect from the Athletics. It didn't make too much difference, anyway. I just want to pitch."

This marks Byrd as a most unusual boy in these unusual times. Maybe his environment explains things. Byrd comes from an extraordinarily pitcher-rich neck of the South, though nearly every one of his predecessors was noted for one eccentricity or another. From just up the pike at Hartsville, 15 miles away, came the fabulous Bobo Newsom. Byrd was three years old when Newsom got his start in pro ball. Now he and the durable old right-hander are teammates. Some 55 miles to the north, in Pageland, South Carolina, the fireballing and fiery-dispositioned Van Lingle Mungo grew up. After he'd blazed across the horizon in Brooklyn like a small comet, then pitched out

what he had left of his arm with the Giants, Mungo came home to Pageland to become a small-town tycoon. About 70 miles to the south is Rhems, South Carolina, whence came the old Cardinal right-hander, Flint Rhem, who once claimed that kidnappers stole him away in Brooklyn and forced him to drink ugly booze until he was in a stupor. Many seasons in advance of Byrd, a South Carolinian named George Turbeville won more fame with the A's for pitching in his barefeet than for his record. His home grounds, Turbeville, named several years before George landed there, is less than 40 miles from Darlington. And out of the state capital, Columbia, some 75 miles away, came the fun-loving and free-living Kirby Higbe, not to mention Washington's (Georgia) Joe Haynes, a rather normal sort of fellow when placed among this unique group of performers.

The same may be said of Byrd. There's nothing extraordinary about this young man except his pitching, over-powering steam, a good normal curve and a well-developed change-up. About the only quirk in his construction was discovered when Dykes had to call on him in some critical spots last season. Byrd had professed no love for relief work, yet Dykes found that he was a more effective starter with only three or sometimes even two days' rest where the average pitcher demands four.

Perhaps it's a desire to pitch while his years are right. The lumber business will be there long after his arm has lost its stuff. In the meantime, while his youth is at hand, he prefers to do all the baseball living he can. Like he says, Harry Byrd just wants to pitch.

Bucky, the Ballplayers' Manager

(Continued from page 41)

Central League, which needed a second-baseball.

In his eagerness to report, Harris neglected to check the Muskegon schedule. He reported to that town on a day when the team was to play at Evansville. He hitch-hiked the distance in time to play the next day. He was in the lineup, but not being flattered. They batted him eighth. His first time at bat in organized ball, however, was to be somewhat prophetic. He was hit by a pitched ball. At the end of a week, he was the club's second-baseball and had a contract for \$125 a month. Five weeks later, he was fired after hitting only .185.

Reluctant to go back to Pittston again as a flop, Bucky hung around Muskegon watching his erstwhile clubmates play ball. An old-timer was his successor at second base. When the fellow made two wild throws in a single inning, Harris, in the stands, got a supreme surprise. He heard an irate fan yell, "Take that bum out! We want Harris!" The following day, Babe Myers, Muskegon manager, searched Harris out and rehired him. But it was no dice. Five weeks later, Harris was out of a job again. His .185 average in the Central League had shrunk to .166.

Once more it was back to Pittston for Bucky, and back to the mines. The Harris family sorely needed any revenue the youngest son could produce, and he could make 16 cents an hour, nine hours a day, uncoupling and spragging empty coal cars.

But the next spring, 1917, Bucky found himself another baseball job. Arthur Deylin, manager at Norfolk in the Virginia League, asked him to try out. Harris hopped a day coach to Norfolk, won the shortstop job, got \$115 a month, and was in the opening-day lineup. Three weeks after the season opened, the Virginia League folded because of the World War and Harris again was out of a job.

Jobless Bucky Harris shuttled right back to the mines. But he wasn't giving up on baseball. Minor leagues were folding and teams were being riddled by the draft, but the New York State League was continuing to operate. Bucky telegraphed every manager in the league that he was a second-baseball and shortstop and that he was available. His chances appeared hopeless, but he wasn't quitting.

Without his knowledge, a chain of circumstances was working in Harris' favor. At Wilkes-Barre that week, Dick Breen, the Reading second-baseball, slugged Red Calhoun of the Wilkes-Barre club in a fit of temper, and drew a long suspension. Reading manager George Wiltse, desperate for a replacement, recalled receiving a telegram from an infielder named Harris. Wiltse inquired of his players if any of them had known an infielder by that name from Pittston. Bill Donahue, a big pitcher, said, "Sure, I used to play with him in the Canadian League. He could do us some good. Nice-sized boy and he can go get that ball, and hit enough."

But Bill Donahue had never seen Bucky Harris in his life. He was talking of Merle Harris, Bucky's older brother, older by seven years who had indeed played with Donahue in the Canadian League. He was over-stating Merle's talents a bit, but rationalized that he was going down the line for an old buddy who needed a job.

So it was that on an evening in July, Bucky Harris answered the door bell and signed a telegram addressed to Merle Harris. His brother read it, and exclaimed: "Somebody's crazy, Buck. This wire is from George Wiltse. He wants me to report to the Reading club at Binghamton tomorrow. Must mean you. You've been asking for baseball jobs. They know I quit the game four years ago."

Bucky couldn't understand the error of the telegram, but he didn't try to understand. It was enough that an infielder named Harris and living in Pittston had been ordered to report to Reading. He shook hands with Merle, kissed his mother, and caught the next train.

Reaching the Reading club's Binghamton hotel, Harris bravely walked to the desk and registered. Then he set out to find manager Wiltse and finally located him in the lobby. Bashful Bucky took a chair nearby but couldn't summon the courage to introduce himself. Wiltse turned to a ballplayer and said, "Wonder where Donahue's friend is. Bill has persuaded me to sign some old-timer named Harris from Pittston. Says he can play second base. He won't play for this club unless he shows by tonight."

Bucky's little world crashed down about him. He knew then that it was indeed Merle whom Wiltse had asked to report. He had a strong urge to flee the place. Then timidity gave way to anger. Bucky clenched his teeth, drew a deep breath, walked over to Wiltse, tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "I'm Harris."

Wiltse turned, looked at the 150-pound kid who had addressed him, and exclaimed: "You—Harris?" Then his eyes swept the lobby.

"Hey, Donahue!" he yelled.

Donahue sauntered over and Wiltse grabbed him by the lapel. "What kind of a joke is this, Bill?" he demanded. "You tell me you played baseball with this Harris years ago. Well, look at him. He wasn't playing ball years ago. He was playing bean bag."

Bucky delivered Donahue from his embarrassment. "Merle Harris is my brother," he said. "He quit playing ball. I'm the fellow who sent you the telegram. I'm the fellow who had a tryout with the Tigers."

Wiltse threw up his hands in resignation. Then he shot another look at Bucky. "Okay, get a uniform," he said. "You can stick around until we get somebody else to fill in."

Stick around until they could get somebody else? Young Bucky was ill

at heart. He slunk from the lobby, his ears reddened, his morale as low as it had ever been in his disappointing baseball career. Two hits in his first three times at bat for Reading were a great morale-lifter, though. At the end of the week, he was still getting his hits and he hadn't booted a ball. Wiltse had a smile and a \$135-a-month contract for him. At the end of the season, he had made good in Class A ball. He liked to think he was on the way up to the majors.

And then, in 1918, he was jobless again. The New York State had folded, just like the Virginia League and many other minors. Harris had reason to think he was hexing every league in which he had made good. Recently, he said, "I didn't realize until later in 1918 what a powerful hex I was. I joined two leagues and they both folded. I was drafted in the Army in November of 1918, and two days later, the World War folded."

Prosperity was just around the corner for Harris however. In 1918, Wiltse moved up to Buffalo as manager and sent free-agent Harris a \$175-a-month contract. He was the regular second-baseball, batted .241 for half the season, and then heard talk that the International League was ready to fold because of poor crowds. Harris "jumped" the team at the risk of becoming an outlaw, and accepted a \$50-a-week offer to play for the Baltimore Drydocks team, stocked with big-leaguers who chose shipyard work instead of war service.

At Baltimore, Harris found himself playing alongside such major-league stars as Eddie Ainsmith, Joe Judge, Frank Schulte, Dave Danforth, Pat Flaherty, Allan Russell and Ed Rommel. Another shipyard pitcher who was later to make good in the majors was named Waite Hoyt. Harris was in his fastest company, and playing regularly. The Baltimore Orioles, then undisputedly the finest team in the minors and rated good enough to play in the majors, played the shipyard crew three times, and lost thrice.

The International League did not fold, and in 1919 Wiltse forgave Harris for jumping, invited him back and offered him \$300 a month. Bucky accepted, hit .282, and there was talk that he was being scouted by big-league teams. The Giants, with first claim on the Buffalo players, had taken a brief look at Harris and didn't like him.

And then, on a Sunday in August, 1919, Clark Griffith walked into the life of Bucky Harris, going to Buffalo personally to scout the little second-baseball man who had been previously scanned and recommended by his chief talent forager, Joe Engel. Wiltse had put a \$5,500 price tag on Harris and was expecting Griffith. "He's here," he told Bucky at the start of a doubleheader. "Go out there and play your head off, or at least get lucky."

It wasn't the most propitious time for Harris to be scouted. Three days before, a line drive had crippled the third finger of Bucky's throwing hand, fractured it, and the member was an ugly-looking thing, swollen to twice its normal size, and Harris had to keep it outside the pocket of his fielding glove.

Eight times Harris went to bat that day with Griffith watching. Few ballplayers on the spot ever made a more sensational bid before the eyes of a prospective buyer. Bucky made three hits in each game, walked once and was hit by a pitched ball. Griffith, im-



pressed, walked into the dressing room to talk to Harris after the game, found Bucky removing the tape from his injured finger.

"That finger looks nasty, son," said Griffith. "You better get it X-rayed." He didn't know that X-rays had already shown the finger was broken in three places.

That night, Wiltse called him on the phone. "You're on the way up, Bucky," he said. "Griffith will pay the \$5,500 and so will Connie Mack of the Athletics. Take your choice. I'm selling you tonight."

Harris' thoughts swam. Two big-league clubs wanted him! He told Wiltse he'd call him back. Then he reasoned it out. The A's didn't have much at second base but they had been in the cellar for four straight years, and he didn't like a losing ball club. Washington had finished third in 1918 and he wouldn't have to bat against Walter Johnson. Besides, their second-baseman was Hal Janvrin, and he was sure he could beat him out. He called Wiltse back. "Will you sell me to Washington?" he said. Wiltse said he would.

Harris never gave a better demonstration of his ability to scramble when he was on the spot than he did in that first season in Washington, in 1920. To win the regular second-base job, he hit .300 in his first season in the majors. He never hit .300 again.

On July 1, of that season, Walter Johnson was on his way to pitching the first and only no-hit game of his career, but second-baseman Bucky Harris was an unhappy man in the Washington lineup. His miff of Harry Hooper's ground ball in the seventh inning put a Red Sox on base and cheated Johnson of the opportunity to win a perfect game. Johnson completed his no-hitter in a 1-0 duel with Harry Harper, and Harris atoned for his fumble by driving in the winning run with a single that handcuffed Everett Scott.

By 1922, Harris had come of age as a big-leaguer. With the veteran shortstop, Roger Peckinpaugh, at his side he was gaining fame as a fielder. They set a new major-league record for double plays that year. Nonetheless, at the end of the 1923 season after Griffith had released Donie Bush as manager, Harris was startled when Griffith suggested: "How would you like to play third base next season? We have a chance to get Eddie Collins as the new manager and of course he'll play second." Bucky said he'd play anywhere, but he was surprised that Griffith would move the league's top second-baseman to third.

Yet another surprise was in the making for Harris. He figured he was in Griffith's doghouse during the winter of 1923-24 for a basketball episode. Griffith was opposed to Bucky playing off-season basketball and he wrote clauses into his 1922-23 contracts forbidding him to play that sport in the winter. But Harris signed his 1924 contract with the Senators for \$7,000 and Griffith had neglected to stipulate no basketball. So Bucky was picking up \$500 a month from Glens Falls in the New York State pro league without Griffith's knowledge.

Without Griffith's knowledge, that is, until one day during the winter when Harris came back to Washington for a visit to his fiancee. He registered at the Sardman Park Hotel and was walking through the lobby when Griffith hailed him. Harris turned and revealed a badly-swollen, black-and-blue eye. "You been playing basketball?" Griffith said. Harris answered truthfully, adding,

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"nothing against it in my new contract." Griffith angrily walked off without saying another word.

Meanwhile, speculation as to Washington's new manager was rampant. First it was Collins, then Kid Gleason, and then the name of Jack Barry was mentioned. Harris was in Florida in early February, playing golf at Tampa, when he opened his mail and, reading it, came close to a swoon. In a special-delivery letter, Griffith was offering him the job of managing the Washington club. "I think you can do a good job for us as manager, Bucky," wrote Griffith, "but I must know quickly if you want to undertake it. I have told Kid Gleason he can have my decision by Saturday. If you want the job, call me on the long-distance phone when you get this letter."

He rushed to the nearest phone and called Griffith. "I want that job, Mr. Griffith," he said. The connection was poor. Apparently, Griffith couldn't hear him.

"You've got to let me know by tonight," said Griffith, "I can't wait any longer." Harris could hear him perfectly.

"I want that job right now," screamed Bucky.

It was futile. Griffith couldn't hear him. In dismay, Bucky heard Griffith say, "I can't wait all night for you to make up your mind," and then he hung up.

Bucky decided he'd accept the job by telegraph. He wired Griffith: "I want that job and I'll win Washington's first pennant for you."

"Griffith's folly," they called the surprise appointment of Harris as manager. Why, the fellow was only 27, had been in the majors only four years,

and there was a suspicion that the Senators' owner had gone daft, or that, at 54, he was in his dotage. He was ruining a pretty good kid second-baseman by saddling him with the duties of manager, writers around the league were saying of Griffith.

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit and Washington shuttled in and out of the lead during the first half of that 1924 season. Ty Cobb, managing the Tigers, lost no opportunity to ride Harris from the coaching lines. He called him "Baby Face" and "Snookums," implying that Bucky was a boy among men. But Walter Johnson was out there winning 23 games for Harris against seven defeats and leading the league's pitchers; and young Fred Marberry had come along to become the top relief man in the league. Sam Rice, Goose Goslin and Roger Peckinpaugh, the veterans, were having their peak year, and Earl McNeely was playing a lot of center field. Muddy Ruel was giving the club brainy catching and young Ossie Bluege was a flash at third base. The Senators took the lead on August 8, and never lost it. The Yankees tied them for two days in September, but were shaken off.

There was much sentiment around the league for Harris and the Senators. Folks wanted to see them win, wanted Walter Johnson to get a chance in a World Series. Harris took care to incite no feuds with other clubs on the final western trip. "No razzing from the bench as long as they don't bother us," he commanded. At Chicago, however, outfielder Nemo Leibold, reported to Harris that the White Sox were saying he was getting swell-headed and were hoping the Yanks would beat him out. "Okay, guys," said Harris. "We've noth-

THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



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To begin with, Mann's book, which is given a rousing sendoff in an introduction by the Commissioner of Baseball, is printed in a large-size format, with large, easy-to-read type. For another, it is sensibly divided into sections on Pitching, Catching, The Infield, The Outfield, Hitting and Strategy.

Essentially, the great value of Arthur Mann's contribution to baseball's library of textbooks is its readability. The book reads as swiftly and interestingly as a piece of baseball fiction. The youngster to whom you give it can't help but thank you.



THE LORE AND LEGENDS OF BASEBALL. By Mac Davis. Lantern Press, New York. (\$2.95.) This meaty book, as the title states, contains a wealth of unusual baseball information. It's written in short anecdotal style and covers everything from "Little Baseball Secrets From the White House" to "Warning—Pitcher To Be Murdered"—when Detroit's then youthful and sensational Schoolboy Rowe was warned that if he walked to the mound against the St. Louis Cards in the World Series that day, he'd never pitch more than one ball. Author Mac Davis knows his baseball. He's pounded out hundreds of fascinating sports stories for books, magazines, radio and television. He claims to be the champion sportswriting ghost of all time, and you can believe him when he says, "Listen to any popular sports commentator from New York to California and such places as Alaska, Hawaii or Puerto Rico, and it's even money that I've ghosted the material for the sports program. *The Lore and Legends of Baseball* isn't a work of art, but it's lively, brash and often entertaining.

ing to lose against this club. I want a lot of holler in this series, and a few insults won't hurt."

Wonder Boy Harris, who had won Washington's first pennant in history and been acclaimed the length of Pennsylvania Avenue in a parade that surpassed any Presidential Inauguration wing-ding, had yet more wonders to work for the adoring Washington fans. He went on to win the World Series from the highly-favored Giants of John McGraw.

The Series went seven games, but save for Bucky Harris the Giants would have won it in six. The Senators staved off a fadeout by winning the sixth game, 2-1, and who drove in those two runs? Bucky Harris, batting seventh. And to send the climactic seventh game into extra innings after the teams were locked at 3-3, who drove in those three Washington runs? Yes, it was Bucky Harris again.

That seventh game which was to establish Walter Johnson, finally, as a World Series winner after he had been batted out in two previous starts by the Giants, was a complete tactical and competitive triumph for Harris over the old master, McGraw. The night before the game, he went to Griffith with a radical battle plan. Up against it for pitchers, he dared not start the twice-beaten Johnson again and George Mogridge and Tom Zachary were not sharp. Marberry was too valuable as a relief man to use as a starter.

To Griffith, Harris proposed a shocker. "I can start Curly Ogden," he said, "and McGraw will play Bill Terry at first base against our right-handed pitching. Terry's the guy who has been hurting us. We'll let Ogden pitch to one batter and then get him out of there and put in Mogridge. All McGraw's left-handed hitters will be in there against left-handed pitching. If he leaves them in, all right. If he takes them out, we'll be rid of all his pinch-hitters." Griffith agreed.

So impressive was Ogden at the start, striking out leadoff man Freddie Lindstrom on three pitched balls that Harris almost reneged on his strategy. He talked to Ruel, who told him, "Ogden is terrific." Harris let him stay in, watched him walk the next batter, and then reverted to his original plan, calling in Mogridge. As Bucky had hoped, McGraw pulled Terry from the lineup and inserted the right-handed George Kelly at first base.

Thus, Kelly was in there at the end of the ninth with the teams in a 3-3 tie. Harris' second homer of the Series had brought the deadlock in the seventh inning. Now it was Walter Johnson hooked up in a relief pitching duel with Jack Bentley. In the ninth and again in the 12th, with Giant runners on third base and one out, Johnson purposely passed Ross Youngs to pitch to Kelly. He fanned Kelly twice and blanked the Giants in both innings. Eventually came Earl McNeely's famed "pebble" hit and the Senators added the World Series to their pennant triumph.

Harris piled wonder on wonder. In 1925, his team won another pennant. He claimed Stanley Coveleskie from Cleveland at the waiver price, watched him lead the league's pitchers for Washington. His Senators were hot again, and were favorites to beat the Pirates in the World Series, especially after Johnson won his first two starts and they led the Series three games to one.

During that Series Harris actually

defied Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Harris was one of the Washington players who had signed to "cover" the games for newspapers with the help of ghost writers. When some of the authors attacked the umpiring of the Series under the by-lines of the players, Landis called Roger Peckinpaugh, Joe Judge, Sam Rice and Harris on the carpet for royal bawling-outs. They all reported, hat in hand, except Harris. He sent Landis word he was "too busy trying to win a World Series," and to the everlasting surprise of his friends heard no more from the commissioner.

That World Series of 1925 was Harris' first sample of adversity in the majors. His Senators blew it in seven games when Johnson, pitching in a rainstorm, slipped and foundered on the mound and couldn't hold two big leads. He was soundly battered and beaten and the irate Ban Johnson, president of the American League, sent Harris a scorching telegram rebuking him for leaving Johnson in so long. Bucky wired him back, "I'd do it all over again. If we can't win with Johnson, we can't win with anybody."

The second pennant was translated into a whopping contract by Harris. For the next three years, Griffith gave him \$30,000 annually. He got married in 1926 and took a wedding trip to Europe. When he returned, he slowed up in the field and was accused of becoming a society man. At the end of the 1928 season, he was told by Griffith, "Maybe we need a change of faces here, Stanley." Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "Detroit would like to have you manage their club."

They parted, still good friends. Bucky knew that Griffith wanted to give Walter Johnson a chance at managing his ball club, and there was a three-year contract waiting for him at Detroit. Harris managed there five years, under owner Frank Navin, but couldn't win a pennant. He left the Tigers a fair legacy before departing. He brought to the club a young pitcher named Schoolboy Rowe, a kid first-baseman named Hank Greenberg when no other team would have him; signed a pitcher named Tommy Bridges, and third-baseman Marvin Owen. He also acquired some pretty fair outfielders in Gee Walker, Pete Fox and Jo-Jo White.

There was a contract for a sixth season at Detroit lying on Harris' desk at the end of the 1933 season when he begged off. He told Mr. Navin, "Tom Yawkey wants me to manage at Boston and perhaps I'd better make the move. I'd like to tell you, though, that what your team needs mostly now is a catcher. Get one and you can win the pennant." Navin got Mickey Cochrane to catch and manage and the Tigers did win the pennant.

In his one year at Boston, Harris took the Red Sox into fourth place, the first time in 16 years that they had finished in the first division. His reward—the loss of his job. The fourth-place finish was the more remarkable in that Lefty Grove, a 24-game winner the year before, came down with a sore arm and won only eight, his worst season in the majors. More remarkable, too, is that two years later, when Yawkey presented his successor, Joe Cronin, with a new first-baseman, home-run hitting Jimmy Foxx, the Red Sox could finish only sixth.

Harris was Yawkey's choice as the Red Sox manager, but he wasn't the choice of the late Eddie Collins, vice-

president of the team, and there was friction between Collins and Harris from the outset. Bucky recommended to Collins that the Sox buy pitcher Wes Ferrell, who was available at Cleveland. Collins said he wouldn't have "that crazy-tempered pitcher on my ball club." Yawkey accompanied the Red Sox on their first western trip, and Harris pointed out the need for pitchers, adding that he could use Ferrell. Yawkey bought him on the spot, and Collins fumed at Harris for going over his head.

With that first-division finish, Harris was the darling of Fenway Park fans. Yawkey was happy, and Collins should have been. The Red Sox set a new home attendance record and pretty well blasted the theory that you had to be an Irishman to be a popular manager in Boston. The last three Red Sox managers were Carrigan, Collins and McManus. When Harris left Boston at the end of the season, he had already discussed 1935 plans with Yawkey. They had even agreed on a new staff of coaches to be selected by Harris, personally.

A week later, Harris was no longer the Boston manager. He knew it, despite no official announcement. The morning papers were carrying the story that the Red Sox had bought Joe Cronin from Washington for \$250,000. Harris knew what that meant—they weren't paying that much merely for a shortstop. Cronin would manage, too. His suspicions were confirmed later in the day by a phone call from Collins in Boston. He told Harris that Cronin would be the Red Sox manager and that Harris was free to look for another job.

And so Harris had been bounced again, but he could land right side up. If Cronin was going to Boston, there would be a managerial vacancy at Washington. Newsmen speculated immediately, and sounded Harris out. Would he apply for the Washington job? What were his plans. His answers were typical of the Harris that the baseball writers liked.

"Listen, fellows," said Bucky, frankly, "I'm out of a job. I've never loafed in my life. Baseball is the only business I know, and I want to stay in it. I'm not going to wait for Mr. Griffith to offer me the job with Washington. He might not do it. I have pride, but no false pride. I'm going to ask him for the job tomorrow."

The next day, Bucky walked into Griffith's little stucco office in Griffith Stadium wondering how he was going to be received by the man who six years before had fired him as a manager. His fears were soon allayed. Griffith was smiling, and it was a genuine smile of welcome.

"Hello, Bucky, I've been expecting you," he said simply, and then Bucky smiled. Ten minutes later he was the manager of the Washington club and at a press conference later in the day, Griffith was happily telling reporters, "I've got the best manager in baseball again." The inmates of the press box were happy, too. After six years of comparative drabness during the reigns of Walter Johnson and Joe Cronin, there would be good "copy" again in the manager's office.

Eight years the second Harris-Griffith honeymoon lasted. Mediocrity was the keynote of the rosters with which Harris worked, and there were no pennants and only one first-division finish, yet there were seven renewals of his contract for Harris. Griffith still called him

"the man who can get more out of a ball team than any other manager," but Bucky agreed at the end of the 1942 season that a change was needed and accepted his release. Griffith told him, "No man should be worrying all winter about being out of a job in the spring, Stanley. There's a place for you on my payroll if you don't wind up with another club."

With Griffith and Harris it always was more than a boss-employee relationship. Bucky compares every club-owner he ever worked for with Griffith, and never does Griffith finish second. If Harris is thin-skinned on any subject, it is the oft-heard charge that Griffith was wont to meddle in the management of his ball club. "He doesn't meddle," says Harris. "They say he is a hard man to work for, and if that is true, I'm complimented that I have managed his ball clubs for 16 years."

Working for Griffith is different, he says. "Let's face it. He was a great pitcher and a pennant-winning manager, and he's a smart club-owner. I've learned a lot of baseball from him, and I appreciate what he taught me. Believe me, it's more fun working for a man with savvy than for some of those other club-owners. A manager can get away with murder for a while, alibying his defeats to some of those owners who don't know baseball. All he has to do to explain away a defeat is to tell the owner, 'That guy couldn't go to his right' or 'this hitter can't hit a curve ball' or 'that pitcher made the wrong pitch.' You can't alibi a defeat that way to Mr. Griffith. He knows better. He knows why you lost; he knows why you win games, and if you managed a smart game you don't have to point out that fact to him. He has already given you credit."

Available Bucky wasn't long out of a job at the end of the 1942 season. Bill Cox, who had bought the Phillies, installed him as manager. What an experience that was for Harris! With Cox traveling with the club and trying to help Harris manage it, Bucky was in a pretty fix. He even welcomed Cox's decision to fire him before the season was over, glad to part company with the man Judge Landis ran out of baseball on charges he was betting on ball games.

And then, in 1944, after 24 seasons in the majors, Bucky Harris found himself a minor-leaguer again. This time, he hadn't quite landed on his feet. But the descent was far. He came to rest at Buffalo in the International League as manager, and the next year he took over as general manager, as well. It was a job not utterly without hope. Buffalo had a working agreement with Detroit, and vice president Walter O. Briggs, Jr., of the Tigers, long an admirer of Harris, had been proposing Harris as the general manager of the team to his father who owned the club. At Buffalo, Bucky for the first time was getting the front-office experience that would shape him for the Detroit job, and Buffalo was merely a bivouac until he moved up, it was presumed.

But young Briggs couldn't produce the job that he had half-way promised Harris. Briggs, Sr., turned a pair of deaf ears to his son's suggestions, hired Billy Evans instead and when Bucky's Buffalo contract ran out in 1946, he was jobless again. But not for long. A phone call revealed a new admirer, rambunctious Larry MacPhail, general manager of the Yankees, who wanted Harris to join his organization.

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Harris liked the idea and quickly accepted. He was tired, he had said, of "wearing that monkey suit." The dignity of the front office suited him and he joined MacPhail on a vague sort of assignment that included traveling with the team and touring the farm clubs and reporting back to MacPhail the trends in all phases of Yankee operations. The Yanks at the time were having manager trouble. Joe McCarthy had quit, and Bill Dickey had taken over, and MacPhail didn't like him, and Dickey knew he was only a stop-gap manager.

Just as the baseball world had suspected, MacPhail was offering Harris the job of managing the Yankees in 1947. Half apologetically, he did it. "I know you want front-office duties, Bucky, but I'm in a spot with no manager. You're the man who could help me out of it." Bucky accepted, verbally.

And then, fate played a cruel trick on Harris. All of a sudden the Detroit job of general manager that he wanted—"because general managers get paid \$40,000 a year and don't get fired, and don't have to wear that monkey suit"—suddenly opened up for him. Young Briggs had prevailed on his father to give Bucky the job, and now at the annual winter baseball meeting in Los Angeles, he was offering it to Bucky.

For Harris, it was a challenge that he met head-on. Here was the job he wanted. He wasn't legally bound to MacPhail and the Yankees. He had signed no contract with them, and MacPhail would understand, perhaps, that a man was entitled to better himself, especially a fellow who had been wearing that monkey suit for more than 30 years. All these things he considered, and then told young Briggs, "Sorry, I'm working for the Yankees."

The loyalty to MacPhail that he felt had collided with his self-interest, and the higher principle had won. "I'd feel like a rotter running out on Larry," he told Briggs. "He came along and brought me back from the minors when all the other big-league clubs were looking the other way and I'm not going to let him down. I told him I'd manage the Yankees for the next two years, and that's the way it will have to be. Thanks, Spike."

MacPhail had chosen wisely. Under Harris, the Yanks bounced back to win the 1947 pennant, despite the injuries to Joe DiMaggio and other key players that left the Yankees a baling-wire case in the last weeks of the season. And Harris went on to beat the Dodgers in the World Series with the judicious use of Joe Page in relief. That winter at the New York Baseball Writers' annual dinner he was awarded the plaque symbolizing him as the man who had made the greatest contribution to baseball during the year.

Unfortunately for Harris, however, MacPhail celebrated that World Series triumph at the traditional victory dinner too well, and not very wisely. He roared, ranted and tiffed with his fellow owners, Dan Topping and Del Webb, who bought him out on the spot and set George Weiss up as general manager of the club. Harris was left friendless on the Yankees without MacPhail. Weiss was suspicious of Bucky's front-office aspirations, and Harris began to feel the skids even though he had a contract to manage through 1948.

"When Weiss was made general manager, one of his first acts was to move

me out of the private office MacPhail had given me, and put me in a big office with a lot of clerks and stenographers," Harris related later. "Right then and there I smelled a rat . . . maybe I was in somebody's way."

When Harris failed by two games to win the pennant in 1948, the Yankees had an excuse, if flimsy one, for firing him, and they did. It wasn't exactly a surprise.

Two days after the season ended, Harris was rubbed out as manager of the Yankees in a piece of stealthy business that took its technique straight from the Hollywood B-pictures. It was the same old chestnut—flipping on the radio music to full volume to drown out the noise of the fatal shot, as fired by the Yankees in this case. The Messrs. Topping, Webb and Weiss withheld their action until the day of the famous Cleveland-Boston playoff for the American League pennant, the news of which blanketed the sports pages. The Harris discharge story was reduced to a weak second-billing and it amounted to a gentle way out for the Yankee ownership.

And so, again, he was Available Bucky, with the 1949 season coming up. Now what? It was for the Yankee outfit that fired him that he had passed up the most attractive of all baseball jobs, the general managership at Detroit, but Bucky didn't dwell on that, or if he did, it was not aloud. Aloud,

in the Tigers' farm system, had bought 40 per cent of the Washington team's stock from the Richardson's estate in 1949, and was challenging Griffith's control. There was panic in the Griffith Stadium front office.

Kuhel had to go, that was for certain. Somewhere Griffith had to come up with a manager who had the confidence of the Washington fans. It was imperative that he make some appeasing gesture toward them. One of his first acts was to buy outfielder Irv Noren from the Hollywood club. Noren was the Coast League's most valuable player and he cost Griffith \$60,000. Clark didn't trust the opinion of his scouts and wired his old friend Bucky Harris for an opinion on Noren. Harris gave Griffith the go-ahead on the purchase.

In his desperation, Griffith, attempting to recapture some of the glories of the Washington's pennant-winning days, asked Harris to accept the management of Washington a third time. Bucky agreed, by telephone. He left the salary figure up to Griffith and was given a three-year contract. If he could allay the clamor against Griffith by making a respectable finish, it would cool off the Jachym threat of winning support from other stockholders. Bucky did. He kept the Senators in the first division most of the season, and finished fifth with the eighth-place team he inherited.

The Senators stumbled to seventh in '51 but were a first-division club until the last week of the 1952 season. That showing netted Harris another two-year contract. Bucky was getting satisfaction out of making reclamation projects of former Yankee pitchers. He took the discarded Bob Porterfield and developed him as a top pitcher in 1951-52, and last season he hoodwinked the Yankees into taking Irv Noren for Jackie Jensen and Frank Shea. In that latter deal, Bucky Harris' friendship with some of his former Yankee players paid off. "Grab Shea," they told him. "Stengel's not giving him a chance to pitch and he has more stuff than they realize." Harris grabbed Shea, who promptly won 11, lost seven for Washington's fifth-place club and had an earned-run average of 2.93.

It was a young ball club that Harris took over when he replaced Kuhel as the Senators' manager in 1950. And Washington's young ballplayers knew that they had a different kind of manager. Bucky was brief and to the point. He gave none of Kuhel's long pep talks. Bucky sat with arms folded, in complete command. Kuhel had liked to be on his feet, hopefully exhorting them to get that big hit. Bucky, with his decisive commands, took the pressure off. He wasn't managing a ball team; he was bossing a brood.

"It makes you feel good," said one Washington player, "to look over to the end of the dugout and see Bucky there taking everything in stride and taking the rap for everything. He doesn't scare, and he makes you think everything is old hat to him. It makes you feel like some kid must feel when he's walking down the street with Daddy and puts his hand in Daddy's hand and knows nothing can happen to him as long as Daddy is around. He takes all the fright out of a young ball club, and that's good."

HOW WOULD YOU CALL IT?

ANSWER

(Walter L. Pate, U.S.L.T.A. official and captain of many Davis Cup teams, 1935-1946) —The previous point stands. The next service must be from the left court, the score being 30-15, and the server has served one fault.

he said only, "I'll land on my feet."

And he did. One of his old ballplayers remembered Bucky. Hank Greenberg, the gangling kid whom Bucky had insisted had a big-league future at Detroit when no other club wanted him, was now the vice-president of the Cleveland Indians. Would Bucky like to manage their farm team at San Diego? He talked with Greenberg and Bill Veeck, and liked what they said: "Spend a year in our organization at San Diego, and after that perhaps you'll be managing the Indians." Harris grabbed the San Diego job, sent Harry Simpson and Luke Easter up to the Indians, and yearned to get back in the majors.

Circumstances that he didn't suspect, were working for him, and as usual, his original benefactor, Clark Griffith was involved. The Griffith baseball fortunes were at a low ebb. Joe Kuhel had been an unexciting and unsuccessful manager. During the two seasons of 1948-49, manager Kuhel's Senators had finished seventh and eighth. The Washington fans were bedeviling Clark Griffith to get a better ball team, and staying away from the park in great numbers. And then from another quarter came harassment for Griffith. For the first time in 30 years, his complete control of the Washington club was being challenged.

John J. Jachym, enterprising baseball man from Jamestown, New York, who was a highly-respected operative



How to break out of a Slump

By John Mize

From "How To Hit" by Johnny Mize, Copyright 1953 by Henry Holt and Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.



INP

A SLUMP is the worst thing that can happen to a hitter but it happens to every player at one time or another. There are no exceptions. Nobody knows exactly what causes it, but everyone has ideas. My explanation hinges on the fact that a slump always seems to follow a hitting splurge. When a player is hitting every pitch that comes over the plate, he relaxes too much and takes his eye off the ball in order to watch where it is going.

Everything bad seems to happen when you're in a slump. Even when you tag the ball good it's usually hit right at someone. The fielders start robbing you of base hits as well. The ballplayers call this the "At-em" ball. No matter where you hit it, it's always at someone.

Gil Hodges was a victim of the disease in the 1952 World Series. He hit a number of balls good but they were always snagged. A few inches either way and Gil would have had the base hits he tried so desperately to get.

When you're in a slump you're ready to settle for any "bloop" hit or bad hop that will break the streak. It's important to be open-minded to all theories. If someone makes a suggestion that sounds reasonable, try it. You lose nothing. Remember not to get desperate or discouraged. Keep thinking that you will get that hit the next time up.

Keep your temper. Throwing away the bat in disgust, kicking up the dirt, or going into the dugout and punching the water cooler and the wall isn't going to help. I have told quite a few players that if they would get as mad at the pitcher as they do at themselves, they would surely get a hit. The player who slams down his bat on the ground or plate and breaks it is being very foolish. Why lose a good bat? If you swing it properly, it will be your friend. Speaking of bats, I never change the model of my bat when I'm in a slump. I may try a different weight bat, yet I stick to the same model.

The most accepted method of breaking out of a slump is to try and hit every ball back through the middle of the diamond. Try it in batting practice as well as in the game. Forget about hitting the ball any other place, no matter how well you hit those first few pitches. When you hit back through the pitcher's box, it means you are meeting the ball squarely over the middle of the plate and getting the "meat" part of the bat on it. If you do this you know that you're not swinging too late or too early. It means you have your eye on the ball when you hit solidly. The pitcher on the mound can tell you if you are swinging properly during batting practice.

I broke Ewell Blackwell of chewing tobacco by hitting through the box. It was in the ninth inning during a regular season game when he was pitching for Cincinnati and I was with the Giants. Ewell had a big chaw in his mouth when I hit one of his pitches whistling back at him. The ball headed straight for his head, and in his anxiety to get out of the way, he swallowed the entire chaw of tobacco. He was green when he went back to the bench. He's never used chewing tobacco since.

I chew tobacco during a game, as most of you know. Many people have asked me why. When you chew tobacco, particularly on hot days, you avoid drinking water. That's good because water makes you loggy.

Many ballplayers are superstitious. Each player has his own little ritual which is intended to act as a good-luck symbol. I am no exception. When I get ready to hit, I usually rake up a handful of dirt and rub it on my hands. If I use my right hand to pick up the dirt and I get a hit, I usually repeat the procedure next time up. If I don't, I may use the other hand or not do it at all. The only time I add tobacco to my chaw is after I make an out.

I believe it was John McGraw who arranged to have a horse-drawn wagon of barrels pass by the Polo Grounds as the players were entering the park. Barrels are supposed to symbolize base hits and this little psychology made the players confident that they would get a barrelful that day.

There are some players who touch a particular base, either going or coming back to the bench. Others sit in one spot on the bench. I guess you can say that these and hundreds of other baseball eccentricities give a player more assurance anyway.

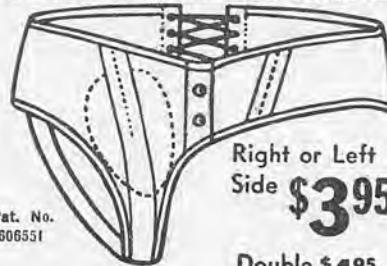
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Those Terrific Trojans

(Continued from page 51)

track athletes to USC—the university extensively publicizes and promotes the sport of track. It plans elaborate trips for inter-sectional competition, which appeal to the athletes, and schedules big local meets which arouse the interest of both spectators and prospective trackmen.

The Los Angeles Coliseum Relays, an annual night event and a highlight on the nation's track calendar, is co-sponsored by USC and the Southern California Olympic Games Committee. Since the war, the meet has attracted crowds of at least 40,000 yearly, with 61,000 attending in 1948, when world sprint champion Mel Patton was the feature attraction. A dual meet with the University of Illinois in 1947 drew 30,000 spectators. USC dual meets of any consequence at all draw at least 10,000 fans. In 16 meets last year, the Trojans drew approximately 185,000 spectators.

Thus the sport of track more than pays its own way at USC, which indeed is a rarity. Few schools can claim the distinction of having this traditionally high-cost, low-return sport stand on its own spikes.

An analysis of the growth of track at the University of Southern California since it opened its doors in the Roaring Twenties, must begin with 73-year-old Dean Bartlett Cromwell, a suave Los Angeles resident known for his many and choice words. It was Cromwell who developed the sport at a once small Los Angeles Methodist university until it gained international fame for molding track and field athletes, some of whom have held 34 world records. He did it by first acquiring confidence in himself as a young coach, then by inspiring confidence in his athletes. Cromwell called all his athletes "Champ."

"It gave them the feeling that maybe they were a little better than they thought," he says, "and it presented them with a challenge to live up to that name. Many of them did."

"I never overcast a boy by telling him to do something he knew was impossible. I never taxed him beyond his capabilities. I would give him an assignment I knew he could do. If there

were four boys faster than my boy, I would tell him to finish fifth. Of course, on the other hand, I never told him 16 boys in that field could beat him, or they would. I would build him up day by day, year by year."

This same basic psychology has paid big dividends for two former Cromwell students who have succeeded him as coach since his retirement in 1948. Jess Hill, recognized as USC's greatest all-around athlete, was track coach for two years and won two NCAA titles before becoming head football coach and guiding the Trojans to a Rose Bowl victory last January 1. Jesse Mortensen, who established a world decathlon record in 1931, has been track coach the last two years and also has won two NCAA titles.

Mortensen says, "Cromwell could give lessons in psychology to most psychologists. He could write books on psychology which would be among the best on the subject. I try to use the same principles he did to develop winning athletes. A boy who does not feel within himself that he is capable of defeating others never will be able to win. If he says to himself, 'I can't do it,' he's whipped before he starts. That's why I tell the boys who turn out for track that a fellow first has to beat himself before he can beat others.

"Last year I had a miler on the squad who came to me one time before a big meet and said, 'I'm not good enough to be in that race.' I told him if he didn't change his attitude he could turn in his uniform. I don't want boys on my team who don't have confidence in themselves.

"Track is not a team sport. It is an individual affair. It's up to each participant to work himself into a highly competitive spirit. A sound psychological attitude actually will make the adrenal glands function better, and the individual will be able to perform more efficiently than even he thinks possible. A case in point is Parry O'Brien, our Olympic shot-put champion. I never have seen Parry throw farther than 55 feet in practice. Yet in actual competition last year he consistently bettered 56 feet. That is what I mean by a sound psychological attitude giving yourself a fight talk out

on the field. Parry is exceptionally adept at this. He gestures and lectures aloud to himself before a crucial throw. It works him up emotionally, and speeds up his adrenal glands.

"If Jack Davis, our NCAA high and low-hurdles champion, knows he has a tough race coming up, he starts to concentrate on it several days ahead of time. In that way he gets himself in mental condition for the big ones.

"Our track teams have a big psychological advantage over their opponents. The pressure generally is on the teams we meet, and an individual cannot perform at his best when he's under pressure. There's a big difference between being mentally ready and trying too hard. When an athlete feels the pressure is on him, he usually tries too hard, and his muscles become tense. In track and field competition, the secret of success is complete relaxation.

"The ideal attitude for a successful track and field performer is what I term 'relaxed rigidity.' That's when the athlete is relaxed physically, yet prepared mentally for a supreme effort at a given time."

Other Cromwell students besides Hill and Mortensen are successful coaches today. One particular standout is Payton Jordan, national AAU 100-meter champion in 1941, whom Cromwell regarded as one of his favorite protégés. Jordan is track coach at Occidental College, a small school which emphasizes the virtues of track and field.

Jordan says, "Cromwell gave me the confidence to believe in myself. He tried to make his athletes feel like champions as well as be champions. I try to coach the way he did, and I do in some respects, but not all. He's the master. We know he did it, but we don't know how.

"He was friendly toward his boys, but he had a firm hand. He was not too good a guy. He could say 'no' when it was necessary. One year when I was competing in the national AAU meet at Franklin Field in Philadelphia, Cromwell was unable to make the trip. So he sent a long telegram addressed to about half a dozen of his boys, and there was a part in it intended personally for each one of us. My part said: 'Go out and run that 100 like the champion you are so I won't have to worry about having a champion sprinter next year.' That's the type of a coach he was. You felt like you had to go out and prove to him you really were a champion."

Cromwell traces the success of his 40-year regime at USC to, what he calls, an act of providence which occurred in the winter of 1912, when he was 32 years of age and in his third year as Trojan track coach. A freshman named Fred Kelly, just out of Orange High School, some 30 miles from Los Angeles, enrolled at USC for the spring semester. Kelly's mother told Cromwell she knew her son was going to be an athlete because when he was only two years old he would pick up her flat iron and carry it around the kitchen.

Kelly did turn out to be a track athlete; a high hurdler, to be exact. During that spring semester young coach Cromwell saw a lot of promise in this freshman and spent quite a bit of time working with him. It was those months Cromwell spent with Kelly that led him to be regarded as the greatest track coach in history. For that summer Kelly, an 18-year-old freshman, representing a small university virtually unheard of beyond Southern California,



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went to Stockholm, Sweden, and won the high hurdles event in the Olympics.

That victory for Kelly, now retired as chief pilot of Western Air Lines, did something to Cromwell. A coach reaps a tremendous amount of confidence when he has an Olympic champion, especially in his third year of coaching. He gets new and different ideas, and looks for bigger and better things from his athletes. The Dean says that Kelly's achievement was the inspiration that spurred USC to championships, year after year.

In the days when promising high school athletes did not have to be lured to college campuses in a clandestine manner, Cromwell's gift of a magnetic personality came in handy. A few years before the Twenties, Cromwell made the acquaintance of the Paddock family of Pasadena, who had a son named Charley. Charley was a talented young sprinter, and when it came time for him to enter college, the Paddock family thought so highly of Cromwell, they felt no place other than USC would do.

So Charley enrolled at USC, and, under Cromwell's coaching, went on to become one of the greatest track stars of all time. He set three world records, won an Olympic championship and five national AAU titles in the sprints from 1920 to 1924. Paddock was the forerunner of a never-ending parade of world, Olympic and national track and field champions to carry the colors of USC. After Paddock, the University of Southern California was established as the track powerhouse of the United States.

With the acquisition of such a generous array of track and field stars, USC acquired a national reputation and was liberally represented in the NCAA and IC4-A meets. The healthy manpower situation encouraged the young and ambitious Cromwell in his intensive job of organizing what was to be the perennially invincible Trojan track team. But he was warned, on good authority, to ship only field competitors, not runners, across the country to participate in the big Eastern meets. Trackmen would be in no condition to compete after a four-day and four-night train ride, he was told. Cromwell startled the track and field world by sending balanced teams, equal in field event and track event strength, from Coast to Coast, and winning meets against the strongest competition.

He upset old precedents and set new ones in training habits and coaching techniques, proving that a runner could hop off a train after a long cross-country trip and be as effective as an athlete competing on his home track.

USC began winning national meets with monotonous regularity, and turning out more and more champions and record-breakers. Gradually a chain reaction set in. High school track and field athletes began to idolize the legendary Trojans. USC became a melting pot for prepsters whose ultimate goal was to compete in a Trojan track uniform.

USC thus is in the enviable position of not having to entice track athletes with the proverbial convertible automobile. The prestige of representing USC is lure enough. Coach Mortensen says, "We give a limited number of grants-in-aid (refined way of saying "athletic scholarships") and campus jobs which pay \$75 a month. I don't want it any other way. Generous financial offers spoil the kids and spoil the sport."

A typical example of how a high school track star feels about USC is expressed by Jim Lea, probably the best 440 man in the nation today. Lea was a track sensation at Roosevelt High School in Seattle, and says he received lucrative financial enticements from universities in the Pacific Northwest but spurned them because he always had the ambition to run for USC. He receives a grant-in-aid, which covers approximately \$300 for tuition fees, and he has a campus job. He wouldn't trade his Trojan uniform for that of any other in the country. Lea feels it provides a tremendous psychological advantage. He says, "I've found that the opposing runners actually are frightened out of their best effort when they see a Trojan jersey. They take it for granted they're going to be beaten."

Desmond Koch, a versatile fellow who takes part in the discus, shot put and javelin events, feels the same way. Koch, a member of the Trojan football team, led the entire nation in punting last season with a 43.3-yard average, but attends USC on a grant-in-aid issued for his track and field talents. He comes from Shelton, Washington, where, in 1950, he made the best high school discus mark in the nation. He says, "If your team wins nine out of ten events, it makes you feel kind of invincible. You try much harder to win yourself."

Koch, incidentally, is capable of consistently throwing the discus the impressive distance of 165 feet, which normally would be sufficient to win the NCAA championship. But Koch is in the paradoxical position of being able to finish no better than third in that event on his very own team. The reason is that the Trojans also claim among their number Sim Iness, holder of the American and Olympic discus records, and Parry O'Brien, the Olympic shot put record-holder who also is a highly talented discus man. Partly because of this, Koch has decided not to go out for track this year. Thus he is saving a year of eligibility, and will have 1954-55 in which he will be favored to win the NCAA discus, since Iness and O'Brien will graduate after this season. It will also give Koch time to concentrate on winning the No. 1 tailback position in spring football practice.

Jim Slosson, a former Trojan middle-distance man who now is a successful track coach at Los Angeles Valley Junior College, says, "To me, just being selected for a grant-in-aid in track at USC is like being named on an All-America team."

And Payton Jordan, the Occidental coach who was an outstanding sprinter at Pasadena High School, says, "Financial offers didn't mean a thing to me. I thought so much of Cromwell I stumbled all over myself to get to go to USC."

So it did not come as too much of a surprise to Southern California track followers this spring when a crack Canadian high school sprinter, Malcolm Golden, came all the way from Toronto, Ontario, to enroll at USC. Golden says he relishes the year-around, semi-arid climate of Southern California, and favors a locality where track is emphasized and held in high public esteem.

Statistics show that most of USC's manpower is home-grown, however. The last several years Trojan track squads have been composed of approximately 70 per cent Southern California high school graduates, slightly under

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The Lady is a Pool Shark

THE 88-pound girl in the gold satin evening gown, with her black hair swept back behind her ears, studied her chances solemnly. She floated gracefully around the table studying the angles. The sell-out crowd of bankers and mink-coated blue-bloods puzzled along with her in near-breathless silence. Somebody coughed nervously, quickly, a cough the 12,000 yards of draped, pastel tapestries couldn't muffle. The girl's white-haired haughty-visaged opponent frowned bleakly. The girl sighed and leaned over the table, balancing herself on the ball of her high-heeled left foot, her slim right leg extended behind her for balance. She shot, and the three ivory balls—one red, the other two white—described an intricate pattern over the green felt table, clicking with each billiard. When they came to rest, the crowd exploded into noisy applause and the white-haired man in the corner pounded the butt of his cue on the floor as an emperor would pound his scepter in congratulations.

"She's terrific," the patriarch of billiards, world champion Willie Hoppe said generously. "There's no doubt in my mind that she can become one of the all-time greats."

She is Miss Masako Katsura of Tokyo, Japan, the first woman ever to have competed in a three-cushion billiard world championship. But beyond that, she has brought the sweet kiss of glamour and the white light of respectability to what once was a disreputable, backroom, spittoon-marked sport.

Miss Katsura competed in the world championship tournament in Chicago last March and along with the tapestries and deep carpeting, she provided the ancient sport a new, luxurious setting.

Welker Cochran, himself a six-time former world champion who promoted the 1952 world title tournament in San Francisco, brought Miss Katsura to the United States. Well, that is, Cochran did with an assist from Masako's husband, former Army Air Force Sergeant Vernon Greenleaf.

The 28-year-old Miss Katsura is a protégée of Kinrey Matsuyama, the four-foot, 11-inch, ten-time billiard champion of Japan. Orphaned at an early age, she lived with her younger sister, whose husband operates a Tokyo billiard parlor. There she met Matsuyama and, after the war, Greenleaf, a distant cousin of former pocket billiard champion Ralph Greenleaf.

Miss Katsura spoke only a few words of English and Sgt. Greenleaf even less of Japanese, so their romance was translated by cues and innuendo.

Even when Masako competed in San Francisco in 1952, Sgt. Greenleaf couldn't interpret for her as glibly as newsmen desired, so Matsuyama volunteered to help. But Miss Katsura had difficulty grasping English meanings. When one New York Times reporter asked, "What is your reflection on life in the United States, and what are your future plans?" Miss Katsura answered, as translated by a shyly smiling Matsuyama, "I do tomorrow what I did yesterday. Get up, get my husband breakfast of scrambled eggs and coffee, clean the house, and practice billiards for four hours in the afternoon."

She placed seventh last year among the ten world championship billiard competitors, but she was one of the toughest of opponents. Irving Crane of Binghamton, New York, many times a pocket billiard champion, said, "It's a problem playing her. In addition to being a terrific opponent, she also has the psychological advantage of having the crowd pulling for her every minute."

Masako's size, five feet, one inch, and 88 pounds, works to her disadvantage sometimes in three-cushion billiards, but not on trick shots—at which she excels. Such as knocking an object ball off the top of a milk bottle with her cue ball. (Once she scored points for seven continuous hours while playing straight rail billiards.)

Although Miss Katsura has schooled herself to an expressionless facial front when she's competing, her instinctive feminine tricks, such as twisting a lace handkerchief when she's waiting her turn to shoot, and the warm smile she gives to her husband rooting for her close by, and particularly her ability to be all woman in a field so long monopolized by men, promises the sport of billiards an exciting new personality to draw bigger and better crowds to the major championships of the future.

—BRUCE LEE

ten per cent Northern California prep graduates, and slightly over 20 per cent out-of-state prep graduates.

High school track and field material in the state of California is of the highest quality. In a theoretical national high school track meet, with competition based on best times recorded last season, California would make the point standings look like strictly a one-state affair. On a basis of ten points for first place, eight for second, six for third, four for fourth and two for fifth, California prepsters would score 91 1-5 points to 39 1-5 for second-place Ohio.

California athletes set the best marks in the mile, 880, 880 relay, shot put, pole vault, high jump and broad jump. The mile champion, Fernando Ledesma of Compton, and the shot put champion, Leon Patterson of Taft, both enrolled at USC and are competing on the Trojan frosh team.

In varsity competition, the Trojans look like shoo-ins to win four events in the NCAA meet June 19 and 20 at Lincoln, Nebraska, and they probably will win at least five. The most impressive-looking member of the team is Sim Iness, defending NCAA and Olympic discus champion, whom track statisticians expect to shatter the world record any time he whirls into action. The six-foot six-inch, 240-pound senior's best mark is 183 feet, 5 1/4 inches, which is the American record, and which comes perilously close to Fortune Gordien's world record of 186 feet, 11 inches. Coach Mortensen feels Iness has a potential of 200 feet.

Parry O'Brien is a sure thing for another NCAA shot-put title. This Olympic champion has a best mark of 57 feet, 4 inches, and it would surprise no one if he smashed Jim Fuchs' world record of 58 feet 11 inches in this, his senior year.

Jack Davis is regarded as the best hurdler in the world in competition today. He finished some six inches behind Harrison Dillard for second place in the Olympic 110-meter high hurdles, but both were credited with the same record-breaking time. Besides winning both the high and low hurdles in the NCAA last year, he finished second in the 200-meter dash. Davis, a senior, has toured the high hurdles in 13.7 seconds, the lows in 22.9 seconds and the 220-yard dash in 21.1 seconds.

Jim Lea, a junior, is conceded an excellent chance of capturing the NCAA 440-yard race this year. He finished third to Ollie Matson and George Rhoden, both of whom have now graduated, in the NCAA 400 meter last year. Lea also is a candidate for points in the 220 and low hurdles.

A promising high-jumper, sophomore Ernie Shelton, who was developed by coach Jim Slossen at Los Angeles Valley Junior College, transferred to USC for the spring semester. He leaped as high as six feet, seven inches last year.

Returning in the high jump is Manuel Ronquillo, a senior, who finished in a tie for fourth place in the NCAA last year. He has leaped six feet, six inches.

Yes, those terrific Trojans are loaded again. Which brings up an ironic angle. Coach Cromwell says, "You would be surprised at the number of coaches who dislike me. We kept on winning until it became monotonous. Then we won some more! I don't blame those coaches. But what could I do about it? My goodness! You don't tell amateur athletes not to do their best. That would be breaking the spirit of a champion."

Don't Let TV Kill Baseball!

(Continued from page 10)

the visitors' share by selling television and refusing to cut in the club that provides half of the talent. Maybe I'm stretching a point there because I'll admit the Browns have been a sorry ball club in the past, but the Yankees would look silly—wouldn't they?—if they tried to charge admission to watch a workout or a game against the Bronx Boys' Club.

When I say through "circumstances of geography alone," that's exactly what I mean. To continue the New York-St. Louis parallel, the Yankees happen not only to have 12,000,000 people in their area to our 1,500,000, but they also have a great advantage in the one thing that appeals to television sponsors—many more potential viewers and, therefore, many more potential purchasers of Braunschweiger's Beer and Koffin Knail Cigarettes.

The Yankees might not be expected to worry, as a result, when a 300,000 drop in attendance is offset by a radio and television fee of about \$500,000. Our concern is obvious, I think. We're taking less money out of Yankee Stadium while by our sweat and effort we're building up the Browns in St. Louis and giving the Yankees more money than they've taken out of Sportsman's Park since the two clubs ran a virtual dead-heat for the 1922 pennant.

While at this writing the Yankees had refused to see our side of this controversy, they're still concerned enough about the situation to have conducted the first real television survey. As Bill Walsingham of the Cardinals says, representing the special six-man committee set up by baseball to study the TV problem, more facts and figures are needed. Meanwhile, the Yankees have conducted their poll and this, roughly, is what I understand they've found to be the case:

That the hard-core fan who attends 30 to 35 games has missed meeting his annual average only once or twice since television brought the world champions into his living room free; that, however, the casual fan who went to six or seven games a season has dropped off to going just once or twice and that the expected new fan lured to the park after being introduced to baseball through TV has not materialized at all.

The guy who has had his appetite whetted by watching baseball on video is a rare bird, apparently. He'll go once to the ball park to orient himself in the surroundings, to acquaint himself with the color scheme and atmosphere. Then he'll hurry back to his television set to stay because, aside from the financial saving, he misses the announcer's guidance. Unlike the real baseball fan, this synthetic character has to be told, "Now, hold tight, friends, Rizzuto is up and the bunt is in order!"

It's my contention, as a result of what I've heard, seen and observed, that at this time television is not making new

patrons for baseball, but actually is taking away the casual—or should it be "occasional"?—cash customer. In an era of inflation, which has spiraled players' salaries and costs of operation, it's extremely doubtful how much of the present can be sacrificed for a questionable future.

The minor leagues have gone the way of most circuses. You don't have to be a greybeard to remember when there were 20 circuses traveling the breadth and width of the land on a paying basis. Now there's only one real top-flight circus. The greatest show on earth practically has become the ONLY show.

When a good friend of baseball like Senator Edwin C. Johnson threatens the game, it's really time to take stock. I was deeply impressed by the Colorado lawmaker, president of the Western League, in his speech at the New York baseball writers' dinner last February. I agreed heartily with his contention that baseball television "murdered in cold-blood" the once-prosperous franchises at Newark and Jersey City. And I certainly felt he was guilty of no over-statement in sounding "the alarm of an approaching crisis in baseball."

The Senator offers some of the figures, the cold statistics, that must be revealing to my baseball colleagues. He pointed out that in 1951 there were only 117 TV stations in the United States, that in 1952 an additional 169 were licensed, that 200 more would be approved this year "and every year thereafter until the nation will boast upwards of 2,000 TV stations."

It's not enough that by its constantly improving programming television will provide baseball a rugged test of fair competition for your attention, day and night, but—listen to Senator Johnson again—as he says:

"Forty- and 50-inch screens will be commonplace. Color television which improves the image 100 per cent is out of the laboratory and ready. The three-dimension picture will make the ball game so realistic that you will leap out of your chair and try to grab a souvenir when the ball heads your way. A new tape will replace the expensive film and, of course, there will be telemeter and phonevision service at family prices."

The truly distressing thing for the future of baseball, especially in the minor leagues that provide our supply line of talent to the majors, is when baseball's friend in Congress feels compelled to threaten as follows:

"Last year when the Celler Committee explored the possibility of monopoly in baseball, the minor-league association president and many of its subordinates made tracks to Washington and filled the record with evidence that there was no monopoly in baseball.

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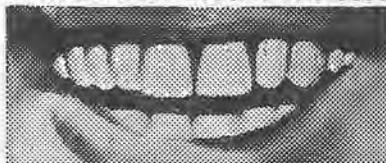
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"I can only speak for myself, but if the majors indiscriminately invade the territory of the minors with television as they have with radio, I for one will testify before Congress and the courts that major-league baseball is a cruel and heartless monopoly motivated by avarice and greed, and woe unto whoever gets in their path."

Every time I re-read that part of the transcript of Senator Johnson's hard-hitting speech I get a chill. I know, you see, what set him off—the prospect of a nationwide televised Game of the Week. And I know, too, what clear-thinking Walsingham of the Cardinals has predicted: That a Game of the Week this season or next would be followed by a Game of the Day on TV no later than 1955!

I'm definitely opposed to any network video because the tentacles of television already have been dangerously far-reaching on a local basis. The Class B Inter-State League died this year primarily because its cities were close enough to Philadelphia and New York to be able to get telecasts of the Phillies, Athletics, Yankees, Giants and Dodgers. Mind you, the prosperous state of Pennsylvania that had 26 clubs in organized baseball as recently as 1950 now has only nine, counting the two Philadelphia teams. In New England, there is only one city represented in the minor leagues.

A shrinkage of the entertainment dollar, did you say? In rebuttal I wish to show that my own St. Louis Browns improved in attendance from 247,000 in 1950 to 518,000 last season. And we'll do even better this time, I hope. The Chicago White Sox went from 781,000 paid admissions at Comiskey Park in 1950 to 1,328,000 in '51 and drew 1,231,000 in '52. There was no shrinkage of the entertainment dollar in those cases, was there?

No, of course not. The ball clubs improved, the White Sox considerably more than ours. Teams on the upgrade

will continue to improve their attendance even if at a more conservative rate than if there were no television. The startling thing, though, is that even though the Yankees have continued to win American League pennants in thrilling races with Cleveland, New York's attendance has gone down from season to season. The Indians? We drew the all-time high of 2,600,000 in 1948. Last season the Tribe was down to 1,400,000.

When I was at Cleveland, television was in its infancy. Sets were few, so few, in fact, that in 1948 when a station carrying our games was unable to line up a sponsor for more than half our home games, I voluntarily rebated half of the \$100,000 fee we had received. The same year, you may recall, the St. Louis Cardinals permitted televising of 55 games for only \$11,000. TV then was no competition because there weren't antennas waving from every rooftop, and sponsors—well, they weren't interested.

I began to suspect television's effect on baseball in 1949 when we finished a close third in a three-way race that wasn't decided until the last day of the season. I felt our 300,000 drop in attendance was more than the last-minute slump of the Indians warranted. My opinion was based on the opinion-sampling, table-hopping and nosing around that is part and parcel of my baseball operation. People weren't saying, "Say did you see Feller blow that one yesterday?" They were saying, "Say did you see Feller blow that one on TV yesterday?"

At Cleveland, I confess I never understood Bill DeWitt's problem operating the Browns, the long-time weak-sister of the American League. By televising and not cutting him in on the TV fee, I wasn't much help to him. Since buying him out in July, 1951, I've come to appreciate his stand in St. Louis and to admire his courage.

I know, too, that Cleveland's resurgence—did you know the Indians were last in the American League in attendance only four years before they set the all-time gate record?—would have been considerably more difficult if we

had been forced not only to combat the lowly position of the club, but substantially reduced road receipts because of television.

In that connection, I got a big kick recently out of a letter to *The Sporting News* by a Dayton (Ohio) fan, I. R. Libecap, who supported the Browns, plea for either a share of television receipts or no TV of our road games. Wrote Mr. Libecap, in part: "Remember Cleveland not too long ago? A large city with a run-down franchise, attendance very poor and salaries low. Then Veeck came along and turned it into a profitable franchise that set attendance records."

Fair-minded baseball fans like Mr. Libecap made those attendance records possible, people who drove from great distances or came on special excursion trains to watch the Indians play. Television now has cut heavily into the out-of-town fan who in threatening weather or, because of the travel hardships involved, will stay at home and turn his TV set dial to the ball game.

The most amazing of all letters was one I received from a New York man stationed in the Army near Atlanta. He sent a check for \$20 for tickets to help defray the expense of my stand on the television issue!

A danger of television, especially as it reaches out into the minor-league territory, is that the fan in the minor-league area is made more acutely aware of the difference in the caliber of baseball played and, consequently, becomes more critical and disdainful of the brand offered him. That's a big reason why I oppose chain TV on any basis, free or on a metered pay-as-you-see plan. I'm convinced baseball's Game of the Day radio broadcasts hurt the minors considerably because (1) of the larger number of outstanding plays and (2) the razzle-dazzle that has become a part of radio play-by-play.

Actually, I consider radio and television no more related, though both are audio, than TV and the newspapers, which both are visual. Radio at best is second-hand, a teaser. Video is too close to the real thing. Didn't the Army prove that the best and quickest way to teach and to learn is through the use of training films?

If television could be used as a teaser—showing a game occasionally or maybe even two or three a week—I believe baseball could live with the Frankenstein monster, could master it and prosper as we've done with radio. But daily television?—No, not now, anyway.

If there were all one-club cities in the majors, road television on a limited-radius basis would be the answer, but there's absolutely no reason why the Browns and Cardinals should cut one another's throats or any of the other two-team towns. No more reason, that is, than that baseball already is murdering minor-league ball and threatening to do a similarly gory job in the big leagues.

But despite my reluctant change in policy in March, I believe the best thing would be for a television blackout of my club's road games. It would be interesting to see how much more—or less—we'd draw than we did last season in the seven other American League cities. We're certain that while the wealthier clubs might have threatened reprisal, their fans won't. Men and women interested in the welfare of baseball will, we feel, understand our viewpoint. No one wants TV to kill baseball.

"Am I to interpret this as an attempt to make me appear ridiculous before the spectator?"

Pro Golf Ought to Get Smart

(Continued from page 43)

hurt their fellow players and the game in general. If these players were smart they would realize what is happening to baseball as a result of long, drawn-out games.

Two of our leading amateur stars, Frank Stranahan and Dick Chapman, learned the hard way in England that golf fans will do something about unnecessary and boring delay in play. Playing a 36-hole match in a town whose citizens have followed and loved golf for hundreds of years, the Americans started out in the morning with more than 4,000 highly-enthusiastic spectators at their heels. By the time they finished their morning round it was mid-afternoon tea time. Not a single spectator showed up that afternoon to watch them settle the issue. I am glad to report that both Frank and Dick are now reasonably fast players.

I don't mean that a pro player, with hundreds of dollars riding on each shot, can be expected to speed up play to a point of carelessness. But there is a penalty for unnecessary delay, with possible disqualification to boot, and this rule should be rigidly enforced.

As one old-timer put it: "Players used to check the grass on the greens. Now they check the roots." George Duncan, I believe it was, once said: "If you are going to miss 'em, miss 'em quick." That isn't a bad rule to follow.

Gene Sarazen proved this point one year in the Masters. Because of an appointment later in the day, Gene asked to be started first. He played the 18 holes in two hours and ten minutes—and in exactly 70 strokes, or two under par on one of the toughest courses in the world.

We have some pretty fast players around today in fellows like Sam Snead and Tommy Bolt who do all right under pressure. Because I like him so much I think that friendship permits me to say that Jackie Burke would be a more popular and colorful player if he speeded up a bit. I could name a few others who make even Jackie seem like a Tony DeSpirito on a hot horse, but I wouldn't care to name names. Golf fans know who I mean. So do the poor caddies who must patiently follow these players.

Speaking of caddies, I'd like to point out that the treatment received by some bag carriers from certain players is a disgrace to the game. Tournament manager Fred Corcoran, who used to caddy himself, has a good idea on the subject. He says caddies who work for notoriously slow players should be paid by the hour. In other words, a kid should be paid double for being forced to work twice as long.

But I guess a caddy who is unfortunate enough to get tangled up with this kind of a person is lucky to get paid at all. You may find it hard to believe, but each year literally hundreds of caddies are fired along the tournament trail, and mostly for trivial reasons. Or maybe it isn't so trivial at that. Selfishness and greed are usually responsible.

Tournaments, as a rule, last four days. Players generally arrive in time for a day or so of practice. This means a lot of walking and ball shagging for a caddy. It is customary for a winning player receiving say \$2,000 to pay his caddy from five to ten per cent as a bonus. After one tournament I actually heard a winning player booed by the caddies. He had paid his boy exactly

\$12 out of a prize purse of \$2,000.

On the other hand, some players go all out to reward a good caddy, who is like a good quarterback to a football team. When Lawson Little won the Open title he set up a college scholarship for his caddy. This youngster, I heard later, did some valuable scientific work for his country.

When a young player starts out on the tournament circuit, I think he should be briefed on his obligation to the public. As a rule now the average kid saves a few bucks, pays his entrance fee into a tournament and thereafter is known as a tournament player. Can you imagine a kid walking onto a Broadway stage and starting acting just like that!

Last winter in Florida I saw a fairly prominent young player step up to the first tee before a large gallery wearing an old stocking cap around his head. He looked like Tiny Tim in search of a Christmas handout. A player doesn't have to dress expensively, or fancily, but he should dress neatly and with pride, if only for the sake of the game.

Tournament golf is show business on a much larger scale than most people realize. From Florida to California, from Maine to Mexico City, the public pours hundreds of thousands of dollars into the pot each year in gallery fees. It takes a pretty stupid performer not to realize this fact, but we have them with us in far too great a number.

Tournament golf has just begun to grow. It will continue to expand provided, of course, our greedy, grasping associates don't kill it by their thoughtless behavior. Television has found golf to be a highly dramatic subject for its cameras. As a result, millions across the nation watch tournaments like George May's big show in Chicago. Recently, millions of incredulous watchers saw Jim Ferrier blow a \$25,000 putt from less than five feet on the last green. It would be hard to beat that for sheer drama.

Sale of golf equipment soared last year—and I think television should be given some of the credit for interesting new fans in the game—while sale of baseball equipment dropped. Everything points to a bigger and better game, except the violently selfish and greedy antics of some players, including a few well-known ones. I burn more every time I think of these spoilers.

Where would golf be without imaginative men like Walter Hagen? The Haig, now retired to green carpets at the Detroit Athletic Club, knew the public wanted a show. He gave it to them with a theatrical flourish because he loved the game of golf and wanted to help it. The great old trouper was gifted with a pleasing manner and he spent lavishly on good clothes and a certain amount of entertainment. He led the way for golf pros from the back porch to the main entrance of clubhouses. Walter took a fortune out of golf, but he gave most of it back in helping put the game in the big-time. Selfishness and greed were not part of his nature.

When I see the attitude taken by some players toward professional cameramen of the press and TV, I wonder how small and shortsighted men can be. After all, the professional cameraman has a job to do. The cameraman knows where and when to take a picture. And he shouldn't be growled at or driven away by some self-centered golfer.

Small-town reporters and radio men

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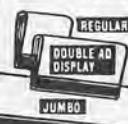
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WANT A sure—well, almost a sure—way to beat the daily double?

Just get a hunch and bet a bundle. Forget speed ratings and past performances. Just be like the fellow en route to Monmouth Park a few years ago who got caught in a traffic jam. While inching along, he noticed that the license number of the car ahead was "81." He finally reached Monmouth, dashed to the mutual window, and bought a double ticket on 8-and-1. The form sheet showed that the only resemblance between Windsor Park and Garamona was that they had a leg in each corner. Yet Windsor Park won the first race and paid \$299.20 and Garamona ambled home in the second at another long price. The license-plate hunch bet was worth more than \$3,000.

On another occasion, a Texan drove his car into the parking lot at Arlington Downs. As he turned off the ignition, he noticed that the mileage on his car had just turned the 33,000 mark. That was all the Texan needed. He played the numbers three in the first two races—and won \$2,000.

Then there is the true story of a factory worker back in 1945 who opened his pay envelope one Friday and found a pink dismissal slip inside. Disappointed, he visited Rockingham Park to see if he could change his luck. He noticed a horse named Mighty Tough in the first race and another named Dejected in the second. That's for me, he thought—Mighty Tough and Dejected. It was a different story after the second race. Both ends of the double clicked and he collected \$8,614.40.

A sentimental railbird found a fortune in his hunch several years ago at a mid-western track. His girl friend's name was Rosie and she lived on Avalon Avenue. He scanned the entries for the first race and spotted a horse named Miss Rosedale. A horse named Avondale was in the second race. Sure enough, the two long-shots won and he collected \$3,000.

Two young soldiers walked up to a western track a few years back with exactly \$2.19 between them. Their uniform was good for free admission. A thin dime and they had a program. Spreading the program on the ground, the two GI's rolled two small stones over the entries for the first and second races. They didn't like the horses. Rolling the stones again, they stopped on the same two horses. That settled it. The two soldiers shot the works—all \$2 of it—on the daily double. Later that afternoon they rattled off in a rickety convertible, \$2,400 richer.

The story goes that one hunch player was a sucker for any bets he dreamed of at night. So much so that he would eat weird meals at midnight to make sure he would have a dream. One night he dreamed a gray horse would win the fourth race the following afternoon. He rushed to the track the next day and spotted a gray 30-to-1 shot in the fourth. He took the rubber band off his roll and plunged on the gray. Returning to the grandstand, he was stunned to see not one, but two gray horses in the parade. He rushed back to the mutual window and again plunged on the second gray horse, a 10-to-1 shot. The race started and his first gray broke on top and stayed there all the way. The dream player collected—but it wasn't until later that he learned the money bet on the second horse had been wasted. The horse actually was a roan instead of a gray.

—KEN LYDECKER

take a beating, too. I hear them complain that some of the big names have no time for interviews and I'm sure they have a legitimate gripe. There is usually no fee for appearing on small-town radio or television stations, but where would tournament golf be without the whistle-stop towns and the support they give the game?

Now to turn to another evil in the game: Professional golf would be better off with fewer tournaments and with entries limited in those scheduled. We play around the calendar and the nerve strain simply is too great. Selfishness and greed are again to blame, this time on the part of the promoters. Owners of baseball clubs give their players long rests in the winter. Tournament golfers would be better off with less work.

If you think tournament golf is easy on the nerves, ask Ellsworth Vines, Sam Byrd or Joe Louis, fellows who competed in other nerve-wracking sports before turning to competitive golf. Vines told me tournament golf was far tougher than tennis; Byrd said it was tougher than big-league baseball and Louis said he would rather face a hard-hitting heavyweight than a golf ball resting on the edge of a green.

Golf would be far less wearing on the nerves, and far more pleasing to the public, if tournament entries were more limited. Now all it takes to enter a tournament is the entry fee and the ability to find your way from tee to green. Joe Doakes should not be allowed to enter a tournament unless properly qualified by past performance. Too often he considers an entry fee the same as a cheap greens fee, with free lessons thrown in by the top pros.

I'm not referring to pro-amateur events, when play is on a handicap basis. But it's different when medal-play starts and there is a small fortune riding on each shot. In my opinion, play should be limited to 60 starters in winter and 90 in summer (because of more hours of daylight). If fields were limited, the laggard, selfish regulars would be more easily spotted and if they were politely booted now and then it wouldn't hurt my feelings.

Now to get down to a far less tasteful and far more serious phase of what is wrong with golf today. I mean infringement on rules. I might use a stronger word, but let me politely say "infringement."

I can name at least 15 pro players who break the rules every time they play.

You may say, well, I have followed any number of tournament players and I never saw an infringement. And you would be dead right because infringements are hard to detect most of the time. They may be small and have little bearing on the final outcome of a tournament and the division of money, but they constitute broken rules just the same. And with some pros, infringements have a habit of growing.

I can understand a ballplayer getting away with whatever little artifices he can. With trained umpires to keep him in line he probably figures he is entitled to deviate if possible. In golf, however, it is different. A player is on his own. He is his own umpire, his own final judge. Only during the most important tournaments are officials on hand to keep things in line.

That's why, in my opinion, golf is such a wonderful game. It permits a man to sit in judgment on himself. If he resists temptation, and the majority do, he is a better man for it. He has played the game the way it should be played, according to the rules. The ones who

yield to temptation and slyly break the rules may be fooling others. But they never fool themselves. And I guess in the end they pay a pretty stiff penalty through loss of respect.

Sometimes rules may be broken through carelessness or sheer ignorance. When this happens, nobody is to blame. It can be considered the breaks of the game. But I am speaking of deliberate infringements on the rule book. As I mentioned earlier, I can put the finger on at least 15 players who cross the boundary line of fair play every time they tee off.

Furthermore, it happens too often with certain players to be considered mere coincidence. There is an old locker-room gag that a certain golfer has gained more ground marking a ball on the green than any All-America half-back you can name. This rule-breaker has a habit of marking his ball, then fudging toward the hole when he replaces it like a school kid playing marbles for keeps.

Then there is the player who, we'll say, finds his ball in a tight lie on the fairway and faced by a full wood shot to a green. If he goes after the ball with a No. 2 wood from such a tight lie, he is more than apt to run into trouble. So he solves the problem by pressing the club head down hard in back of the ball in addressing it. The press causes the ball to sit up and the shot becomes an easy one. By pressing in this manner, which is absolutely against the rules, the player may putt for a birdie or eagle, instead of struggling for par from a trap.

In the rough, you are permitted to push back a bush or limb of a tree in order to get clearance for your shot. But this does not mean you are permitted to break the bush or limb. Too often this is done in tournament play.

Such infringements are a heavy and unfair handicap to the honest player who plays by the book. A single stroke often separates first- and second-place money, or fourth and fifth, as the case may be, at the end of 72 holes.

But fortunately for the grand game of golf, the number of players who insist on breaking the rules every time they go out to play is a small percentage of the total number of money players who follow the tournament circuit. Not long ago, Snead lost a tournament and

first-place money, which must have hurt Sam much more, because he called a penalty on himself. And I could name any number of other players who are equally as fair with themselves and their opponents.

That's why I say there is nothing wrong with golf that couldn't be cured if we went back to playing strictly "according to the rules."

The reader may ask: "Couldn't one player call a penalty on another?" The answer is yes. But usually the player who could call the penalty is so deeply absorbed in his own problems he has little time, or desire, to complain. And when you travel with a guy, dress in the same locker room and kid with him, it is pretty hard to point an accusing finger. Spying is against nature of the average American. He likes to believe everyone else plays according to Hoyle like himself.

One player should not be asked to make a decision for, or against, another player. Yet this happens in every tournament, despite the player's dislike of the job. It is a ridiculous custom. It makes as much sense as Jackie Robinson calling Stan Musial out as he slides into second base, or Bobby Layne calling pass interference for one of his receivers.

We have, at present, a very capable field staff in Harvey Raynor, tournament director; Ray O'Brien, assistant, and Fred Corcoran, publicity director. Raynor and O'Brien are on the scene at every tournament and should make all decisions. They are capable men. If they weren't, it would be up to the tournament committee, which is composed of tournament players, to help find men who were. This committee of playing pros should meet with sponsors to work towards helping improve tournaments for player and sponsor. And this committee should set up more rigid rules of tournament play.

I sincerely hope and believe that the situation will right itself. Golf is too fine a game for anything to happen to it. At the same time, it would be foolish to ignore these evils in the sport.

Let's play the game according to the rules. Let's leave the game for the next generation of golfers like Hagen, Jones, Sarazen and Armour left it for us—clean and good.

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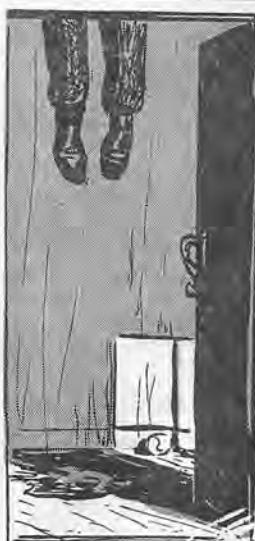
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YANKEE STADIUM

By DAN DANIEL

AS anybody ever hit a fair ball out of the Yankee Stadium?"

The answer is "No!" The feat was too much for Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, Hank Greenberg, Joe DiMaggio and other members of baseball's "murders' row" who have attempted it since the park opened in 1923.

Luke Easter, of the Indians, came about as close as anybody when in 1951, he blasted one high and far over the right-field roof, foul by only one flagpole.

Ruth's feats in the Bronx arena, especially in the 1927 season when he set his record of 60 homers, were many, and at times truly incredible. But, despite evidence offered to the contrary by thousands of fans with "unfailing memories" who saw him perform in his glorious heyday, he never could belt a little baseball out of the Stadium.

The writer could pick up a tidy sum annually if he accepted the challenges of would-be bettors on this question. But it would be plain larceny.

Other ball parks in the major leagues have been constructed to cater to the batting habits of a single slugger but none so much as the Yankee Stadium. It might be more appropriate to call it "The House Built For Ruth."

In 1922, when the Yankee Stadium project got under way, the Babe, who had come to the New York club from the Red Sox in 1920, already was the all-time home-run phenomenon. He had celebrated his first season with 54 homers, and in 1921, had collected 59. Then he eased up for the next five years—35, 41, 46, 25 and 47 until 1927, when he hammered out the standing record of 60. Ruth, as you know, was a left-handed pull-hitter.

The Stadium of 1927 was not like the 1953 version.

There were no grandstand wings in right and left field, and the bleachers were built of wood, and considerably larger than are the exposed seats of today.

The left-field extension was built in 1929, and the concrete bleachers and right-field wing were completed after Ruth had quit the Yankees in 1934, for his ill-fated adventure with the Braves.

The right-field foul line now measures 296 feet, the left-field distance is 301, and the footage from home plate to the bleacher wall in dead center comes to 461.

No batter yet has blasted a ball into the bleachers in dead center. Hank Greenberg came close in 1937, when Joe DiMaggio took his long drive behind the flagpole—one of the greatest catches yet seen in the Stadium.

Only Gehrig and Larry Doby have exploded homers into the right-center bleachers. Only Joe DiMaggio and Greenberg have achieved the feat in left-center.

Perhaps the longest hit yet made in the Stadium came off the bat of Jimmy Foxx, when he smashed a Gomez fast ball into the tip of the top deck of the left-field stands.

The Stadium has been the scene of 17 World Series, with the Bombers losing only two of them, both to the Cardinals, in 1926 and 1942.

The big arena, which seats 66,440 persons, has housed rodeos, operas, track and field championships, title fights, Army-Notre Dame and other football classics, soccer, lacrosse, Gaelic football and hurling matches, religious meetings, political rallies and just about anything else which might draw New York's millions to an outdoor arena.

After the Giants had ordered the Yankees to leave the Polo Grounds by the spring of 1923, Col. Jacob Ruppert and Col. Til Huston, 50-50 owners of the American League club, experienced many difficulties before they found the present site in the Bronx.

Eventually Jake and Til found the location on which they were to build a coliseum costing \$2,500,000, extravagant at 1922 dollar values.

Because of the contours of the arena, the Stadium outfield is one of the most difficult to play in the major leagues. In center, the fielder has to contend with a tricky grandstand background. In right, balls carom off the wall at tricky angles, and in left, mean swirls coming out of the break between the stands and the bleachers give the fly-chasers plenty of grief.

All in all, however, the House that Ruth Built is considered the best ball park in the country. It isn't too large, like the Cleveland Stadium, with its distant bleachers and grandstands. It needs no tricky home-run producing emergency fences. And it has the finest transportation facilities in the majors.

Down through the years, more fans have been treated to winning baseball at Yankee Stadium than in any other park in the major leagues.

Popularly known as "The House that Ruth Built," Yankee Stadium is considered the finest major-league ball park.

UP



Sauer Can't Win

(Continued from page 31)
 dugout," emphasizes Dee Fondy. "He's big and strong enough to kill an ordinary man, but you'd have an awful time goading him into a fight." In more than 750 big-league games, Sauer has been ejected by the umpires only once. He has never been fined, never swung at another player. He has no use for bench-jockeying. He treats managers, umpires, sportswriters and the rawest rookies with the same unfailing good will and respect. If you were looking for the least-likely man to be projected into a controversy, it is the retiring Sauer. "Hank," says his wife, Esther, "never has spoken a cross word to me after a game. I can't tell when he comes home whether we've won or lost."

But in the MVP squawling, Sauer's stoic attitude doesn't keep the indignant Cubs from leaping to his defense. Since it is his shortcomings as an outfielder-slagger that are pointed up by the anti-Sauer group, any good Chicagoan stands ready to counter with some facts of his own. Shortstop Roy Smalley, for instance, was burned up at a "Tanglefoot Sauer" caption in a New York paper.

"If he's the clumsy left-fielder some of the writers say he is," commented Smalley, "how is it that he always is around the top in fewest number of errors?" Last season Hank had 350 chances. He made six errors and fielded .983, which put him in the top ten for percentage in the league."

A better report, since Sauer's claim to fame is pegged squarely on his long-ball hitting, is supplied by Phil Cavarretta. The past winter he did some checking on the most basic of all statistics: runs batted in. Comparing Hank with representative hitting stars from both leagues, the Cubs manager found that in the past five years Yogi Berra has had 499 RBI's, George Kell 320, Gil Hodges 503, Jackie Robinson 453, Ferris Fain 365, Roy Campanella 421, and Bobby Thomson 466. Sauer? Since 1948 his native ability to pull the ball to left field and newly-acquired knack of crossing up the defense by driving liners past first base has sent 509 runs across the plate. When you have an edge of from six to 189 RBI's on seven of baseball's very finest hitters, you have to have something on the ball. Moreover, Sauer has hit 165 home runs in that span, an average of 33 a season. Only Kiner in the NL beats that for consistency.

This spring at the Mesa, Arizona, training camp of the Cubs, Cavarretta denied that Hank needs any defense. "It's just that people have been looking at him with blinders on for years. I

wouldn't trade his power for both Roberts and Black. Roberts won 28 and lost seven last year, which was sensational, and a difference of 21 games. Black won 15 and saved maybe a dozen more in relief. But Sauer was the difference for us in at least 35 games. And that doesn't begin to mention his morale-building influence on the team. Without him, we'd have finished seventh or eighth last year."

However you regard the Most Valuable debate, you have to give the broad-backed German-American the palm for absorbing more setbacks without flinching than most ballplayers experience in a lifetime. Sitting in his Inglewood home, Hank was talking about this recently. The Sauer residence isn't a showplace. It is an average, six-room house with plenty of oversize furniture, a guest house in back and with avocado, lemon, fig and apricot trees growing on the 165x60 lot. There, Henry John and Esther Sauer live a life of tranquillity in the off-season. They are a typical, settled-down couple who greatly enjoy their home life. Esther knows nothing of the game. She rarely watches Hank play and devotes herself almost entirely to their two infants, Lorrie, 17 months, and Henry, Jr., five months. "We went almost 12 years without children," explains Sauer, an exceptionally devoted father. "We'd decided to adopt a baby when all at once we had two in a hurry. It's the greatest feeling in the world, believe me."

Hank and Esther met at the Birmingham YMCA in 1940, where she operated the concession stand. Sauer was 21 and was breaking in as a first-baseman with the Barons after three seasons at Butler and Akron, Ohio. Because Pa Florence, who ran the Barons, opposed marriage for young players, they had a secret wedding and didn't break the news to Florence until spring training of 1941.

"Henry had such a good year," stated Esther, "that Pa couldn't say a thing. What was it you hit, dear?"

"Three-thirty," Sauer said. "Cincinnati drafted me and I thought sure I'd be going up to stay the next season."

Those who saw him in spring training with the Reds agreed, even when manager Bill McKechnie switched him to the outfield. But the Sauer can't-win hex got busy in the very first week. Chasing a fly ball during practice, he lost it in the sun and, rather than risk being hit, moved into the clear with his arms shielding his head and let it drop. McKechnie wasted no time jumping him. "What was the idea of giving up on that ball?" he demanded.

"Well, I just lost it. I don't have sun glasses."

McKechnie glared. Though no sun glasses had yet been issued to any outfielder, he said, "I suppose you're the kind of guy who goes bear hunting without a gun?"

Sauer didn't want a quarrel. Besides, he couldn't believe that the manager was taking it that seriously. "I don't know," he answered mildly. "Never been hunting."

A few days later, Hank was off the roster and on his way to Syracuse. It was the beginning of a disheartening seven-year struggle in which Sauer would constantly develop as a heavy hitter, yet always find something unexpected blocking his way to the parent Reds.

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THE CASE FOR HANK SAUER

HE HITS HOME RUNS

Sauer has hit at least 30 home runs for five successive seasons, a feat accomplished by only two other players in National League history, Ralph Kiner (six seasons, 1947-1952) and Mel Ott (five seasons, 1934-1938).

SAUER'S N. L. HOME RUN STATISTICS

	AB	HR	RANK IN LEAGUE	AB per HR
1941	33	0		
1942	20	2		10.00
1945	116	5		23.20
1948	530	35†	4th	15.14
1949	509	31	3rd	16.42
1950	540	32	3rd*	16.88
1951	525	30	6th*	17.50
1952	567	37	1st*	15.32
TOTALS	2840	172		16.51**

**Sauer's home run rate is the second best in the majors among active players, being topped only by Kiner's rate of one homer for every 12.81 A. B.

†The all-time Cincinnati record.

HE KNOCKS IN RUNS

Sauer has led his team (Cincinnati in 1948, Chicago in 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952) in runs batted in, in each of his five complete N. L. seasons.

SAUER'S N. L. RBI STATISTICS

	GAMES	RBI	RANK-LEAGUE	RANK-TEAM
1941-42-45	47	29		
1948	145	97	7th	1st
1949**	138	99	9th	1st
1950	145	103	9th*	1st
1951	141	89	12th*	1st
1952	151	121	1st	1st
TOTALS	767	538		

**Sauer knocked in 16 runs in 42 games for Cincinnati in 1950, and then led the Chicago Cubs by knocking in 83 runs in 96 games.

1952 WAS HIS BEST SEASON

Sauer enjoyed his best N. L. season in 1952, leading the Chicago club in almost every offensive department, and ranking with the league leaders in a number of vital departments.

	SAUER	RANK IN LEAGUE
Home Runs	37	1st*
Runs Batted In	121	1st
Slugging Pct.	.531	2nd
Total Bases	301	2nd
Doubles	31	4th*

In addition to leading the Cubs in the above, he also was the team leader in the following: Games (151), AB (567), Runs (89), Walks (77), HP (4) (and Strikeouts (92).)

HE CAN THROW

Sauer has made 78 assists from the outfield during the past five seasons, a mark topped only by Carl Furillo's total of 80, among N. L. outfielders during this stretch. (His complete outfield assist total is 79, as he had one prior to 1948).

	ASSISTS	RANK IN LEAGUE
1948	14	3rd*
1949	16	1st*
1950	12	6th*
1951	19	2nd
1952	17	3rd
TOTAL	78	2nd

*TIED

Chart by Allan Roth

nie, he got into nine games and hit .303. But against Pittsburgh, he charged a low liner by Paul Waner, slipped, fell, and let the winning runs come across. Once more he was off to the minors.

In 1945, he looked ready, if he ever was to be, and he was hitting close to .300 for Cincinnati when he twisted his ankle in a slide against Chicago. He had smacked five homers and driven in 20 runs in 31 games when it happened. Another player would have been kept on the roster until healed. Sauer was shuffled back to Syracuse. A hernia operation that winter added to his woes; by spring, he was under weight and at a low ebb of discouragement.

The saving factor for the big man is that he has never stopped trying. Experiments at Syracuse to make him more of a right-field hitter only added to his confusion, yet in 1947 he hammered 50 home runs for the Chiefs, drove in 141 runs, batted .336 and was named the Minor League Player of the Year. "That was the most satisfaction I've ever had in baseball," he tells you. "The fans gave me my first and only 'night.' There was a new car and a \$500 bond and a lot of other stuff." For the perfect climax, Hank dropped a 400-footer out of the park in the ninth inning to win a 1-0 game for Syracuse.

Cincinnati, then managed by Johnny Neun, was delighted to give Sauer another chance, and the events of 1948-49 remain one of the game's mysteries. Certainly the Reds now appear guilty of bonehead thinking. In 145 games that first season, Sauer merely posted a home-run mark of 35 that still remains the all-time club record. Yet in June of '49, when he was fighting a slump, Hank returned from a late movie to receive a phone call from Ewell Blackwell, then pitching for the Reds. "How do you want me to pitch to you?" asked Blackie.

Sauer didn't understand. "What do you mean? Have you been traded?"

"No," Blackwell informed him, "you have. With Baumholtz, to Chicago for Harry Walker and Peanuts Lowrey."

It was a shock, says Sauer, that took him weeks to get over. Not only had the club neglected to inform him of the trade, but had asked for no cash in the deal. He took a plane ride to Chicago and arrived in a daze to be injected into a game with Brooklyn without benefit of even a warm-up swing. He had to prove himself all over again. He felt he was well-started that day when he hammered two doubles and threw out a runner at home plate. His only flaw was a jugged fly ball in left field.

"Next day," Hank says, "I picked up a Chicago paper and read that I might hit some homers, but I couldn't field a ball with a bushel basket."

All that has now changed—in Chicago. By 1950, the first Sauer fan club was formed and today there are three with several thousand members. He is the most-wanted Cub for speaking engagements, the idol of fans who have hungered for another Hack Wilson for 20 years. "Beechnut Row," the special section set aside by Sauer fanatics in the left-field bleachers, includes matrons who bake him cakes and pies and gents who keep Hank supplied with chewing tobacco. In one game last summer, 12 packs were tossed to him. He has so much of the stuff stacked in his locker that there's hardly room for his array of pipes, which includes more than 200 finely-carved collector's items. Fans take care of him there, too. One

presented him with a set of six expensive 80-year-old Meerschaums. His mail runs over 300 letters a month during the season and Esther Sauer faithfully answers all of them. He has to guard his bats, at 40 ounces the heaviest used by any major-league regular, and all other equipment. Before a Philadelphia game last summer, Hank turned his back for an instant and his glove disappeared into the stands.

"It's great to be appreciated," says the outfielder. If there is a shadow across his face when he says it, the answer would be in the stubborn refusal of critics outside Chicago to accept him as a first-line star. Much of the anger over his winning the Most Valuable award is based on the late-season slump of 1952, when Hank hit only .213 in September and drove in but seven runs. No eastern writer took the trouble to learn the reason why. And there the plaguing bad luck that defeats him even as he is winning rose up for Sauer again.

Against the Cardinals in mid-August, he slid into second base to break up a double play by Red Schoendienst. In the collision, Sauer landed on the back of his head. There was a snap and he felt his whole neck throb with pain and then stiffen.

"I knew I was cooked then," Hank says. "Back in '46, at Baltimore, I'd wrenched my neck. That time I was out a week. This time I made it back in three days."

But what doctors call recurrent mus-

cle spasms tormented him so badly for the rest of the year that Sauer went sleepless night after night. His neck locked rigidly. To get out of bed, he had to throw his feet over the side, slide down to a sitting position and be helped up by his wife. At bat for the last 30-odd games, he had no lateral vision. He went into an August game with the Giants against the protests of Cavarretta with his eyes half-shut and his teeth gritted against the pain. He knocked out a pair of three-run home runs to win it for the Cubs, 8-6.

But for the injury, Sauer doubtless would have topped the home-run derby handily and perhaps stopped the eastern critics before they got started. With the neck giving him fits, he hit his 37th homer on September 11, and none thereafter. Kiner, closing fast, managed to tie him on the next-to-last day of the season.

This year Hank suffered a broken finger in a training camp injury, but you can bet that the anti-Sauers will be at him in full cry if he slumps. He will be more pointedly on the spot than ever before. Just the same, Anna Sauer's son is a pretty tough boy by now, and you can bet that he'll go on swinging for the fence, and reaching it, no matter what happens. He has been knocked down again and again. He has always got back up. One of these days he may do it often enough to convince even the second-guessers that they have judged him wrongly.

But, with his brand of luck, don't bet on it. — ■ —

Letters to SPORT

(Continued from page 7)

WANTED: PEN PALS

I am a Japanese boy (17 years old last January and in the 11th grade of the Shiba Business High School). I like many sports; among those I like particularly are swimming, ping pong and American football. I now am swimming champion of my school. I think I would like to correspond with sports fans in America. I saw your magazine in our library. I shall esteem it a great favor of you if you could introduce me to any friends to correspond with... 1-1 Chome, Honcho, YUKIO MATSURAWA Chuo-tn, Tokyo, Japan.

A few days ago I visited a second-hand bookshop intending to buy a few old magazines. Then I spotted a copy of SPORT and promptly bought it. I've never before read your very interesting magazine but I hope that I'll be able to get more copies of it in the future. I know very little about baseball but I would love to learn all about that great game and its fabulous players—like Yogi Berra, Jackie Robinson and others. So I wonder if you, through your magazine, could put me in contact with girls or boys around my own age (20) who would give me some information on the game?...

Here in Ireland baseball is almost unknown. We do have a game called rounders but it's not the real thing. 15 Greenmount Ave., LUKE PHILPOTT Cork City, Eire.

NON-EXPENDABLE BLUES

I think it is about time someone told Casey Stengel that the Kansas City Blues are not expendable. He and the

Yankee office showed no respect during the '51 or '52 seasons for the players and the fans. They kept shuffling players back and forth and misusing them as if they were a pack of playing cards. On top of everything else, Twink Selkirk, the manager, was fired at the end of the season. He had managed to keep the team in second place despite injuries and the Yankees, and he stuck to his job even with illness during the first part of the season. I noticed the players under Selkirk prospered until the Yankees (and Stengel) got them... Webster Groves, Mo. SANDY SCHICK

WANTED: SPORTS EQUIPMENT

We give and lend all kinds of sporting equipment to orphanages, summer camps, scout troops, old-age pensioners, etc. If any reader has bats, balls, gloves, rackets, rods, reels, traps, etc., he would like to give to a good purpose, here is a chance to do a group of youngsters and oldsters a favor. 122 Taylor ANGELS OF MERCY CHARITY Bellevue, Ky.

WHICH WAY KINER?

In the pictures with "The National League Is the Power League" in the April SPORT you have Ralph Kiner and Gil Hodges batting left-handed. To bat left-handed you put your left hand on top, but both of them have their right hand on top. Why is Ralph Kiner batting left-handed in the photo when you always see him batting right-handed? Greeley, Iowa ROBERT FENSTERMANN

The photos don't lie, Bob. They show Kiner and Hodges at the end of their swings.

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SPORTalk

(Continued from page 9)

the critics who have been moaning that TV will kill the sport. True, in the beginning, TV helped push a lot of small clubs under. But the wheel seems to have made a full turn. This winter, in the New York area at least, TV money was responsible for reviving several dead clubs. Boxing was on the screen six nights out of seven—every night except Sunday.

A FORMER major-league first-baseman and a current professional basketball player is a prominent fixture in the player ranks of Minnesota state baseball. Howie Schultz, ex-Dodger, plays for (and this season will manage) the Willmar club of the West Central Minnesota League—one of three high-salaried state leagues. Schultz, who played six years in the majors, hit two game-winning home runs to lead the Willmar team to the 1952 state tournament title. The six-six, 30-year-old Schultz just concluded his third season with the Minneapolis Lakers of the National Basketball Association. He understudies George Mikan.

Another ex-major-league first-baseman, Dick Siebert, manages the Litchfield team in the same league. Dick, who was for nine years a big-leaguer, has piloted his club to two state championships in the last three years. The 41-year-old Siebert, a fine ballplayer in his days with the Philadelphia Athletics, led the West Central League in batting last summer with a .386 mark. He now coaches the University of Minnesota baseball team in the spring and does radio and television sports commentating in Minneapolis. For two ex-big-leaguers, at least, there has been a chance to continue their careers after dropping out of the big time.

PHOG ALLEN the venerable basketball coach of the University of Kansas declares that football and basketball are first cousins. "Dribbling through a spread defense," he declares, "is akin to a halfback running through a broken field. There also is the element of a forward pass in the passing of a basketball."

Contrary to some basketball coaches, who feel that football players don't make good students of the cage game, Allen welcomes the footballers. "Football players are usually aggressive and combative," he says. "They can stand shock without signs of distress. Nearly all of them have sturdy legs, and basketball is played as much with the legs as with the arms." Allen admits that the gridders are late in getting started with the basketball squad and therefore are handicapped, but, he says, "They catch up fast. The point is—you're adding something when you use them. They add aggressiveness, fire and hustle."

Allen practices what he preaches. Last season, his team was one of the national surprises. Supposedly riddled by the graduation of his Olympic stars, the Kansas team enjoyed a smashing success and Allen gave much of the credit to some of the boys who had lettered in football, including Gil Reich, Harold Patterson and John Anderson.

STILL another blast has been levelled at the New York Yankees, who have been subjected to some heavy bombardment lately. This time it was from Johnny Lindell, who returned to the majors this season with the Pirates

after several years in the Pacific Coast League. Says Johnny, "Pittsburgh paid me the same salary I got from the Yanks before going to Hollywood in 1950." The big knuckleballer adds, "Pittsburgh is nicer to deal with than the Yankees . . . and you can quote me." Woe, the poor Yankees, nobody loves them except the fans . . . Ten-second comment from Gene Tunney: "No fighter who ever lived can compare with Jack Dempsey. He asked no quarter and, believe me, he gave none. Jack would have had no trouble with Joe Louis—and Joe was a fine fighter . . ." The fabulous Babe Herman, who couldn't do anything right except hit, according to some who wrote about him, can at least do one more thing pretty well, and that is judge baseball talent. Babe is working for the Yankees as a West Coast scout, and just to show them he wasn't wasting anyone's time, he brought in a strapping six-four youngster. The Yankees liked Babe's prospect and signed him to a contract. The boy was Don Herman, the Babe's son . . . Boxing manager Jack Hurley is still dreaming. After selling the IBC a bill of goods last year, he thinks he can do it again. He's talking about another Marciano-Matthews fight.

BETTY JAMESON believes a good woman golfer can beat a good male golfer—with her woods, that is. The San Antonio professional says, "Ben Hogan claims the average male golfer can't hit a brassie shot as well as a woman can. I'll go along with that. The girls frequently are going for that pin with a wood—the same shot a man would be playing with an iron. It boils down to this: when a man uses a wood, he's generally playing for position on the fairway. More often than not, a woman golfer uses a wood to reach the putting surface. If she can't control that shot, she can't score worth a darn . . ." And still on the subject of golf, we get from Fred Corcoran, promotional director of the PGA, this composite picture of the world's greatest golfer:

Driving off tee for distance: Sam Snead

Driving off tee for accuracy: Jim Turnesa

Best in brassie shots: Cary Middlecoff

Trap shots, chipping and short irons: Julius Boros

Long iron play: Jim Demaret

Putting under pressure: Jackie Burke and Lloyd Mangrum.

So how come that little fella named Ben Hogan won?

ARNIE WEINMEISTER, great tackle of the New York Giants, turned down a job as line coach at his alma mater, Washington U., recently. "It was a big salary, by any standards," Arnie said later, "but I feel, since I'm able to get a top salary as a lineman with the Giants, that I owe it to my family and myself to keep playing as long as I'm capable. That'll be another two or three years, at least." Which is bad news to the rest of the National Football League. . . . Clark Griffith, angry toward ballplayers who ask for a raise in mid-season when they are having a good year, said recently, "Only one player ever suggested his pay be cut while he was having a poor season—Cecil Travis."

THE early football line: When Don Faurot, Missouri football coach, was elected president of the American

Football Coaches Association a few weeks after the national elections, he was presented to his colleagues as "one of the few Missourians who still has a job...." The South is talking about the strong club Duke is going to have next fall. "Country" Meadows and "Worth a Million" Lutz are two of the Blue Devils' more colorful stars. Their strongest competition will be from Georgia Tech, which still has a powerful eleven. . . . And how's this for the very first of the pre-pre-season All-American backfields? Paul Cameron, Paul Giel, Alan Ameche and Johnny Lattner. Before you give Biff an argument, remember, it will be one-platoon football in October. No more passing or running phenoms who can't tackle a practice dummy. Everyone's going to have to go both ways or sit on the bench. . . . Biggie Munn, coach of the Michigan State national champions, is superstitious in a reverse sort of way. "Before last season started," he said, "I found out that my captain, Don McAuliffe, and the team manager, Bill Smith, were both born on Friday, the 13th. So I knew we were in for a good year."

* * *

BIFF has noted in recent months that, according to letters from readers, the two states with the largest number of star athletes, were California and Illinois. Now comes an argument from a son of Ohio who puts in a strong claim for the Buckeye state. Among others, he lists as native Ohioans the following: football—Bill Willis, Les Horvath, Bennie Friedman, Frankie Sinkwich, Charley Trippi, Dick Kazmaier, Vic Janowicz, Bob Chappuis, Lou Groza, Wes Fesler, Paul Brown; baseball—Gene Woodling, Tom Henrich, Frankie Baumholtz, Cy Young, Hank Edwards, Hal Trosky, Kenesaw

Mountain Landis; track—Jesse Owens, Harrison Dillard, Dave Albritton, Gil Dodds, Jim Dillon, Len Truex, Leo Eisenhart; boxing—Ezzard Charles, Johnny Kilbane, Johnny Risko, Young Stribling; basketball—Alex Groza, Dick Schnittker, Paul Ebert, Bevo Francis. Our correspondent, Ed Barker, includes their hometowns, too. Do we have a sectional feud in the works, or don't we?

* * *

FAN CLUB NEWS: The Pete Runnels fan club is having a membership drive. Contact Beverly Herold, president, 1613 Harvard St. N. W., Washington 9, D. C. . . . Johnny Redway and Johnny Arnold, 41 Woodward Ave., South Norwalk, Conn., are forming an Al Dark club . . . Kellner's Kolleagues, fan group for the A's pitcher, has a national membership. Dues are \$1, but for it you receive a club journal, photos, etc. Write to Emilie Mulholland, president, 5041 Market St., Philadelphia 39, Pa. . . . Steve Patt and Bob Jasner are starting a club for Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics. They can be reached at 411 Shoemaker Road, Elkins Park 17, Pa. . . . M. E. Hellus wants information about a Detroit Red Wing club. His address is 220 S. 14 Street, Saginaw, Mich. . . . and Walter Taylor, RFD 7, Box 11, Lenoir, North Carolina, asks about clubs for Duke Snider, Bob Lemon and Jackie Robinson. . . . Same goes for Ty Welles, Carbondale Rd., Waverly, Pennsylvania, who is interested in hearing from any Mickey Mantle groups. . . . If there are any clubs for Sam Snead, Duke Snider, Roy Campanella and Maureen Connolly, contact Paul Kuchik, 1914 Ohio St., Michigan City, Indiana, who would like to join. . . . Phil Cronin, 2373 Green St., San Francisco, Cal., asks the same about Hank Bauer clubs.

—B. B.

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Segura Is No Preliminary Boy!

(Continued from page 37)

he has. I volley better. His volleys are straight. They're hard, but they're straight. Mine are angled, they're deceptive. More like Kramer's."

When Kramer first drew up his schedule for the tour, he listed approximately ten matches between Segura and Sedgman. The idea was to play two matches in each of the bigger cities, with Kramer playing Sedgman the first night and Segura taking on the Australian great the second night. By the time the tour was a week old, the plan had been abandoned; Segura's meetings with Sedgman were cut to a mere handful and moved to more remote sites. Talking about the change to Pancho, it is hard to escape the feeling that he puts it down to just one thing—the growing realization that he could take the amateur champion and thus drop a cloud over the entire show. After all, the customers might reason, if Sedgman can't even beat the preliminary boy (Segura), what right has he got challenging the big fellow?

The real answer to that one, of course, is that Segura is no preliminary boy. To see him now, playing at the top of his form, is to be convinced. He's only five feet, six and three-quarter inches tall, and he's 31 years old, but even his pigeon toes can't stop him from running like the wind. He has incredibly accurate anticipation of his opponent's shots. He can handle the most ferocious service with an ease that is close to arrogant. He has the true killer instinct, and when he opens up a hole in his opponent's court, he pounces on the opportunity like a boxing champion administering the *coup de grace* to a clumsy challenger. Burning up with a feverish desire to win, he plays every point as though it were match point. He doesn't have the "big" serve of a Kramer or a Gonzales, but the one he has is stinging, accurate and definitely troublesome. He may not be a Rocky Marciano, blasting opponents off their feet with raw power, but it isn't at all far-fetched to call him a Kid Gavilan, doing it with skill, with brains, with speed and with a barrage of sharp punches that, in the end, achieve the same result as one of the bigger man's haymakers.

The big, handsome McGregor can testify to that. The new tour was only two months old when Pancho had rocketed to a 32-8 lead in matches over him.

Pancho has, of course, spent his whole life learning to do what he is now able to do so well—play winning tennis. His father, a poor man, was the caretaker of the courts at the Guayaquil Tennis Club, and Pancho was lucky enough to be able to play whenever the sons of the wealthy members needed an opponent. He got his big break when the club selected him to represent it in a big national competition—and he won handily. From then on, his future was assured, and from then on his game has improved. After he became champion of South America, the grateful government of Ecuador provided him with a scholarship to the University of Miami, and Pancho won the national inter-collegiate singles championship three years in a row. He never won the U. S. title at Forest Hills, but he surely would have if he hadn't turned pro so soon. However, Segura had to earn a living. He could live comfortably enough as an amateur but he couldn't put any-

thing away to secure his future. Once he had met and married blonde Virginia Smith of Forest Hills, it became imperative that he settle down and live off something a little more certain than the elastic expense accounts of amateur tennis. He turned professional.

Now that he and Virginia have a ten-month-old son, Francesco, Pancho is even more determined to hit the jackpot. Besides, he has expensive tastes. He likes to wear custom-made shirts and suits by Brooks Brothers, he likes to drive fast cars, and he likes to eat in first-class restaurants. All of these things cost money and Pancho knows he can't get what he wants until he fights his way out of the preliminary class. That's why he plays with such fanatical zeal. He's a man who knows where he's going and is in a hurry to get there.

While he would prefer above all else to play the winner of the Kramer-Sedgman rivalry next year, and collect a fat percentage of the gate for his efforts, Pancho is smart enough to realize that he is going to be depending upon pro tennis for a living for a long time. Consequently, he is lending an interested ear to Kramer's latest promotional plan, which consists of running a tournament road show patterned after the professional golf tournament circuit. Jack has made a small fortune (and not so small, at that) out of the tennis tours, but he is keenly aware of the fact that it takes two unusual players to pull the customers in. You can't count on having such a match every year. So, as an alternative, Kramer is proposing to inaugurate the golf-style tournament idea. The cream of the pro tennis crop would play tournament after tournament in the most attractive cities, and in each tournament the players would fight for a share of the advertised amount of prize money. You would get paid according to the way you finished.

Kramer feels it wouldn't be long before the enterprise became as solidly established, and as remunerative for the players, as the golf circuit. Segura agrees with him. He hopes to give the idea a whirl in 1954 and he thinks that with himself, Kramer, Sedgman, McGregor, Gonzales, and such veteran stars as Bobby Riggs, Frank Kovacs,

Welby Van Horn and Frankie Parker, as a nucleus of talent, each tournament could be a smashing success at the box-office. As a matter of fact, there doesn't seem to be any good reason why such a promotion shouldn't succeed—except that such grand ideas have been proposed before in pro tennis and always have died premature deaths, choked by the greed and selfishness of the top stars. The big names always have struck out on their own, mining the gold of the barnstorming circuit. Without their participation, the tournament idea never had a chance. Maybe things will be different this time. Segura hopes so.

If the boys do get together on a tournament schedule next year, Pancho thinks his most dangerous opposition will come not from Kramer or from Sedgman, but from Gonzales, the forgotten man. "You don't know how true this is," he said, pounding his fist on the table with Latin passion, "because you haven't seen him lately. But I have seen him. I have *played* him. And I'm telling you he is the best tennis player in the world today. Better even than me, I think."

Along with most other tennis experts, Segura thinks Gonzales turned pro too soon—although, being closer to the inside of the professional game, Pancho is well aware that his namesake coined a large bundle of money on his tour with Kramer. "Anyway," he says, "believe me, he has improved. If he was still an amateur, we'd be winning the Davis Cup every year. And indoors, he's murder. *Caramba!* How you going to break his serve indoors? The only way is if he double faults!"

Despite the enthusiasm with which he speaks of Gonzales, it would be a mistake to assume that Segura is conceding supremacy in the world of pro tennis next year to anyone but Pancho Segura. He has been annoyed for a long time by his inability to break out of the preliminary ranks, but now, bolstered by his chilling assault on McGregor and the steadily increasing support he is getting from the press and public, he is furiously determined to change his status. If he is ready to challenge Kramer and Sedgman, he is certainly ready to defy Gonzales. As far as he's concerned, he'll take on any of them or all of them. All he asks is that it be soon, and for money—lots of it.

A disarmingly candid character, Pancho points out with considerable justification that the current tour offers no real incentive for him to produce his best tennis. Not only is he a country mile ahead of McGregor, but even an occasional match with Sedgman has no true meaning for him. It can win him no more money, it can assure him nothing in the way of a more profitable booking for next year. The only thing it can do for him is catch an errant newspaper headline and provide additional ammunition for him in his campaign to prove once and for all that he is a main-event tennis player.

Actually, it is becoming increasingly apparent that that campaign is about won. It is no longer fashionable to belittle Segura; indeed, it is very much *de rigueur* to mutter over the net cord that, if he was given the chance, the bow-legged South American could lick either one of the main-event fighters. Sooner or later, the public is going to demand that he get his chance.

Pancho hopes it is soon. He has his eye on some new spring suits in the window at Brooks Brothers.



© SPORT MAGAZINE

The Wild Horse of the Osage

(Continued from page 45)

playing ball nor more fun off the field. He played in the Cardinals' Mudcat Band. He played practical jokes with . . . or on . . . Dizzy Dean. He risked his neck driving a midget racing car about the streets of a quiet residential section of St. Louis. He was a source of joy, of wonderment, of amusement, sometimes of aggravation, to Frank Frisch, the often harassed manager of the Gang.

There was, for instance, a day in St. Louis when the Cardinals were opening a critical series with the Pirates. At the morning call, all were present save Martin. The Cards finished their batting practice and still there was no sign of him. Then he came running into the clubhouse, his hands, face and clothes smeared with grease. "What the—" Frisch began.

"Sorry, Frank!" Pepper said, ripping off his clothes, reaching into his locker for his uniform. "I didn't mean to be late but I had a bet with a guy I could beat him in a two-mile race through the streets and he was late showing up."

"That's great!" Frisch said. "We're trying to win a pennant, we're going into a tough series—and you're racing through the streets in a midget automobile. Don't you know you could get killed that way, you silly—?"

"Aw, Frank," Pepper said, "you know better than that. You know how good ol' Pepper can drive."

Frisch shook his head. "Tell me," he said. "How much did you bet?"

Pepper's eyes sparkled. "Two quarts of ice cream," he said, "and I won!"

"Two quarts of ice cream!" Frisch exclaimed. By now, he was walking away from the grinning Martin, mumbling to himself. "That's fine. That's great. There's a pennant on the line but of course there's the two quarts of ice cream. No, we're not crazy. We're perfectly sane, all of us."

"The Dutchman," Dizzy said to Martin, "is going out of his mind."

By this time, Pepper was playing third base and there was a day in Boston when he showed up with his right thumb bandaged but Frisch didn't notice it until he came up with a ground ball and threw to first base. As he got the ball away, the bandage spiraled off his thumb and blood squirted from an open wound. Pepper retrieved the bandage and was about to rewind it on his thumb when the startled Frisch, running over from second base, said:

"Hey! Wait a minute! Let me look at that!" The cut was an inch long and almost as deep. "Get out of here," Frisch said. "Have Doc Weaver fix that. It may need a stitch or two."

"Aw," Pepper said, "I can play. Give me a hand with this bandage."

"Beat it," Frisch said.

Pepper, trying to stem the flow of blood with the soiled bandage, trudged from the field. That night, Frisch called and asked him:

"How did you hurt the thumb?"

"Well, Frank," Pepper said, "you see, right under my window here in the hotel, some old dolls come out to walk their kiyoodles about ten o'clock every night so I thought I would have some fun. I got a pitcher of water and when a kiyoodle would come in range, I would let him have some. Frank, you'd laugh fit to die to see them jump and holler! I swear, I . . ."

"The thumb," Frisch said.

Pepper wagged his hand. "Bad accident," he said. "Bad accident. Hit the pitcher against the window sill. Broke the pitcher and it cut my thumb."

"A nice story," Frisch said, sternly. "A very nice story. A big-league ballplayer throwing water on old ladies and their dogs, and he cut his thumb and he can't play ball. This will cost you . . ."

"Now, Frank!" Pepper said. "You wouldn't do that to me, would you? You wouldn't deny a great man his moments."

"Get to bed," Frisch said. "If I hear of any more shennanigans like this, I'll . . ."

"I knew you wouldn't," Pepper said, opening the door to leave. "Good night, Frank."

With the possible exception of Frisch, no one liked Pepper more than Branch Rickey. When Pepper's playing days were over, Branch sent him to manage the Cardinals' farm club at Sacramento. He was there for a couple of years, went to Rochester, to San Diego. When Branch left St. Louis for Brooklyn, he hired Pepper as a scout, obviously hoping Pepper might come up with a ballplayer in his own image. He didn't, of course. How could he? There couldn't be another just like him. There never will be.

In 1949, Branch called Pepper off the hunt and appointed him as manager of the Miami Sun Sox, the Dodgers' hatchery in the Florida International League. Pepper, as a ballplayer, seldom if ever had trouble with an umpire and his record in the International League and on the Coast was almost flawless, too. Maybe it was the burning summer sun that beats down on Havana that got him. Anyway, on August 26, 1949, there was an incident that astonished his old friends in baseball.

It came about in the fifth inning, with the Sun Sox in the field. The base umpire, W. E. Williams, called a close one against the Sun Sox at first. Knobby Rosa, the first-baseman, howled in protest and was ordered from the field. When he refused to go, the row became general. In the course of it, Bob Tupp, another infielder, kicked dirt on Williams and he, too, was ejected. Martin, in a rage, took his team off the field. Clem Camia, the plate umpire, demanded that he send his players out again and resume play. When, in effect, he told Camia to drop dead, the umpire forfeited the game to Havana.

As a result of what followed, Phil O'Connell, president of the league, fined Pepper \$100 and suspended him for the balance of the season. Concluding his summation of the evidence supplied by the umpires . . . and not denied by the defendant . . . O'Connell wrote: "Manager Martin went immediately to umpire Camia and grasped him with both hands and forcibly choked him until he was pulled off by police officers."

It remained, however, for A.B. (Happy) Chandler, then Baseball Commissioner, to supply the punch line to the story.

"The following spring," Happy said, "I asked Pepper: 'About that thing that happened last summer . . . When you had your hands on that umpire's throat, just what were you thinking of?'

"Pepper looked me right in the eye and said: 'Mr. Commissioner, I was thinking I would like to choke the . . . to death.'

"And what did you say?" somebody asked.



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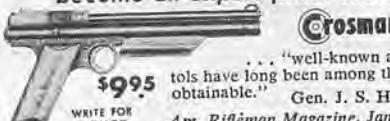
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"Say?" Happy said. "What could I say? The man told me the truth and he had me just like he had the umpire. By the throat."

In 1950, there was another incident. Again Havana was the opposing club, again Knobby Rosa figured in it. But this time the game was played at Miami. In the first inning, Rosa hit a line drive to the outfield, rounded first base and raced for second. Martin, coaching at third, tried to flag him down for a double but he had his head bowed and, running for third, was thrown out.

As a rumbling chorus of jeers rolled out of the stands, Pepper left the coaching line. He went direct to the clubhouse, got out of his uniform and into his clothes and walked out of the park. The crowd was stunned. So was H. B. Taber, Jr., president of the club which, by the way, no longer was a part of the Brooklyn chain.

The next day Pepper was back, regretting his impetuous departure. He said he took it the fans were booing him and now freely granted their right to criticize him, however blatantly. He said he found himself on his way to the clubhouse before he realized what he was doing but by that time it was too late to turn back. Rosa, in an effort to take the heat off him, said he was to blame, that he should have been looking at the manager. Pepper thanked him, took the rap all to himself. Privately, he said to Rosa:

"You didn't make me do what I did. But remember this and, the next time, look where you're going."

He told the newspapermen: "I'll finish out this season, but I'm not sure I'll be back next spring. Right now, in fact I don't think I will."

President Taber said: "I am mighty happy the way this thing has turned out. Pepper Martin can be the manager of this club as long as he wants to."

Both had a change of heart in 1951. Pepper returned and at the end of the season, Taber fired him. He admitted that although Pepper had failed to win a pennant, he had done well with such material as he had. His quaint reason for dismissing the great man was: "We don't want to get in a rut by having one manager too long."

Pepper had served as his manager for all of three years, setting a record.

Last year, Pepper was back on the Greater Miami scene, however. The Miami Beach Flamingoes, fully aware of his popularity with the fans in that sector, were quick to engage him. This year he moved again—but this time he took the whole ball club with him. The Miami Beach franchise was transferred to Ft. Lauderdale.

During the winter, Pepper was appointed as a deputy sheriff in Oklahoma. Reading of this, a fellow said: "I always thought he would have made a wonderful looking pirate. Can't you see him, stripped to the waist, his legs encased in tight breeches, a bandana wound round his head, rings in his ears, a knife between his teeth, a cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other, boarding a merchant ship laden with doubloons?"

"Well, so he's a deputy sheriff now. Can't you see him in a sombrero, a woolen shirt and those bandy-legged pants that Westerners wear, with a star on his shirt and a six-gun in his holster?"

"What a man! What a guy! What a character! What a ballplayer, the like of whom will not come out this way again."

Is the Honeymoon Over for Lou Boudreau?

(Continued from page 17)
flat failure in his efforts at Cleveland.

Actually, in his first year at Boston, the same general divergence of opinion has developed. Some Boston observers think that Boudreau did a fine job in 1952. Others felt that he failed miserably. The truth is somewhere in between, even as it was in Cleveland. Lou is not the genius that he appeared to be in 1948, nor is he the flop that he seemed to be in the late stages of the 1952 pennant race, when the Red Sox skipped from contention in late August to sixth place at the end of the season.

Boudreau has changed—is still changing, for that matter. He handled his 1952 Red Sox team much differently than he ever handled any of his Indian teams. In Cleveland, he was reluctant to give a rookie a break. He used youngsters only when he had to, and even then he sometimes made it evident that he had little faith in them. Only when forced, as in the cases of Ray Boone, Bobby Avila and Al Rosen, did he turn to newcomers at Cleveland. He put Rosen at third, replaced himself with Boone at short and filled the gap caused by the retirement of Joe Gordon with Avila at second. However, in no case did he put the rookies in until after the veterans were obviously through.

But in Boston he had some of his top stars on the bench when the 1952 season began. The Red Sox had the most astounding bench in baseball during the first few weeks of last season.

Sitting side by side were men like Ted Williams, Billy Goodman, Vern Stephens, Clyde Vollmer and Boudreau himself, who was on the inactive list. On the field, the Red Sox were using youngsters like Ted Lepcio, Jimmy Piersall, Faye Throneberry and Sammy White. Boudreau stuck with his four kids for weeks. Even when he did start shifting to his veterans in mid-May, he kept Throneberry in the outfield and White behind the plate. Piersall had a breakdown, but Lepcio was a factor, off and on, all season.

Boudreau, the man who wouldn't take chances with rookies in Cleveland, became the great white father, the soul of patience with Boston's sizeable collection of youngsters. The question came up later whether or not he had carried this patience too far, and there in lies a tale which must be told now in order to evaluate him properly.

Up to their last long home stand, which ended on August 27, the Red Sox were in the thick of the pennant race. They left Boston in third place, four games behind the league-leading Yankees and two in back of the second-place Indians. Facing them was a lengthy stretch on the road, starting with an 11-game swing of the three eastern cities. They were then due in Boston for a three-game weekend series and, after that, scheduled to head west on the last trip of the season.

Always a notoriously bad road club, the Red Sox made all their previous

junkets seem like pleasure trips when they started hitting the trail last August. They lost ten of the 11 games on their eastern tour, beating the Athletics once in a five-game series and dropping three games each to the Yankees and the Senators. Then, after winning the three weekend games at home, they started their western trip by dropping three straight in Detroit.

By this time, the Red Sox, of course, were completely out of the pennant race, but they still had a good chance to finish in third place. But Boudreau began throwing untried kids into action, with the result that the Sox lost what little chance they had had of picking up some of the pieces. Except for remaining games with the still contending Yankees and Indians, the Red Sox late September lineups were dotted with youngsters, not for the purpose of winning ball games but simply to give Boudreau a look at them. Players like Milt Bolling and Gene Stephens saw a good deal of action. Lou even started George Schmees, an outfielder, on the mound one day.

All of which meant whatever an observer cared to make it mean. The anti-Boudreau faction claims that Lou made a serious mistake in experimenting at a time when he might still have carried the Red Sox into the first division by going with his strength and experience. The pro-Boudreau people point out that, since the Sox were getting nowhere with their best men, there was no other course for Lou to take except to experiment with new talent. The Sox manager was really between, damned if he did and damned if he didn't. Whatever he did was wrong.

The very fact that there was anti-Boudreau and pro-Boudreau sentiment before his first season ended was proof enough that, whatever else he might do, Lou had certainly succeeded in making a controversial figure out of himself. He never attempted to account for his own strategy which, of course, was perfectly understandable. But he did leave himself wide open for criticism, and while much of the talk was pure speculation, a certain amount could well have seeped into—and perhaps out of—the front office.

Boudreau's relations with the press last year were spotty. Up to a certain point, they were good, and then they almost completely collapsed. Lou is not a man to take criticism gracefully, and no team can suffer the sort of disintegration which characterized the Red Sox last year without the manager having to take some of the rap. But the blow might have been softer if Boudreau had been a little more tactful earlier in the season.

It is necessary to go all the way back to the days when Boudreau first was named manager of the Red Sox to understand this situation. One of the first announcements he made as manager was that the door to his locker-room office would always be open. At Fenway Park, that was important, since the Red Sox ballplayers have a pre-game locker-room ban on writers, and the press is also kept out for 15 minutes after every game. This is a festering sore which, to this day, affects the attitude of Boston writers in their relations with the players.

So Boudreau's early announcement was a refreshing change from the iron curtain drawn while McCarthy was manager and continued, under his own protest, during O'Neill's term of office. To prove that he meant what he said,

Lou had a new door cut into his sanctum sanctorum, so that the writers could go in to see him without contaminating the atmosphere for the ballplayers. During spring training, Boudreau was affable and friendly, a good host to willing guests and the very model of public relations propriety. Everyone went overboard for him. At that point, he could do no wrong.

For the first couple of months of the season, everything continued to be dandy, but then came the Piersall climax. The youngster, nervous and high-strung, was not well-handled by Boudreau, who did not realize that he was seriously ill. Eventually, Piersall retired for the season, but before he did, the writers had already begun pecking away at Boudreau for his failure to understand the kid. Lou, infuriated, suddenly cracked down on the writers, a classic case of biting off his own nose to spite his face. He followed the example of his ballplayers and closed off the new door to his office.

On the road, Boudreau got into the habit of either refusing to see the press on off days or setting up press conferences only under protest. When the writers did catch up with him, he was talkative and a good news source, but his general attitude towards them bordered so closely on contempt that they were pretty thoroughly disgusted. As long as the ball club was going well, everything was fine on the surface, but when the Red Sox began moving downhill in September, the boys didn't spare the horses.

All of which is pertinent to the problem that now faces Boudreau. The Sox manager is a bright young man whose principal fault may well be that his skin is too thin. Lou bruises easily and recovers slowly. That, like so many other facets of his character, is not necessarily permanent. The Boudreau who managed the Red Sox in 1952 was a different man from the Boudreau who played for them in 1951. And the Red Sox' Boudreau was not the same man who managed the Indians for nine years.

The man was not successful in 1952, if you look only at the low finish of the Red Sox and make no attempt to investigate the reasons for it. No manager can throw out his chest after having taken a ball club into sixth place. But if you look at some of the things that Boudreau did before his team died on him—eliminating the Piersall situation, which was not entirely his fault—you can easily come to the conclusion that Lou did a pretty good job after all.

There is little resemblance between last year's (or this year's) Red Sox team and the powerhouse outfits that represented Fenway Park a few seasons ago. Gone are Williams, Doerr, Stephens and Pesky, among others. In '52, Boudreau was forced to juggle his men constantly and, what with one problem after another, he did a good job. If you choose to criticize his youth movement, you must at least agree that he found two capable newcomers in catcher Sam White and first-baseman Dick Gernert.

Judgment on manager Boudreau is still pending. Despite his inconsistencies, his mistakes, his tender feelings, his in-and-out press relations, the question of Lou's real managerial ability remains unanswered.

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TIME OUT

WITH THE STAFF



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THE ANNUAL HOLDOUT MADNESS

THE spring of 1953 was no exception to the rule that each new major-league baseball season has to be ushered in by a rash of skirmishes between economy-minded general managers and security-minded ballplayers. Alvin Dark, Larry Doby, and Ralph Kiner were only a few of the stars who waged prolonged salary battles before compromising with their employers.

Holdouts have been part of the baseball scene ever since the professional game began, and they probably are a necessary evil. The existence of the reserve clause, which makes a player the "property" of the club which owns his contract, forces him to resort to the holdout tactic when he feels the terms offered him are unfair. He cannot do what the average American can do—look around for a better offer somewhere else. Baseball insists this bondage is necessary in order to maintain a reasonable degree of competition between the rich teams and the poor teams. This is an arguable point at best, but it seems to us that as long as the club of the reserve clause is held over the player's head, the management ought to exercise a little discretion in its salary negotiations with him. After all, the only weapon he has is the simple act of refusing to put his signature on the document the ball club arbitrarily presents to him.

We have in mind the specific case of Ralph Kiner vs the Pittsburgh Pirates. It seems to us that the men who operate the Pirates were so eager to win their salary squabble with the home-run king that they overlooked the possibility that some of their strategic blasts might have the undesirable effect of reducing Ralph's overall value as well as his bargaining position. Nobody could possibly benefit from such a result. Somebody should have been more careful to guard against such a result.

At an estimated \$90,000 a year, Kiner was, in 1952, one of the game's highest salaried stars. He had muscled his way into that rarified financial bracket by hitting home runs, lots of them. He warmed up by hitting 23 in 1946, then unloaded 51 in 1947. He hit 40 in 1948, 54 in 1949, 47 in 1950, 42 in 1951 and—his poorest performance since his rookie year—37 in 1952. Altogether, he had accounted for 294 home runs in seven seasons. He had proved many times over that he was the principal reason for the Pittsburgh club's phenomenally good home attendance record. The Cuban government was apparently aware of Kiner's fan appeal when arrangements were made for the Pirates to train in Havana in 1953. The contract stipulated

that all Pittsburgh regulars appear for the exhibition games and Ralph's absence during the early weeks of training all but provoked another revolution in Cuba. It was obvious the fans were most interested in seeing Kiner. You would think he deserved the most careful handling by the club that "owned" him.

But Tom Johnson, one of the Pittsburgh owners, said Kiner was "overpaid and overrated." Branch Rickey, the general manager, made a big fuss about trying to peddle him to everyone who was willing to make an offer, taking no pains to disguise his eagerness to rid himself of the player. And even John Galbreath, president of the organization and long a Kiner booster, allowed himself to be represented in the press as angered at Kiner's obstinacy in the contract battle.

To an outsider, sitting on the sidelines and watching the round-by-round action, it was crystal clear as early as last February that no matter who won the argument, one thing was certain—Kiner was not going to be as valuable when the smoke cleared as he had been before. No sports hero can survive the kind of blasting Kiner took from his own bosses, the people who had the most to gain by building him up, and not emerge with his reputation sharply diminished. So the Pirates lost, Kiner lost—and major-league baseball itself lost, for there are not now (and never have been) enough Kiners to go around. We can't afford to cheapen the hard-won appeal of the few we have.

The main point, it seems to us, is that the ball club has no moral right to adopt the attitude—in public—that the player is trying to get something to which he is not entitled. Certainly, the club is wrong when it fights a holdout battle by demeaning the player's skills—or even his mental attitude. So long as the player is not allowed the basic American right to take his services somewhere else, it behooves the ball club to lean over backward in its negotiations with him. It is, we say, blatantly unfair for the club to capitalize on the fact that the ballplayer is, under baseball law, a chattel whose only possible means of forcing his "owner" to give him what he considers fair pay is by holding out.

If Kiner is worth even the \$76,000 he is popularly supposed to have finally signed for, he cannot be nearly so bad as the Pirates painted him. And if he is worth less than \$76,000 to the Pirates this year, it may very well be nobody's fault but their own. They didn't do anything to make him worth more, that's for sure.



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Amazing New Attachment Stops TV Interference In Case After Case!

Sensational Low Priced Device "Drowns Out" Ghosts, Snow, Static, other interferences and "Brings In" More Stations For Viewers!

By ROBERT GRANT

—A New York engineer has demonstrated that you can now help do away with TV interference . . . that you can have clearer, sharper, brighter TV pictures . . . that you can "bring in" stations formerly impossible to receive — perhaps double or triple the enjoyment and value you get from your present TV set . . . and do all this in just 30 seconds *WITHOUT buying a new antenna . . . but by actually increasing the efficiency of your present antenna so that it enables your set to "DROWN OUT" interference!*

Yes, the next time you turn on your TV set, instead of weak, wobbly, blurry, faded TV reception . . . instead of getting a picture marred by snow, blurs and "double image," an amazing low priced device makes it possible for you to sit back and enjoy an entire evening of trouble free, bright, sharp, clear reception! Here's the secret:

WHAT CAUSES TV INTERFERENCE?

Do you know that the signals your TV stations send out to your set are absolutely "clean," and have no interference or static waves of any kind . . . and that your TV set was made to pick up these signals clearly? Then, why is it that you don't get clear, sharp pictures? *Because in this modern electronic age there are many more signals streaking through the air which your antenna also picks up and which fight for attention on your TV screen!*

For example, you realize that contact of two metallic objects may cause interference . . . static. This interference is picked up by your antenna and flashed out to your picture tube.

And did you know that there are literally hundreds of other signals being sent out to your antenna, whether indoor or outdoor model, every second, every minute, and that all these extra signals are also being passed into your TV set?

For example, FM stations send out interfering signals to your antenna. *Other TV sets in your neighborhood even send out their own signals. Every electric appliance, oil burner, train, bus, power station, ship, factory, etc., also sends out signals which may cause distortions, interference, and end up on your screen in the form of streaks, lines, blurs. You get poorer reception, far away stations don't get through and, like many other people, you probably blame your TV set. Actually the trouble is not in your set at all!*

HOW THIS AMAZING DEVICE WORKS!

Perhaps you can understand TV picture interference by considering the noise interferences you get on your radio. For example, you know how your radio gets interference when you turn the dial a fraction off the right position. Then when you tune in on the radio signal correctly . . . your radio is able to automatically eliminate interference. Because your radio STATION signal is stronger after sharp tuning . . . your volume can then be lowered and your interference fades away. The same thing is true of your television set.

The interference gets through to your picture because the TV signal

that your set picks up is not STRONG ENOUGH. It cannot "fight off" the interference signals the way your radio set "fights off" static when your set is tuned in perfectly and picks up the strong radio signal.

But now this amazing low priced attachment can match the TV signal your set picks up properly with the TV signal sent out by your TV stations . . . so that the TV signal becomes so strong . . . so clear that outside interference such as streaks, double image, etc. are drowned out.

WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU

The TELEBEAM CLARIFIER with the MAGIC RING for better tuning can help you! This amazing device is 6 inches long. It fastens to the antenna screws on the back of your set in just 30 seconds. It's so easy to put on anyone can do it. But when you do this simple easy thing, the static waves which hit your antenna are no longer visible on your screen! Instead your TV set is matched properly with your antenna. The TV signal itself is made so strong that only this clean, clear signal itself is visible on your picture tube! And what a difference this makes in reception!

NEVER BEFORE SUCH PRAISE FROM TV OWNERS

Thousands of TV owners have already tried this amazing device. Enthusiastic reports have come in from users. You have never seen such "raves."

In case after case TV owners who had been getting TV pictures marred by distortion, interference, ghosts, snow, fuzzy, washed out, weak, blurry, muddy pictures were able to instantly get more perfect reception!

Ghosts and snow disappeared when the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER was attached. Time and time again users report this simple attachment changed washed out, weak, blurry, muddy pictures into sharp, brilliant, clear reception. User after user has reported amazing new power with the Clarifier . . . reported getting stations many miles distant . . . stations they were never able to receive before. Family after family has reported that sputtering, below standard sound was converted to wonderfully improved tone and excessive static noises were eliminated by the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER.



SEE HOW YOUR ANTENNA PICKS UP INTERFERENCE From Factory Machines, Trucks, Automobiles, Doctor's Equipment, Railroad Tracks, etc.



BEFORE! Does your TV set behave like this? This interference is caused by reflections from nearby buildings. Or, it may be caused by metal objects near your home. This interference appears on your picture screen in the form of ghosts or double image. Here you see "ghost" or "double image" TV reception.



AFTER! But now see how this interference is gone from the picture! This low priced device (that you can attach to your TV set in just 30 seconds) has weakened the outside interference by strengthening the TV signal. Read this page. Learn how this amazing, inexpensive device can give you more perfect TV pictures.

THE TRUTH

ABOUT POOR RECEPTION!

Home after home has reported that now they are receiving more stations than ever before . . . receiving stations formerly so bad they weren't worth watching. Users described a new thrill of seeing at last some of the top programs on television . . . programs they never saw before because those stations formerly did not come in clearly.

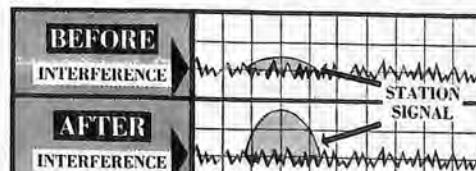
VIEWERS NOW RECEIVE STATIONS THEY FORMERLY COULD NOT RECEIVE!

Over and over again reports from users of the amazing new TELEBEAM CLARIFIER with the MAGIC RING tell of receiving stations they formerly could not receive. Are YOU unable to receive some of the best TV stations in your home? No longer do you have to get only part of the entertainment value of television. Now a great low priced device guarantees you more perfect reception from all the stations your set should pick up! Or your money back. You can prove it to yourself without risking a penny!

DON'T BE FOOLED!

The revolutionary new TELEBEAM CLARIFIER described on this page is NOT a wave trap, NOT a filter, NOT an antenna. The TELEBEAM CLARIFIER is an amazing new attachment that increases the efficiency of your PRESENT antenna. You may not need a new antenna. Regardless of whether you have a roof antenna or an indoor antenna you simply CONTINUE to use your present antenna. But the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER enables your present antenna to deliver a much stronger, clearer, sharper signal to your receiver . . . not just for one station but for station after station. With this stronger improved station signal the interference signals are no longer visible on your screen. Here's how it works:

Here you see your present TV signal "Too close" to the interference level. Some of the interference gets on to your screen and ruins your picture.



When the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER is attached, the TV signal is made more efficient . . . stronger . . . raised out of the interference level. Interference can no longer MAR reception. You get a more perfect picture.

READ WHAT AN EXPERT TV SERVICEMAN SAYS:

Mr. J. A. C., President of a Brooklyn, N. Y. TV service company, writes, "After trying various types in bad reception areas we tried your Telebeam Clarifier and I was amazed. Picture contrast improved almost 100%; ghosts were no longer visible and interference was eliminated. Not only did it clear the picture, but Channel 13, which we cannot get in the area, came in almost as good as Channel 4. Unbelievable from such a simple device. TV servicemen will sure welcome this aid."

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MIKE GARCIA, Cleveland Indian pitcher, reports, "I've smoked Camels long enough to know I made the right choice!"



BILLY MARTIN, New York Yankee infielder, says, "Camels have everything I want in a cigarette — mildness and flavor!"